



# Current Literature

Edward J. Wheeler, Editor


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George S. Viereck

## A Review of the World

URING the last few weeks the presidential campaign has developed into something like a game of tag. The one absorbing effort has been to affix the corporation tag, and especially the Standard Oil tag, to the opposition party and its candidates. Never before was seen such a dread on the part of candidates of identification with corporate interests. Mr. Hearst, with his series of Archbold letters, purloined from the letter files of the Standard Oil Company, undertook to affix the deadly label to both old parties. President Roosevelt, or rather Theodore Roosevelt, acting not as President but as the leader of his party, came out with a series of letters of his own, endeavoring to fasten the stigma to the Democratic party. Mr. Bryan, Mr. Kern, and Judge Parker spoke winged words disdaining all connection with the tag, and insisting upon the indefeasible title of the Republican party to the same, and Samuel Gompers has even been trying to affix the corporation tag upon Debs and his Socialist party.

FAILING to dodge successfully, Foraker was speedily counted out of the game. Governor Haskell was another victim. He called "foul," but he had to retire. General Du Pont, director of the speakers' bureau for the Republican national committee, met with a similar fate. The real stress and strain of the campaign, on the part of the minor parties (except the Prohibition party), as well as the major parties, has been along this line. "Twelve years ago," remarks the *Kansas City Times*, "Mark Hanna, traction magnate, a typical representative of the corporation politician, managed the Republican campaign. Nobody thought of protesting. On the contrary, the party was considered in great luck to be

able to induce such a man to take charge. To-day men suspected of any corporation connections are being forced out of the campaign. A politician of the Hanna type would not be permitted for a moment to retain control. A wonderful transformation, due in large measure to the leadership of the Roosevelt administration." The *Houston Post* insists that the transformation is due chiefly to Mr. Bryan, but agrees that it is a wonderful one.

THE liveliness injected into the campaign by Mr. Hearst's revelations was, short lived. After a fortnight General Apathy again took command. The evidence the Archbold letters disclosed of close and confidential relations with the Standard Oil magnates on the part of political leaders applied with special force to Senator Foraker of Ohio, ex-Senator McLaurin of South Carolina, and ex-Congressman Sibley of Pennsylvania. Two of the three had been already shorn of nearly all political power, and the third, Senator Foraker, was fighting hard to keep the last remnants of his power. What Mr. Hearst had to say about Governor Haskell struck much closer to the center of things in the present campaign. Mr. Haskell had been about the most prominent man in the Democratic national convention. He was its temporary chairman and the chairman of its platform committee. He was chosen afterward for treasurer of the national committee. As Mr. Bryan's special efforts have been to drive home the charges of an alliance between the corporations and the Republican leaders, the apparent weakness disclosed in Haskell's record as a Wall Street promoter and defender of a subsidiary Standard Oil company in his own state was like a spark in a powder magazine. Mr. Roosevelt was quick to take advantage of the situation.



"GET UP!"

—McCutcheon in *Chicago Tribune*.

COMING at once into the thick of the contest, Mr. Roosevelt published a letter which Mr. Taft, months before the Hearst disclosures, had written to Mr. Vorys, manager at that time of the Taft campaign for the presidential nomination. Mr. Vorys had asked Mr. Taft whether he would object to the adoption of a resolution by the Republicans of Ohio, in which was included an endorsement of Foraker for Senator and Taft for President. Here is a part of Mr. Taft's reply:

"In my judgment it would be not only a great mistake—something more. It would be accepted



MASTER AND MAN; OR THE HELPING HAND

—Boston Traveler.

necessarily as a compromise on my behalf, and, therefore, with my acquiescence, or at least with the acquiescence of friends for whose actions I am more or less responsible. It would totally misrepresent my position. I don't care for the presidency if it has to come by compromise with Senator Foraker or any one else in a matter of principle. He has opposed the vital policies and principles of the administration, and in his opposition has seized upon and magnified an important but incidental matter to embarrass the administration, using in this, without scruple, a blind race prejudice to accomplish his purpose."

That, said Mr. Roosevelt, shows clearly the antagonism between Mr. Taft and Senator Foraker. But, he asked, how about Mr. Haskell and Mr. Bryan? The same "great and sinister moneyed interests" that are behind Senator Foraker are also behind Governor Haskell, Mr. Bryan's campaign treasurer, and chairman of the committee that drafted his platform.

THIS naturally called forth an immediate response from Mr. Bryan. He admitted that he had approved the selection of Governor Haskell both as treasurer and as chairman of the platform committee at Denver, and he requested Mr. Roosevelt to furnish proof of the charges against the governor. Mr. Roosevelt, in his response to this challenge for proof, referred Mr. Bryan to the court records in Oklahoma, by which it appears that, while Governor Haskell was in attendance at the convention in Denver, the attorney-general of Oklahoma had obtained an injunction to prevent the Prairie Oil and Gas Company from building a pipe line. The injunction was obtained on the ground that the company was a foreign corporation, and had not complied with certain conditions laid down by the Oklahoma constitution for such corporations operating in that state. Learning of this action, the governor wired a demand for dissolution of the injunction, claiming that he and not the attorney-general was the sole authority to determine such matters. The injunction was dissolved, and the construction of the pipe line was continued, "without any color of law," to use the attorney-general's words. The stock of the Prairie Oil and Gas Company, Mr. Roosevelt went on to point out, is held almost in its entirety by the National Transit Company, and the National Transit stock is held almost entirely by the Standard Oil Company. Mr. Roosevelt did not stop there. He proceeded to inject into the saccharine campaign an additional quantity of tabasco sauce by declaring

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that Governor Haskell's "utter unfitness for any public position of trust" is "abundantly shown," even aside from his relations to Standard Oil. "As an American citizen," Mr. Roosevelt said, "who prizes his Americanism and his citizenship far above any question of partizanship, I regard it as a scandal and a disgrace that Governor Haskell should be connected with the management of any national campaign."

MR. BRYAN had the last word in the controversy several days later. Governor Haskell having meanwhile resigned his position as treasurer, Mr. Bryan dismissed his case by saying that the question of his guilt or innocence ought to be held in abeyance until it can be decided "in some court where partizanship does not bias and where campaign exigencies do not compel prejudgment." He proceeded then at some length to defend his own personal record as an opponent of trusts and monopolies. He had never, he says, been informed of any charge against Governor Haskell connecting him with the Standard Oil Company or any other trust, prior to the recent developments. And he protests against the use by the President of his prestige, his influence or his patronage "as a party asset for the advancement of a personal friend and a political protégé." To this Mr. Roosevelt made no response; but an Oklahoma editor, Mr. L. T. Russell, of the Ardmore *Morning Democrat*, came out with an open letter in which he said that if Mr. Bryan was ignorant of the charges against Haskell it was because he refused to read them when they were presented to him last fall. "At that time," so runs Mr. Russell's statement, "I personally presented to you ten typewritten pages of charges against Mr. Haskell covering his operations in Ohio, New York, Arkansas, Texas, and Oklahoma. You did me the courtesy of tearing them up and throwing them out of the train window without reading them. The charges recently made by Mr. Hearst were all made by me at that time." Mr. Russell makes further statements about Haskell's business career that are very clearly libelous if untrue. In the meantime Haskell himself, as well as Foraker, McLaurin and Sibley, have been making lengthy and more or less violent explanations, none of which seems likely to break the force of the revelations precipitated by Mr. Hearst and his batch of purloined letters.

Senator Foraker explains that the money he



SITTING AMID THE RUINS OF HIS LETTER FILES.

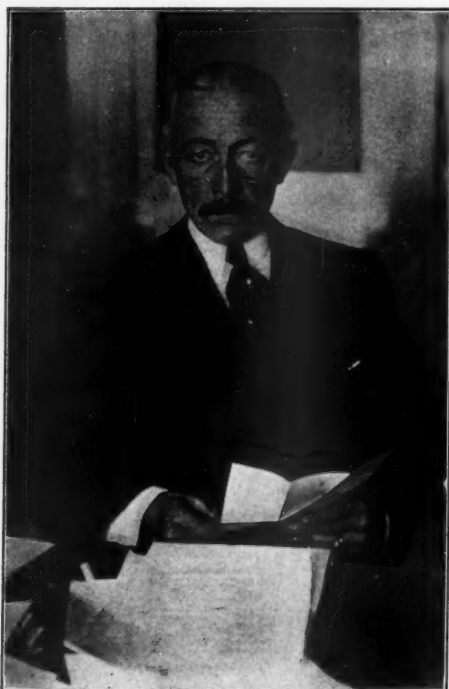
John D. Archbold, vice-president of the Standard Oil Company, has been the victim of a theft. His stolen correspondence with Foraker, McLaurin, Sibley and others has furnished the sensation of the campaign and blasted a number of political careers.

received was in payment of services as an attorney. Senator McLaurin defends his applications for money on the ground that the public good required the defeat of Tillman. Haskell denies everything and threatens libel suits.



THE MOTHS AND THE FLAME

—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.



## AN OBJECT OF DEMOCRATIC ATTACK

George R. Sheldon, the treasurer of the Republican National Committee, is connected with a list of corporations nearly as long as your arm. When the Democrats wanted to break the force of the Haskell revelations they published the list. Sheldon said: "Well, what of it?"

THE newspaper agitation over these charges against Haskell, Foraker and others



## MOTHER LOVE

The President would have Taft appear in "The Good Fairy."—Boston Traveller.



"OIL, SIR?"

—Davenport in New York Mail.

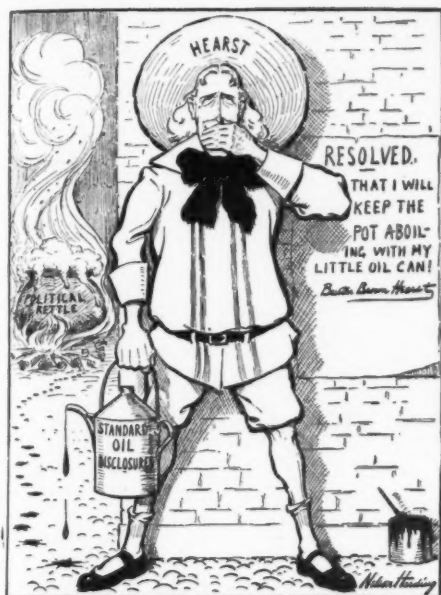
changed for a time the whole course of the campaign. For a couple of weeks the question of injunctions, the guarantee of bank deposits, the revision of the tariff and the subject of trust legislation dropped nearly out of sight, and personalities ruled the scene. The Democratic speakers and papers displayed a marked fondness for the *tu quoque* style of argument. Judge Parker, in a speech in Maryland, specifically charged that the Standard Oil Company contributed \$100,000 to the Roosevelt campaign fund four years ago. The Democratic national committee published a long list of the corporations with which Mr. Sheldon, the Republican treasurer, is connected. Norman E. Mack's paper in Buffalo strongly intimated that the record of Mr. Sherman, the Republican vice-presidential candidate, was about to be exposed in connection with western grants for corporations that have been exploiting the Indians. Mr. Kern emphasized the connection of General Du Pont, director of the Republican bureau of speakers, with the powder trust, against which the federal government has begun proceedings. The Harriman-Roosevelt correspondence was conspicuously reprinted. And throughout all the clamor was heard the persistent voice of Mr. Bryan challenging the Republican campaign committee to publish its list of contributors before election, so that the voter may know when he votes to whom his party leaders are under obligations.

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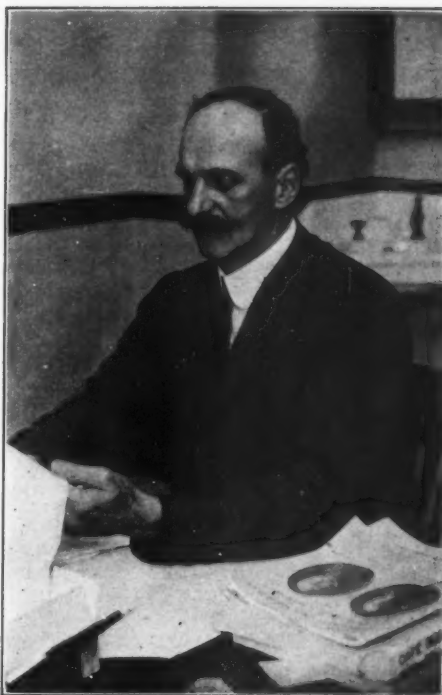




BUSTER BROWN!

What will he do next?—Nelson Harding in Brooklyn Eagle.

ONLY one paper that we have noted has charged that Mr. Bryan knew all along the record of Governor Haskell. Mr. Hearst's New York American asserts that Mr. Bryan himself has been "making private compacts with Standard Oil while making public promises to the people." Every line of Mr. Haskell's story, so this paper insists, was long ago known to Mr. Bryan. The Republican press fail to endorse this view of the matter. They assume that Mr. Bryan was ignorant of Haskell's record, but they argue that such "incurable ignorance of men" as Bryan's choice of Haskell shows is an impressive argument against placing him in a position to select cabinet officials and Supreme Court judges during the next four years. The Hartford Times gives currency to the story that Mr. Bryan had intended, in the event of his election to the Presidency, to make Governor Haskell his secretary of the treasury. It says: "There are a good many people in this country, and they are not all Republicans, who hold and who have even said that if Mr. Bryan were President he would be capable of putting just such a man as Haskell at the head of Uncle Sam's big financial machine, and the fear that such a thing might be done has been given as a reason why Mr. Bryan had better not be elected to the Presidency."



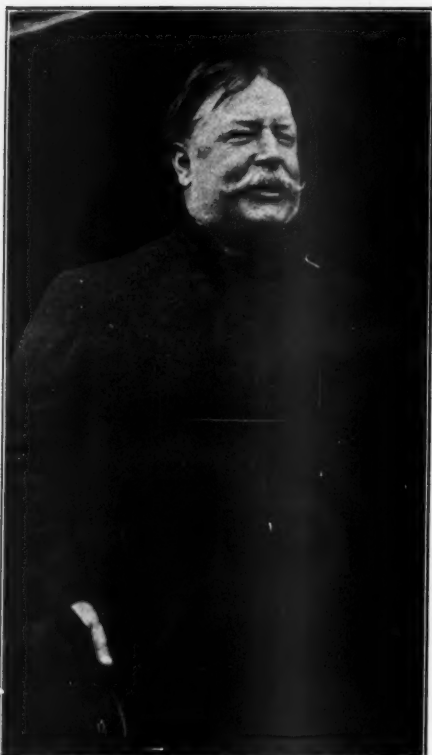
ONE OF THE RESIGNERS

General T. Coleman Du Pont, being head of the "powder trust," became the target of Democratic criticism as soon as he was chosen director of the Speakers' Bureau for the Republican campaign. The Federal Government has instituted proceedings against the trust and the General concluded that his official connection with the campaign was inadvisable in this year of agitation against corporate influences.



THE NEW COMET

To the Editor—Herewith is the picture of a comet observed by me last night. It was traveling at great speed, accompanied by a whizzing sound and an unpleasant odor. It disappeared quickly over the horizon and was lost to sight. The tail is of special interest. Very truly, J. Flammarion Diggs.—Chicago Record-Herald.



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## TAFT THE RADIANT

The Chicago *Evening Post* is still more apprehensive over the sort of men Mr. Bryan would appoint to the bench. The next President, it remarks, will almost certainly be called on to make three and possibly four appointments to the Supreme Court. Chief Justice Fuller and Associate Justices Harlan and Brewer have passed the age of seventy, and Justice Peckham is nearing his seventieth birthday. Says the *Post*: "There is a fear that a Supreme Court with a large part of its membership composed of appointees of Mr. Bryan would reflect Mr. Bryan's irresponsibility of judgment. No such fear exists of a Supreme Court in which shall sit the appointees of Mr. Taft. A Bryanized tribunal is something not to be regarded complacently." This same view is urged vigorously by many other Republican papers.

ON ONE point the press of all parties seems to be practically agreed, namely, that the Archbold correspondence reveals a political condition that is dangerous to republican institutions. Some of the utterances regard-



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## TAFT THE CLIMBER

ing Mr. Archbold's letters are of a violent hue, this for instance from the New York *World*, copied approvingly in the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and other papers:

"But all the while, what shall be thought of John D. Archbold, the slimy officer of the Standard Oil Company, who apparently has been its chief purchasing agent in buying politicians and public officials? Foraker and the rest are getting it from all sides. The man who bought is neglected. For his deeds Archbold should be wearing stripes. Decent men should not speak to him. Clubs should expel him. Society should regard him as an enemy. Patriots should hold him a traitor. Self-respecting burglars should have nothing to do with him."

One of the transactions between Archbold and Foraker was the lending to the latter of \$45,000, with which to purchase the controlling interest in an Ohio paper. The Detroit *News* sarcastically remarks that "it is presumed that Standard Oil has performed this purely disinterested philanthropy for many papers, and thus directs a number of publications just as it owns many United States senators." The *News* adds:

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TAFT THE MAN OF BREADTH



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TAFT THE ARGUMENTATIVE

"There is something sinister in the way the people seem bound to discover a Standard Oil skeleton in many political closets. It provokes the suspicion that we live amidst a honeycomb of political treason; that too many men in high places have their hands set against the people; that they are in league with a power that has no more in common with the intents and purposes of the government than light has with darkness. Behind many a false political panel a Standard Oil agent seems to lurk. Its hired attorneys sit in the chairs of the United States senate for a purpose no more honorable than that which actuated the last year of Benedict Arnold's army life."

**N**O SINGLE feature of the campaign so far has aroused more criticism on the part of the Democratic and independent press than that evoked by President Roosevelt's activity in behalf of Taft. This activity has not been unexpected, and, as a matter of fact, the Democratic leaders have been expecting to see the President take the stump before the close of the campaign.

But his pen has made as clear as his tongue could the interest which he takes in Taft's election. Aside from his remarks accompanying the publication of Taft's letter to Vorys and from his response to Mr. Bryan's call for proof against Haskell, we have had the publication (in *The Outlook*) of Mr. Roosevelt's letter to a Montana cattleman telling why Mr. Taft should be acceptable to all who believe in the Roosevelt policy, and Mr. Needham's interview with the President (in *Success*) on Taft's personal qualities. Neither the *Outlook* letter nor the *Success* interview, however, contained any attack upon Mr. Bryan or his policies. But the response to Mr. Bryan was a direct frontal attack with all the characteristic Roosevelt vehemence. "It was Tacitus, the Roman historian," remarked the *New York World* in comment, "who said of Mr. Roosevelt's Batavian ancestors: 'Others go to battle; these go to war.' Mr. Roosevelt is always at war, and the Democrats cannot fight him with confetti and flowers." The *Boston Herald's* comment is in

similar vein. "The President's wrath," it says, "is terrific. It can be likened only to that of an avenging god. It blasts and sears and shatters. And in the forked lightnings of its discharge men and motives are seen weirdly confused, and it is not entirely clear to all the people whether certain capering objects on the horizon are sheep or goats."

THIS same paper, however, regrets that Mr. Roosevelt "has dragged the presidential office into the range of the mud-firing." Another independent paper, the *New York Evening Post*, that is supporting Taft after a fashion, thinks that "the spectacle of the Chief Magistrate engaging in a verbal brawl is one which the people ought not to be compelled to witness." It fears that in thus throwing propriety and dignity and impartiality to the winds, he is doing irreparable damage to a great office. The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* (Dem.) refers to his "attitude of domineering



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#### WILL BE THE NEXT GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK, IF—

In the veins of Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler runs Astor blood. He is highly connected, rich and popular, and it is generally agreed that Governor Hughes has a hard job to defeat him. But the Hearst men, who supported Chanler for Lieutenant-Governor two years ago, call him a renegade now and are pouring upon him the vitriol of their wrath.



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#### GREETING A THRONG AT THE STATION

There is no physical weakness visible in the lines of Mr. Bryan's face, and his voice has kept its wonderful powers. The brunt of the entire speaking campaign of his party has fallen upon him, but the powers of physical endurance displayed have been marvelous.

dictation," and the *New York Journal of Commerce* feels that the dignity of the office is being seriously impaired, and "a totally misleading conception" is being given to the public of the responsibilities of the office of Chief Magistrate. The *Chicago Inter-Ocean* (Rep.) thinks that another utterance like Mr. Roosevelt's "latest outburst" would be absolutely disastrous. The *Fort Worth Record* (Dem.) infers that Mr. Roosevelt is "positively mad with his rage against Foraker and his fear of Taft's defeat." President Day, of Syracuse University (Mr. Archbold is chairman of his board of trustees), in an interview defending both Mr. Archbold and Senator Foraker, assails Mr. Roosevelt vehemently. The country, he thinks, has never seen its Presidency "descend to such a shameful degeneracy of demagoguery." Henry Watterson indulges in one of his picturesque philippics, in which he expresses his confident belief that the people "will sweep this would-be autocrat and the

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## THIRTY-ONE SPEECHES IN A DAY

Of Mr. Bryan, a hostile New York paper says: "No such campaigner have these states seen since their birth and none like him will they see for many a day to come. . . . Posterity offers him a place beside Demosthenes, Danton and Daniel Webster; he insists on being bracketed with Millard Fillmore and Chester A. Arthur."

crowd of beggars on horseback behind him from the seats of the mighty, from which they would mount to absolutism outright." Mr. Bryan calls for Mr. Roosevelt to keep his hands off, saying: "I have no corporation behind me. I have had no rich relatives to furnish money for the campaign. I had but one thing to rely upon, and that was my advocacy of things that I believe, and that the people of my party believe. I have made my fight, and I stand as the representative of millions of people who believe as I do, and I say to the President that he should stand aside and let his man and me fight it out before the people."

**D**EFENCE of Mr. Roosevelt's course is, on the other hand, not lacking. The Springfield *Republican* (Ind.) does not see why his action should elicit special criticism. "Inasmuch," it says, "as the Taft candidacy is due primarily to him, the logic of the situation

may require of Mr. Roosevelt every legitimate effort in Mr. Taft's behalf which a President may make solely in his capacity as a party leader and a citizen." The Cincinnati *Times-Star* (owned by Mr. Taft's brother) sees ample justification for Mr. Roosevelt's course in the claim that Mr. Bryan has been making on the stump that he is the real heir to the Roosevelt policies. It remarks:

"No man can say that Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, is making an improper use of his powers as President in this campaign. The office of President, as Bryan properly remarks, belongs to all the people. But the influence which Roosevelt, the man, has gained with the American people, because they believe in his honesty and in his determination to the best of his ability to do the square thing, is his own. When a plausible political highwayman like Bryan tries to make off with this influence and use it for his own selfish ends, and, in the opinion of many, against the best interests of the country, who can deny that Theodore Roosevelt, the man, not the President, has the right to lift his voice in protest?"



THE "CLEVELAND DEMOCRAT" WHO IS NOW MR. BRYAN'S TREASURER

When Governor Haakell delivered his "voluntary resignation" as treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, Herman Ridder, of New York City, was chosen to fill the place. He is manager of the *Staats-Zeitung*, and a member of the New York Chamber of Commerce.



MR. TAFT DEFENDING HIS RECORD AS A JUDGE

"I laid down the law and I laid down the principles upon which the labor organizations in this country have since built up their prosperity and their usefulness, and instead of saying that I am an enemy they recognize that I am one of the greatest benefactors labor has had."

The *Louisville Post* (Rep.) not only endorses Mr. Roosevelt's letter-writing, but would approve if he went on the stump. It thinks it would be a grave misfortune if the President were not the recognized leader of his party, and a still graver misfortune if he could not

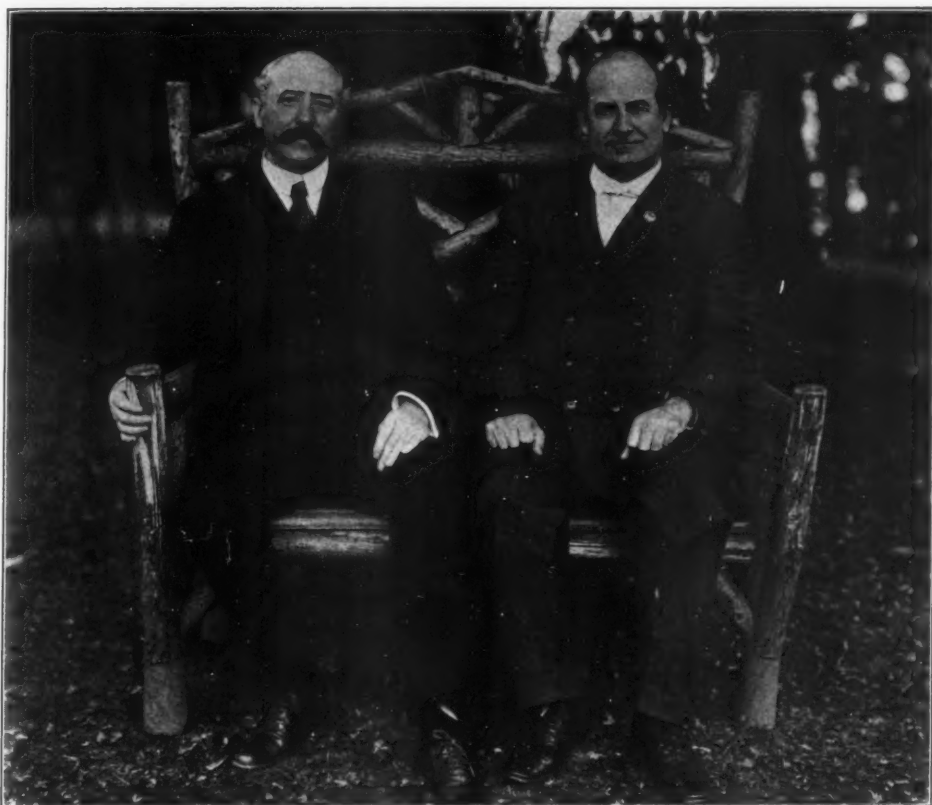
speak directly to the people when his policies are assailed. It believes the influence of "the stump" should be extended, as in England, not limited. "The people," it observes, "have as much right to hear their accredited leaders as they have to hear those who aspire to succeed those leaders. Furthermore, we need to measure properly the power of the stump, because in it we find a reasonable corrective to the unchecked power of the press." It would have the President speak directly to the people, as the British premier does. Walter Wellman, in the *Chicago Record-Herald*, sets forth what he claims to be Mr. Roosevelt's own views on the subject:



A PRODIGY

Uncle Sam—My, what a big boy! But Bryan says he can't talk?  
Papa Teddy—Oh, yes, he can! He repeats everything I say.—*Florida Times-Union*.

"In this country we have a system of government by party. Mr. Roosevelt himself is a product of it. As the leader of his party he has a responsibility second only to his responsibility as head of the state. As President he would not use the power of his office. That is, he would not dictate to office-holders or employ the machinery of the government to bring about the election of any man. But as head of the party he holds that he has a right to express his opinions, to speak or write as he may choose."



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#### THE STANDARD BEARERS OF FOUR DEMOCRATIC CAMPAIGNS

Mr. Bryan visited Judge Parker at the latter's home in Esopus, N. Y., where this photograph was made. The Judge, who used to be a political ally of David B. Hill's, is now on the stump in behalf of the man who so bitterly fought his nomination four years ago.

**T**O THE country at large, the one most surprising development of the campaign is the intensity of interest shown in the candidacy of Eugene V. Debs, the nominee of the Socialist party. The tremendous ovation given him in New York City last month was startling, but it was only one of similar indications seen in many parts of the country. In Boston, Faneuil Hall was packed to the doors to hear him, and three thousand persons who could not get in held an overflow meeting outdoors. A procession ten blocks long escorted him to the hall. In New Haven a similar rush for seats occurred. In New York City the demonstrations were on a scale that would have done credit to either old party in one of their greatest efforts. As Debs came into the station on his "Red Special," four thousand men and women crowded about him, "eager to touch even so much as the hem



FACE TO FACE AT THE CHICAGO BANQUET

—Roth in San Francisco Bulletin.



"WHEN DEBS SPEAKS A HARSH WORD, IT IS WET WITH TEARS."

The "Red Special," from which the Socialist candidate is here addressing a Connecticut audience, was not allowed by the railway officials to have any placards on, or red bunting, or to display red flags. The funds for its maintenance comes, it is said, from 200,000 contributors.

of his garment," as one of the daily papers puts it. The spacious Hippodrome was packed with an audience of about 7,500 persons, who had paid for admission, and who for more



LOOK OUT FOR YOUR COMBUSTIBLES

—Spokane *Spokesman-Review*.

than three solid hours sat and waited patiently for his arrival. At the same time an overflow audience of 2,500 occupied the seats of the American theater, for which they also had paid, waiting for him there. After his speech at the Hippodrome, as he started to go to his hotel, so runs the account, "wildly enthusiastic Socialists tried to pick up the automobile in which he was riding, and to carry or drag it—no one could tell which—through the streets." At the dinner in his honor in the evening, women took off their jewels and contributed them to the campaign fund, this, too, after a collection of \$600 had been taken up in the afternoon. Two hundred thousand persons, it is said, have contributed to the fund called for by Debs to keep his special train going to the end of the campaign.

"COMRADES," began Debs, "this is our year. This year will be historic. It will mark the entrance of Socialism into the arena of national politics. Only a few years ago the smallest hall was too large for a Socialist meeting; now the largest hall is too



small. It is the same everywhere. Two weeks ago we were on the Pacific coast. The audiences there were so vast that the largest auditorium had not half enough capacity to hold them." There is nothing in Debs or his oratory that will account for this enthusiasm that he arouses, tho he is by all accounts an interesting and lovable man. Lincoln Steffens describes him as "the kindest, foolishhest, most courageous lover of man in the world." He is looked upon by the Socialists themselves as a sort of Don Quixote of the cause. "When Debs speaks a harsh word," says Horace Traubel, one of his admirers, "it is wet with tears." Nor is he a novelty, for he has been a presidential candidate as many times as Mr. Bryan. It is not Debs the orator but Debs the apostle that receives these ovations that have startled the metropolitan press. Debs is clearly conscious of that fact. He admits that he is not fitted, either by temperament or taste, for the office of President. "If there were any chance of my election," he told Steffens, "I wouldn't run. The party wouldn't let me." The enthusiasm of this great Socialist meeting, remarked the *New York World*, referring to the Hippodrome gathering, "was not for its candidate but for its cause."

IN SITTING up and taking notice of all this, the old-party journals recall that Herbert Spencer referred to Socialism as "the coming slavery." The story is revived that Mark Hanna, shortly before his death, predicted that the presidential battle of 1912 would be waged between the Republican and Socialist parties. The recent document published as Mr. Cleveland's (the authenticity of which is in dispute) contained an expression of belief that the Socialists will poll this year a million, and perhaps a million and a half votes. They have two dailies in this campaign, published in English, one in New York and one in Chicago. There is an Intercollegiate Socialist Society that reports chapters formed during the year in Harvard, Princeton, the University of Pennsylvania, Columbia, Barnard, and the New York University. So enthusiastic are Debs's followers becoming that one of them, W. D. Haywood (of Moyer and Haywood fame), asserted in an address in Cleveland that Debs has a fair chance of being elected President! The *Chicago Socialist*, however, throws a dash of cold water on such enthusiasts by calling attention to the returns from Vermont and Maine, where the vote a few weeks ago for the Socialist candidates was



THE "DEPENDENT" PARTY

—Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine.

smaller than it was four years ago. In Arkansas, however, the returns of the Socialist vote show a fourfold increase this year. The *Socialist*, therefore, is not discouraged, but "the fact remains," it observes, "that every Socialist vote obtained this year must be earned by hard work." The *Toledo Blade* (Rep.) thinks it would not be surprising to learn that the number of avowed Socialists is decreasing.



"HE'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR US"

—Buffalo Times.

THE Toledo paper stands alone, so far as we have observed, in that opinion. "That this Socialist wave is a menace to present economic conditions," the *Detroit News* thinks it would be idle to deny. It continues as follows:

"This economic storm, like storms at times in the physical world, has been delayed beyond the time set for its bursting, but its world-wide extensiveness is in evidence on every hand. Even Great Britain has felt its throb, the past year, by passing laws for feeding the children who would otherwise go to school hungry, and by forcing through parliament and cramming down the throats of the lords a scheme for old age pensions. And this has been done by only 52 socialist members in a house of something over 600 representatives."

The *Springfield Republican* thinks it not improbable that Debs will poll over a million votes, and, if so, "the social democracy would enter politics as an organized force to be reckoned with in shaping the future course of the two leading parties." Is this taking too serious a view of the growth of Socialist sentiment? it asks. Replying to its own question, it quotes the following utterance from a recent address in London by the British Chancellor of the Exchequer. Said Mr. Lloyd-George, speaking for the old-age pension scheme:

"The day will come, and it is not distant, when England will shudder at its toleration of this state of things, when it was rolling in wealth. I say again that apart from its humanity and its essential justice, it is guilty of robbery and confiscation of what is the workman's share of the riches of the land. I have heard some foolish mutterings that much recognition of this fact in legislation may drive capital away. There is nothing capital need fear so much as the despair of the multitude. I should like to know where it will flee, for, judging by the unmistakable symptoms of the times, there will soon be no civilized land in the world where proper provision for the aged, the broken and the unfortunate among those who toil will not be regarded as the first charge upon the wealthy of the land. Nobody can honestly defend the present system."

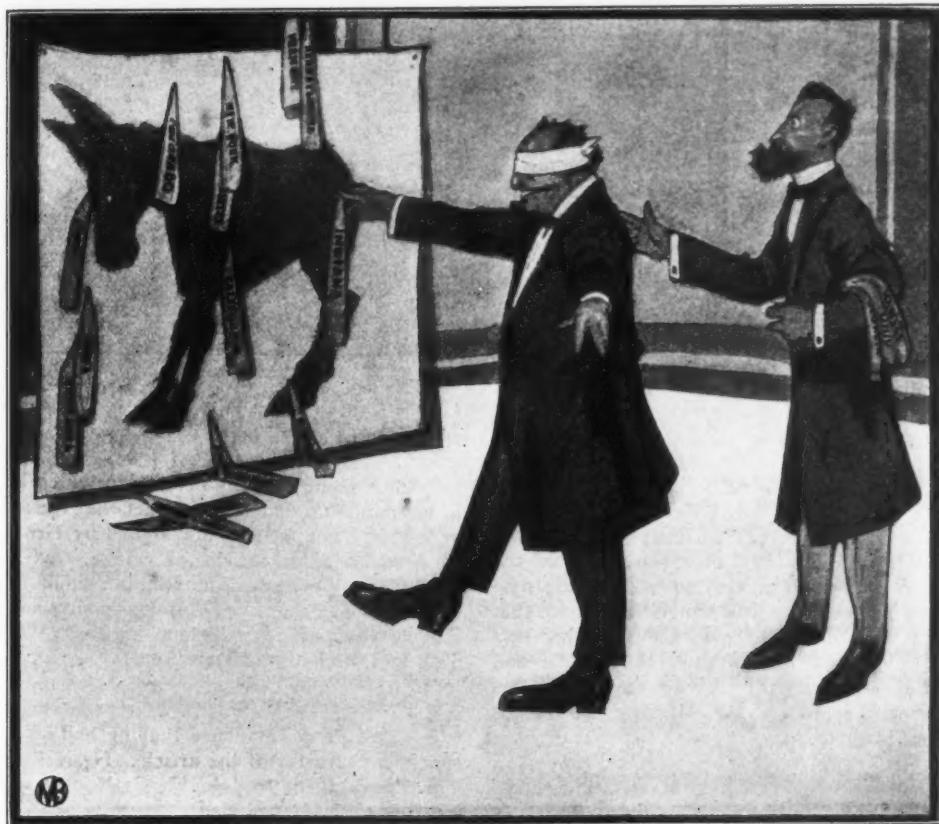
If one of the first officers of the British government can talk in that way, comments *The Republican*, how many common people are thinking that way?



ONE feature of the campaign that has given delight to many newspapers and solicitude to the campaign managers is the meagerness of the campaign contributions. Under the federal statute enacted by

the late Congress no corporation engaged in interstate commerce can now legally contribute to a campaign fund. Either to this law or to the general apathy of the public, or to the promise by both parties that all contributions shall be published, is due the situation in which both national committees are reported to have found themselves. There seems to be no doubt that their coffers are surprisingly empty. The Democrats charge that the Steel Trust is helping the Republicans, and Mr. Hearst charges that Standard Oil is financing the Democrats; but neither party displays any symptoms of abounding wealth. To this financial situation is due in part the lack of vigor and noise in the general campaign. On Mr. Bryan alone has fallen almost the entire brunt of his party's speaking campaign, and upon Mr. Taft and Governor Hughes, of New York, has fallen the chief brunt of the Republican campaign. Mr. Bryan's magnificent physical equipment for such a part has never appeared to better advantage. Neither this country nor any other, the *New York Evening Post* thinks, has ever seen his equal in endurance. Mr. Taft's campaign has given to his associates an unexpected degree of satisfaction. And Mr. Hughes, to the surprise of all, has been voted the most effective campaigner, next to Mr. Taft, that the Republicans have placed in the field. The usual partisan feeling has, however, been almost entirely lacking. Party lines, says James J. Hill, after an extensive tour in the West, have never in his experience been so poorly defined.

IF THE party managers are worried over this partizan apathy and the consequent meagerness of funds, many of the newspaper editors are rejoicing over it. The *Ohio State Journal* thinks that the poverty of the campaign treasuries is a reason for delight. This campaign, in consequence, it thinks is the best since Lincoln's, because "more thinking is going on." The *San Francisco Chronicle* is certain that the press can give all the necessary discussion of issues. Campaign literature is not read, spellbinders do not change votes, and the voters will all know when to vote and whom they want to vote for. It does not see, therefore, why we can not get along with a slight expenditure of money as well as we could in the days of Lincoln or Washington. However much the campaign managers may wail and wring their hands, says the *New York Times*, "the poverty of which they complain is a subject for public congratulation."



THE SAME OLD GAME  
—*Saturday Evening Post* (Philadelphia).

They have money enough for clerk hire and petty incidentals, and they will get through the campaign somehow. But they will not be able to buy votes in "blocks of five" or otherwise; and it is certain that the ultimate result on political conditions will be an advantage to the country. Says the *New York Evening Post*:

"The cries of distress which are going up from party treasurers to-day need disturb no patriotic citizen. It is well that campaign committees should be compelled, like the rest of us, to economize. They have too long had too much money, and set up a scale of expenditure both lavish and demoralizing. If they are now forced by poverty to cut off an army of parasites and frauds who have in previous years fastened themselves like leeches upon the party treasury; to give up subsidizing useless orators at \$1,000 a week; to leave off paying the honest farmer 'for his time'; to make their headquarters less glittering and their private cars and special trains less numerous, the effect will be salutary for them and for the country, too."

WHAT one paper—quoted in this department last month—called "the most important contribution to the political literature of the day," another paper now calls "one of the most contemptible literary forgeries of the century." The political article published in the *New York Times* as written by ex-President Cleveland just before his death was promptly denounced by Henry Watterson and some others as a spurious article. *The Times*, in defence of its course, produced (1) a written agreement between F. S. Hastings, Mr. Cleveland's executor, and Broughton Brandenburg, the literary agent who sold the article, by virtue of which agreement Mr. Brandenburg was authorized to sell the article for \$650, paying the Cleveland estate \$500 of this sum; (2) a letter from Mr. Hastings to *The Times* verifying this agreement; (3) another letter from Mr. Hastings asserting that Mrs. Cleveland authorized him to say that



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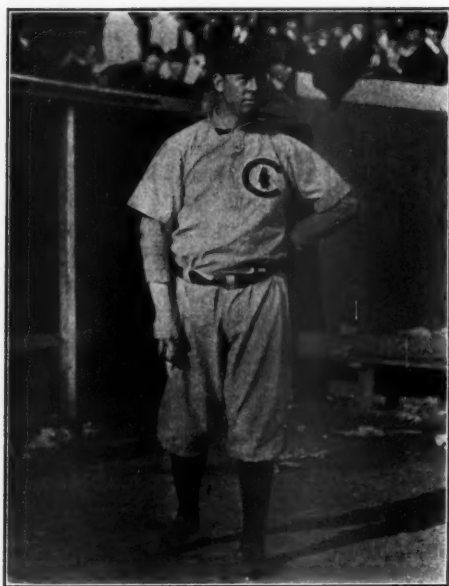
## "THE TIGERS"

The finish in the baseball season was almost as close in the American League as in the National League. Not until the last game was played was the victory assured for the Detroit club. It won 90 games and lost 63. Cleveland won 90 and lost 64, and Chicago was a close third, with 88 won and 64 lost.

the agreement was valid, and asserting that there was no reason to believe that the article was not genuine; (4) an interview prepared by Mr. Hastings for *The Times* (after the article was published and its genuineness called into question), in which he asserted that there was "abundant evidence" showing that Mr. Cleveland had written the article and sold it to the agent. A few days after this interview appeared, Mr. Hastings wrote another letter to *The Times* stating that evidence

had since come into his possession which left in his mind "no doubt of the fact that the said article was not written nor signed by Grover Cleveland." This article, of course, was the one quoted by us last month, in which Mr. Cleveland was represented as expressing anew his distrust of Mr. Bryan, endorsing Mr. Taft and predicting his election.

MR. HASTINGS was at once requested to furnish the evidence that he had of the spurious character of the article. He referred *The Times* agent to John G. Carlisle, asserting that the evidence was not in his own possession, and he himself was "not at liberty to say anything." Mr. Carlisle, when applied to, refused to give the desired information. *The Times* thereupon laid before District Attorney Jerome Mr. Hastings's charge that a forgery had been committed, and Mr. Jerome began an investigation. Mr. Brandenburg made an elaborate and circumstantial statement of the way in which he induced Mr. Cleveland to write the article, how it was modified in minor details, and when and where it was signed. A number of persons, says Mr. Brandenburg, saw the article in his possession just prior to the affixing of the signature. The political importance of the document, the cleverness of the forgery (if there has been a forgery), and the audacity of the whole proceeding, assuming that the executor and Mrs. Cleveland are correct in denying the genuineness of the document, has aroused wide interest and a general call for the production of all the evidence in the case. The *Springfield Republican*, which first asserted that the style of the article left no room for doubt of its genuineness, says of the later developments:



## "THREE-FINGERED BROWN"

The man who pitched the Chicago "Cubs" to victory in the last League game, with all New York trying to look on. The forefinger of his right hand is a mere stub, and the twirl he gives a ball is strangely deceptive.

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"THE CUBS"—CHAMPIONS OF THE WORLD

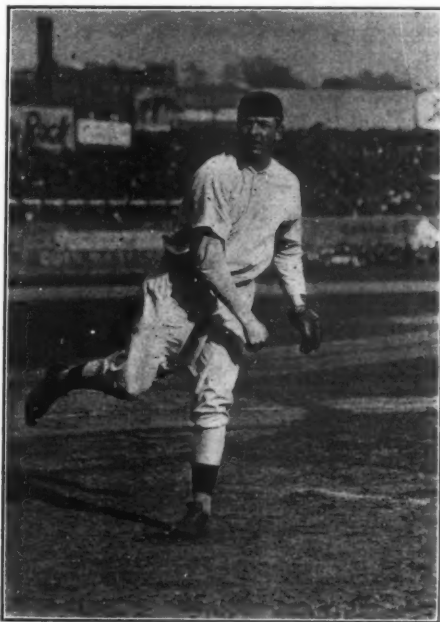
Three years in succession the Chicago club has won the pennant in the National League, and two years in succession it has won the world championship by defeating the winning club of the American League. Chicago, New York and Pittsburg finished in a bunch this year, and the New Yorks lost one game on a technicality. Otherwise the pennant would have gone to it.

"It is apparently admitted that Mr. Cleveland did not himself write the article, but only provided some notes containing the views set forth therein. The notes, however, cannot be found, it is said. Brandenburg is reported as stating that he left them at Mr. Cleveland's office in New York, and they are not now discoverable among the latter's papers. If all this is true, then of course no end of possibility existed for forgery or stuffing the article with views not found in the Cleveland notes, even tho the ex-President may have affixed his signature to the last sheet of the copy submitted to him. But why, in any case, should Executor Hastings and Mr. Carlisle refuse to give the reasons for their final conclusion that the article is spurious? Certainly the fooled public has a right to know, and it becomes extraordinary that the machinery of the law should have to be put in motion to extract from them their evidence."

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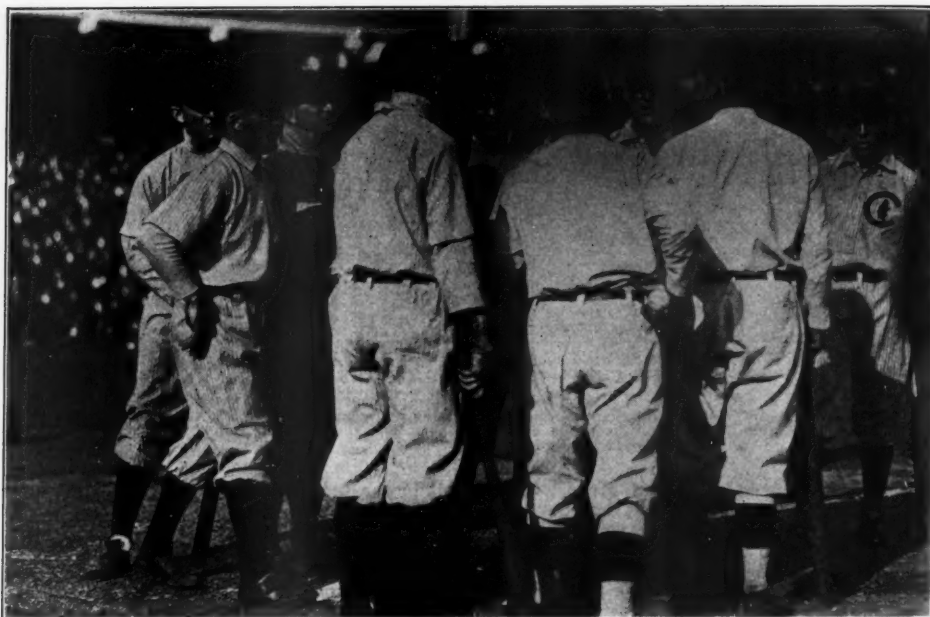
**H**AD Chadwick, the inventor of baseball, who died a few months ago, lived until last month he would have seen a nation gone wild over his game, politicians forgetful of their campaign, stockbrokers ignoring their tickers, well dressed women courting ruin for their gowns and men by the hundreds risking their very lives in one mad scramble to see the closing games of the season. Never in the forty years that the game has been played has there been such a frenzied baseball year as the one that came to a close a few days ago. "New York City," says *The Herald*, "forgot all else feverishly to note the progress of the game. In Wall Street pretty much all of regular business was forgotten. Merchants, clerks and customers joined in the anxious watch for results. *The Herald's* telephones at Herald Square and the branch offices were so cumbered with inquiries

about the score that it was difficult to transact the customary business over them." Not young men and boys alone, but people of all ages and sexes, remarks the *New York Sun*, have been possessed by the fever, and have turned to the baseball page of their paper morning after morning before reading the political or any other news. There has been something epic in it, and the thrills of excite-



WARMING UP

This is Mathewson, the star pitcher of the New York "Giants," for whom, so it was reported, the manager of the Chicagos offered the New York club \$50,000. The offer, if made, was refused. Mathewson is a college man, as are a number of the League players.



#### ON THE VERGE OF A SCRAP

The "Cubs" and the "Giants" had a lively dispute just before their final game on the question of whose turn it was to use the diamond for practice. It has been a cause for congratulation that the most exciting year in baseball annals has been almost free from rowdyism. The dispute above ended amicably.

ment have swept over the whole nation. "Even here in Salt Lake," observes the *Salt Lake Herald*, "where there is no opportunity to see any of the games, the newspaper offices are besieged by crowds waiting for the bulletins,

the telephones are in constant service for people who want to know how each game is progressing by innings; in the most remote country towns there is a demand for long-distance service on the results, and the press as-



#### "THE GREATEST PLAYER EVER ON SPIKES"

Hans Wagner, the man at the bat, has led the batting record in the National League for many years. He is one of the greatest short-stops ever seen. His base-running is unsurpassed. He is probably the best man ever on a baseball diamond. The catcher in the picture is Roger Bresnahan, of the New Yorks, the man who by general consent did more this season than any other man to bring the pennant to New York.

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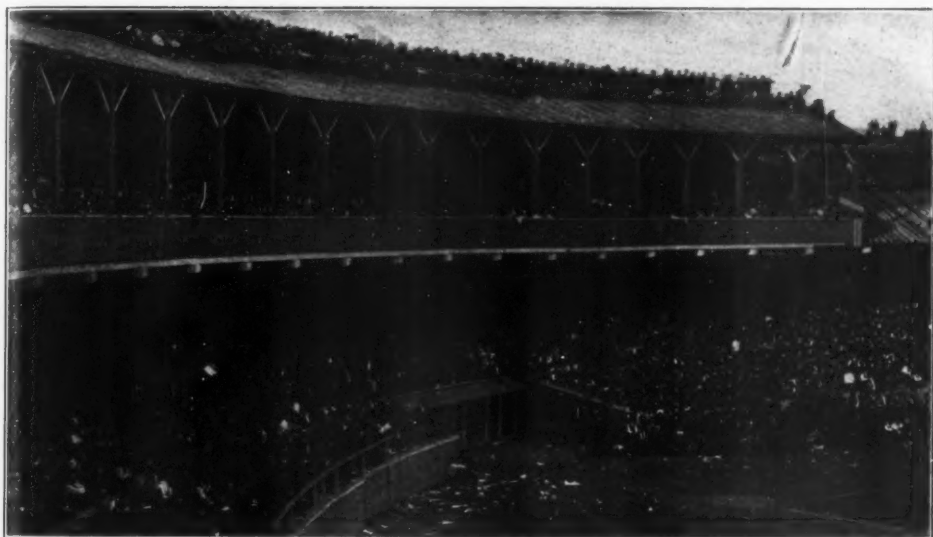


Photo. by Pictorial News Co.

## EVERY AVAILABLE FOOTHOLD TAKEN

This is a small section of the multitude that saw the last game of the season in New York. Note the crowd on the roof of the grandstand. Some of these people were at the entrance gates (for an afternoon game) in the early dawn, in order to secure seats. The average attendance during the entire season at the Polo Grounds was over 7,000 a day. Receipts amounted to \$367,500.

sociations have been compelled to give bulletins on their 'pony' lines where the news is usually limited to brief condensed reports of great happenings."

"I SEE great things in baseball," said Walt Whitman; "it's our game, the American

game." "I find more genuine religion at the baseball match," said the late Ernest Crosby, "than I do at my father's church on Fifth Avenue." "Here we encounter real democracy of spirit," writes the Rev. Roland D. Sawyer, in the *Baseball Magazine*. "One thing in common absorbs us; we rub shoulders,



MIKE DONLIN AND HIS TROPHY

Mike is the baseball player standing nearest the silver cup, which is a trophy given by one of the New York papers to the player voted by its readers to be the most popular man among the "Giants." Donlin was second this year (Wagner being first again) in the batting list of the National League. Taylor (the deaf and dumb pitcher), Devlin, Wiltse and others of the "Giants" are standing around. Donlin is captain of the team.



THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND ACHING HEARTS

This is the scene just after the final game of the season between the New Yorks and Chicagos. This is part of the crowd that was inside the grounds. Fully as many more were outside, on the elevated road, on Coogan's bluff and elsewhere. And the New Yorks lost!

high and low; we speak without waiting for an introduction; we forget everything clan-nish, all the petty conventionalities being laid aside. Individual experience is submerged in unison of human feeling; we are swayed by a common impulse; we are all equal; the pressure of the crowd makes us one. . . . And how good it seems for us to be just human beings." "It is not excessive praise," remarks the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, "to say that baseball is among our national blessings." It adds: "It is a fortunate thing for our people that we have a game now acknowledged to be national which is manly, skilful, 'out of doors,' with thrilling incidents, and above all innocent. It is a clean, fair, open game, free of dangerous or offensive characteristics."

THE Cincinnati Baseball Club ("The Red Stockings") was organized the year after the Civil War, and in 1869 it developed into the first complete professional nine the country (or the world) has ever seen. There were other clubs with one or more professional players before that time, and almost as soon as the game began it developed a surprising popularity. A roll of the players of the next few years would include men prominent to-day in all walks of life. Bellamy Storer, our

late minister to Austria; John R. McLean, of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*; Judson Harmon, Democratic candidate for governor of Ohio, were among the players in Cincinnati alone in those very first years. How far the sport has since then taken hold of the populace is indicated by the financial budget of one single club this year. The money taken in at the grounds of "the Giants" of New York this season is estimated at \$300,000 for general admission only, and \$67,500 additional for grand stand and pavilion tickets. The excess of receipts of all kinds over expenditures of all kinds for the club is estimated at considerably over \$200,000. There are seats for about 30,000 in the grounds, and time and again during the season just ended thousands have been turned away from the gates for lack of room. At the closing game between "the Cubs" of Chicago and "the Giants," it is estimated that many more were turned away than gained admission. Two hours before the game was called every seat and all available standing-room were occupied, and the managers were playing the hose upon a breach in the fence made by the crowd. The average attendance at the grounds for the entire season was 7,000. There are seven other clubs in the National League, there are eight clubs in the

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American League, and there are some thirty minor leagues. How many clubs there are of all sorts it would take a census bureau to find out. England now has its baseball leagues, Australia has its clubs, Cubans and Filipinos go wild over the game.

NOT only in baseball has the sporting interest this year been unprecedented. "Never before in the history of athletics," says the *New York Times*, "has so much general interest been shown." The Olympic games are considered chiefly responsible for this remarkable revival. "Persons who have never witnessed a set of athletic games previous to this year have become regular followers of the sport." So keen has the interest in such sports become in our colleges and universities that a concerted effort by the faculties is called for to keep the intercollegiate contests within bounds. President Eliot, of Harvard, in his annual report to the board of overseers not long since, calls for a limitation in the number of intercollegiate contests to two for each sport in any one season, the rest of the competition to be home competition. The problem is growing more and more serious each year for our educators. Says President Eliot, who was himself a college athlete:

"The exaggeration of athletic sports in schools and colleges remains a crying evil, and there are no clear signs that any effectual remedy is taking effect. The strong tendency of the highly competitive, violent games is to reduce the proportion of boys and young men who play them, and to impede the universal development of wholesome sports accessible to all. To be sure, playing on teams is now confined to school years and three years in college, and is not allowed to students in professional schools; but these limitations have no tendency to make the playing of football, baseball, hockey and basket ball more general among schoolboys and students, for the fierce competition makes these games so intense that they are unsuitable for any but a small proportion of the schoolboys and the students."

The most popular of all the college games—football—President Eliot considers the least useful of all, because a smaller proportion of students are fit for that game than for any other, and "it clearly appears that neither the bodily nor the mental qualities which characterize football players are particularly serviceable to young men who have their way to make in the intellectual callings." Every intelligent youth, thinks President Eliot, ought to cultivate sports that he knows will serve him until he is old rather than those he cannot keep up after he leaves college.

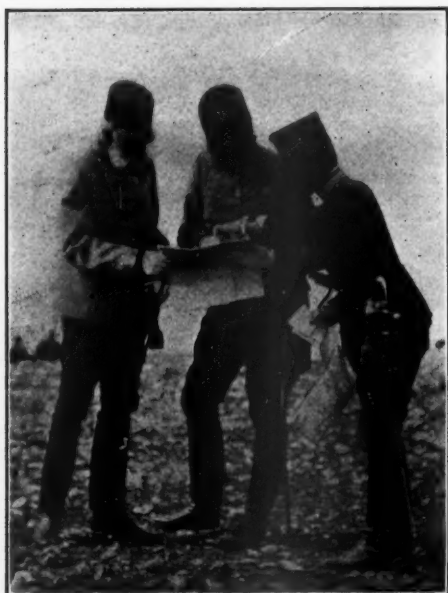


CHANCE

It may be said without much exaggeration that the pennant the Chicagos gained this year was won by Chance. He is the manager of the team, as well as its first baseman. At one time this season he had fifteen men, including himself, on the hospital list. Still the team won out. It was his generalship that did it.



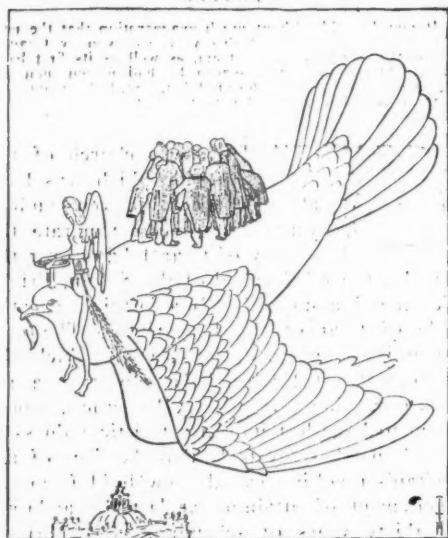
IN THAT historic church of the Forty Martyrs which was built at Tirnova nearly seven hundred years ago to commemorate the victory of Czar Johann over the Greeks, the rebel vassal of the Sultan, Prince Ferdinand, assumed barely a fortnight ago the title of Czar of the Bulgarians. The new sovereign's enormous nose, upon which the cartoonists of Europe have conferred a renown rivaling Cyrano de Bergerac's, would seem to have lost its characteristic redness if the despatches say truly that the face of the Sultan's revolting vassal grew livid from the excitement of attaining at last the ambition of thirty years of scheming. His Majesty trembled, they tell us, as he walked up to the altar, leaning upon the arm of the Metro-



## AUSTRIAN READINESS FOR WAR

Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, stands in the centre intent upon the plan of military operations for the maneuvers of the army corps he commands. At the spectator's left is the Emperor Francis Joseph, while at the right the Chief of Staff explains the strategical problem.

politan, who sang a Te Deum, after which came the loud cries of "Long live the Czar of the Bulgars!" The manifesto declaring the independence of the land, in flat defiance of



## THE EUROPEAN SITUATION

At last the diplomatic airship is steering for Berlin.—*Simplicissimus* (Berlin).

that provision of the treaty of Berlin which provides that Bulgaria shall "forever" remain an autonomous principality tributary to the Turkish Sultan, had already received the signature of Ferdinand in his sovereign capacity. In the open square fronting the hall of the Sobranje at Sofia dense crowds danced until far into the night the Balkan reel known as the horo. The dancers, singing ironical verses at the Sultan's expense, joined hands in a circle and moved at first slowly a few steps in one direction, and then one or two in the other, the medley of bagpipe and guzla growing faster and faster and the steps more and more furious as the dancers took up the Bulgarian equivalent of the cry: "We are free!"

WHILE the Bulgars at Sofia were whirling in the same dance to the same music with which their ancestors a thousand years ago welcomed the coming of the spring, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in Great Britain handed to King Edward at Balmoral an autograph letter from the Emperor Francis Joseph. The epistle was far more important than the dancing, far more important than even the declaration of Bulgarian independence, for the simple reason, as the *Paris Temps* explains, that nobody in Europe outside Turkey cares much whether Ferdinand calls himself Prince or Czar, whereas the formal annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina to the empire of the Hapsburgs throws the whole treaty of Berlin into the waste basket and imperils the peace of Europe. Now the letter handed to King Edward by Francis Joseph's ambassador seems to have "confirmed" the annexation to Austria of the two provinces hitherto administered from Vienna, altho nominally subject to Turkey. "The most evil thing that has happened in Europe during the present generation," the *New York Sun's* well informed correspondent calls it. For Bulgaria's independence and the fate of Bosnia-Herzegovina are two aspects of one event.

THIS whole conspiracy against the peace of the world, as the *Paris Temps* calls it, was arranged to its most trivial detail when Ferdinand of Bulgaria went last September to visit the Emperor Francis Joseph in Budapest. Ferdinand was still a mere Prince, yet none of the points of court ceremonial fixed for the reception of heads of reigning houses was omitted from the program. Altho Francis Joseph did not himself go to the railroad

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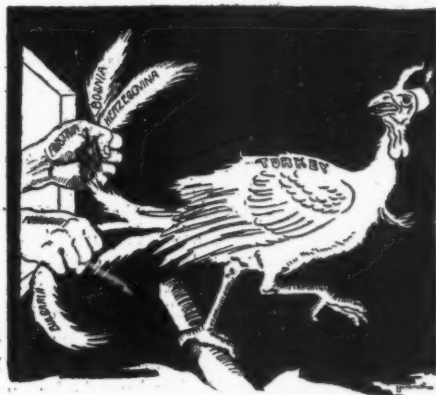
Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

#### THE CZAR OF THE BULGARS AS A FAMILY MAN

Ferdinand, standing here with his four children by his first marriage, is a model father. For his eldest son, the Crown Prince Boris—at the spectator's left—he is said to feel an almost idolatrous fancy. The boy is receiving a Greek Catholic education altho Ferdinand is a Roman Catholic, or was until his excommunication. About a year ago, Ferdinand married a German princess who is now Czarina of the Bulgars.

station, as he does when a full-fledged King or Emperor arrives, he deputed the Archduke Joseph and the Archduchess Augusta to receive the Bulgarian ruler, who was accompanied by his new wife. In every respect what are called sovereign honors were paid. A guard of royal dragoons was on the platform, the band played the Bulgarian, not the Turkish, hymn, the streets were decorated, while, to hint more clearly at what all this meant, the semi-official organs at Budapest and in Vienna said that Bulgarian independence was practically achieved. Immediately after the banquet given by the Emperor to the Prince, the coming revolt against Turkey was talked over. Assumption of the title of Czar at Tirnova was thus a cut and dried affair.

vinia would agitate every capital in which the Treaty of Berlin is observed as the foundation of European peace, the basis of what is called the status quo. Austria's intimation that the treaty no longer binds her "is of such a sinis-



PLUCKING TURKEY

—Bushnell in Cincinnati Times-Star.

**N**EITHER Ferdinand nor Francis Joseph, if we are to infer anything from newspaper comment in Europe upon their recent meeting, can have been unaware that the formal annexation of Bosnia and Herzego-

ter and mysterious character that European confidence is shaken as it has not been since the Turko-Russian war. It strikes at the foundation of all international relationships. It is gratuitously Machiavellian. It seems on its face to be a deliberate attempt to render abortive Turkey's efforts at regeneration." Nevertheless, the sovereignty of Francis Joseph over both Bosnia and Herzegovina has been all that sovereignty can be except in name. Ever since the treaty of Berlin handed Bosnia and Herzegovina over to Austro-Hungarian administration, their complete incorporation into the empire of Francis Joseph has been urged by inspired dailies in Vienna and in Budapest only to precipitate tempests of diplomatic protest.

THAT Austria-Hungary has succeeded in her work of civilization throughout Bosnia and Herzegovina in a way that earned the admiration of President Roosevelt himself was largely owing to the genius of the late Benjamin de Kallay, who ruled the provinces for over twenty-one years. What Kallay achieved is clearly apparent, says the *London Standard*, when we compare the present condition of the occupied provinces with that of the self-governing Balkan States. Sarajevo, Mostar and other towns in Bosnia and Herzegovina are, as regards their institutions, scarcely behind any town in western Europe. New roads and railways traverse the region, industries have been created which have a most promising future, agriculture has been modernized, banks have been founded—in a word, an economic revolution has been brought about more thoro and more advantageous to the population than would have been dreamed of when the Treaty of Berlin went into effect. After securing the co-operation of competent practical Orientalists, Kallay uprooted corruption with a stern hand, and began a work of civilization which all impartial authorities regard as unique.

IT IS not so many months since the Vatican was agog over the questions raised by the marriage of this Ferdinand with that princess who took the train in such violent haste to attend his ceremonial elevation to a Czar's rank in Tirnova. The new European "sovereign" managed only after infinite negotiation at Rome in marrying Princess Eleanor of Reuss-Köstritz at Coburg according to the Roman Catholic rite. Ferdinand—he was merely Prince then—employed a highly placed

mediator, the clerical *Vaterland* says, to speak personally with his Holiness in order to obtain a dispensation and permission to use the Roman Catholic ceremonial. The Pope refused the petition, stating that the Prince is excommunicated on account of his apostasy from the faith as shown by the schismatical baptism of his son by his first wife. This son, now about fourteen, is named Boris, the pride of the paternal soul. A second time Ferdinand sought, through the agency of the papal nuncio in Vienna, to obtain his wish, promising to atone for the baptism of Prince Boris by bringing up the children of the new marriage as Roman Catholics. The Pope also rejected this compromise.

SUDDENLY the news arrived that Pius X, owing to the nuncio's influence with him, had decided to permit a Roman Catholic marriage ceremony, commissioning a Bulgarian priest to perform it. The report, hailed as a concession from the Vatican to Ferdinand, and much commented upon in Europe at the time, turned out entirely false. It was ascertained later that it had been suggested to the Prince that he required no dispensation from Rome, as the Archbishop of Bulgaria had authority to grant one. Upon application to the Bishop of Philippolis, Ferdinand received the dispensation, but the clerical *Vaterland* says positively that Ferdinand promised to educate all the children of his second marriage as Roman Catholics. So the Princess Eleanor was led to the altar by her brother, Prince Henry XXIV of Reuss-Köstritz, while Prince Henry XVIII of Reuss walked behind. The cordiality of the welcome extended to their new princess by all Bulgarians is attributable to her well-known amiability of disposition and her devotion to works of charity. She displays great interest in hospitals. When Ferdinand took her home to Sofia after the honeymoon she was wildly cheered.

AS THE intensely aristocratic ruler of a nation of fanatical democrats, the "Czar of all the Bulgars" owes his success mainly to his own personal charm of manner. He has been compared with those Bourbon princes who throughout the worst phases of their despotic system always entranced their subjects with the winning graciousness of their demeanor. Ferdinand is efficient, but, insist the French dailies, false. His reputation is not so bad as it might be, affirms a writer in





THE NATIONAL DANCE OF THE BULGARIANS

This is sometimes referred to as the "Horo" and is formed and carried out by a general joining of hands in a half circle. Then the dancers go a few steps in one direction, next a few steps in the opposite direction, alternating these motions more and more quickly to the sound of musical instruments. This horo dance is two thousand years old, and formed a conspicuous feature in the festivities with which the inhabitants of Sofia acclaimed their independence of the Sultan.

the Paris *Figaro*, because he has always realized the importance of press agents. No one who, to use his own phrase, "has access to good printed paper" ever gets the cold shoulder from this latest recruit to the ranks of reigning sovereigns, who about thirty years ago was a poor princeling of Saxe-Coburg. He is now about fifty. As a grandson of Louis Philippe, whose first wife was a granddaughter of Charles X, he has always been interesting to the French, who profess to see in him more of a Frenchman than anything else. His French tastes and ways were instilled into him by his accomplished mother, the bewitching Princess Clementine, who figured so conspicuously years ago at the Tuileries.

**F**ERDINAND has long been held up to execration in the Socialist press of Europe on account of his alleged cruelties of character, his thinly veiled contempt for the mob, and his rather cosmopolitan life of fashion. He is one of the most cartooned men in all Europe, owing to the facilities afforded by the size and shape of his nose, that organ forcing the photographers to pose him skillfully in order to get a good picture. His enemies and all Socialists denounce his reign in Bulgaria as a carnival of official corruption. The excuse made for him is that when

he took up his residence at Sofia he found in the principality no moneyed class, no great traders, no middle class, and, worst of all, no aristocracy. The readiest means of bringing a moneyed class into being was, Ferdinand decided, to divert the revenues of the nation into the private purses of his ministers. This policy, besides its incidental advantage of rendering his Highness enormously popular with the politicians, had the effect of breaking up what one of his admirers called "a monotonous level of sturdy agricultural peasants." Ferdinand got an aristocracy by the process of importing impecunious Paris counts.

**SO INTIMATELY** is the fame of Ferdinand associated in the European mind with all that is most fraudulent, most suspicious, most crafty in the art of government, that the Russian dailies do not hesitate to accuse him of precipitating what is now known as "the Gushoff incident." Less than a month ago Tewfik Pasha, the Sultan's Minister of Foreign Affairs, dined the diplomatic corps in Constantinople. Ferdinand has a diplomatic agent in the Turkish capital, one Gushoff, an ornament of that political class which has been raised to opulence by the necessity of creating a moneyed class in Bulgaria. Mr. Gushoff, not being an ambassador, but merely the representative of the Sultan's vassal, got no invita-

tion to this official dinner. He could not be deemed a member of the diplomatic corps, since Bulgaria was Turkey's vassal. However, Mr. Gushoff took it upon himself, to use the language of the London *Standard*, "to deem his principality insulted." He wrote a spirited protest to Tewfik Pasha, citing instances when he had been asked to palace dinners with the ambassadors. "All the foreign ambassadors consider Mr. Gushoff in the wrong." But Mr. Gushoff left the city in rage.

SO LOW, morally, is the foundation upon which Ferdinand has built his power that few European organs dispute the justice of the *Novoe Vremya's* insinuation that the Bulgarian government carefully picked this quarrel. Ferdinand, we are assured by the Rome *Avanti*, never does anything good unless he is driven, nor is there any pronounced dissent from this opinion anywhere. He thinks man more prone to evil than to good, and in this, says the Italian daily, he judges others by himself. In the light of this estimate is interpreted a further straining of the relations between Sofia and Constantinople growing out of a strike on the Orient Railway. Bulgaria, alleging inefficient working of the line owing to strikes in the Sultan's dominions, took possession of the section running through Ferdinand's realm. She held them throughout the whole of last month, an action strongly resented in Turkey. A note demanding an immediate withdrawal of the Bulgarian military engineers was despatched from Constantinople to Sofia, the only result being a further mobilization of Ferdinand's army. Thus, says the Constantinople *Ikdam*, does Bulgaria's ruler prove that he is a deceiver and deep.

WHAT Ferdinand aims at for the immediate future, as his enemies in the European press—and he has infinitely more enemies than friends now—suspect, is a substitution for the treaty of Berlin of a new international arrangement framed at a fresh conference of the powers. The demand for such a conference, since the declaration of Bulgarian independence and the Austrian coup of Bosnian annexation, has grown almost insistent. French dailies seem to regard it as the one means of averting war. In the event of an international conference, Ferdinand's new title as King, or Emperor, or Czar will be made permanent. The summit of his ambition is to address royal sovereigns as "my brother." To-day he is, in his own eyes, even

tho his subjects hail him as their Czar, little more than a noble landlord. He longs to be royal, like Leopold of Belgium, with whom he has, sneers the Socialist press, many traits in common. Emperor William, says the Paris *Temps*, sympathizes with Ferdinand, altho the Berlin dailies deny that. But the German dailies form "a reptile press," reply the French newspapers, and they are playing Ferdinand's game. So is Francis Joseph. He wants those two provinces. The subtlest game of all is being played by the German Emperor, thinks the London *Times*; but the world must wait to find out what it may be until the powers are in conference. For the time being, European dailies talk either of war or the best way to avoid it, while Ferdinand is represented in the sarcastic *Figaro* as echoing the ecstatic cry of one of his Bourbon ancestors: "At last I am a King!"

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EMPTED to revolt by the theatrical acts of Ferdinand in Bulgaria, the inhabitants of the island of Crete threw off their own unreal subjection to the Sultan of Turkey, and annexed themselves overnight to Greece. Thus culminates a series of tragedies inaugurated barely a dozen years ago, when, after more than half a century of almost continuous insurrection under Turkish rule, the island of Crete, taken in hand by four protecting powers—Great Britain, Russia, France and Italy—was by them constituted a separate state. It was made subject, on the one hand, to the formal suzerainty of the Porte, and, on the other, to the rule of a high commissioner to be appointed by these "protecting powers." The second son of the King of the Hellenes was the first high commissioner. So well did he succeed with the "protecting powers"—whatever the Cretans themselves may have thought of him—that his re-appointment after his first three years of office came almost as a matter of course. Peace and order, however, as the London *Times* regretfully and reluctantly concedes, "were not destined to endure in the isle." Within the past few years there has come to be "more and more clearly defined" a radical opposition between the aspirations of the majority of the Cretans and the policy of the protecting powers. The Cretans—so far as they are represented in their own national assembly—desire annexation to Greece, a circumstance admitted with much grief not only by the

London *Times*, but by the Paris *Temps*, the St. Petersburg *Novoe Vremya*, and the Rome *Tribuna*, all having a right to be deemed exponents of the official opinion of the "protecting powers." The Cretans style them "provoking powers."

**R**EMOVAL of the real control exercised by the four protecting or provoking powers and enforced by the presence of their troops, together with abolition of this formal suzerainty of the Porte, only now in appearance attained, were demanded time and again by the people in open rebellion long before the events in Bulgaria. On many an excited occasion, the Cretan assembly passed resolutions declaring "as a fact" the union of the island to the kingdom of Greece. Time after time the powers have met this demand with a direct negative. The son of the King of the Hellenes abandoned his high commissionership a few years since in sheer despair at this situation. "Prince George's resignation was a direct recognition," explains the London *Times*, "of the incompatibility between the national aspirations of which he made himself the spokesman and the policy of the powers which set him in office." He proved himself an unmitigated failure in the island, according to his critics, who say he was brusque, tactless, autocratic, and zealous only in promoting party intrigues. His resignation has been styled a bluff. He was thunderstruck when taken at his word. He wanted to be "King."

**H**AVING got rid of Prince George, the protecting powers sent one of the most distinguished Greeks of modern times to replace him. Mr. Alexander Zaimis comes of a house which, to quote the London *Post*, "has rendered the land of Themistocles freshly famous in politics and the arts." At the outbreak of the War of Independence his grandfather, Andreas Zaimis, was leader of the "Primates" of the Morea. Greek primates are not ecclesiastics, but magnates or gentry, the chief persons in wealth or influence. The grandfather of Alexander Zaimis corresponded with Byron, and was worked into the poet's impressions of Greece in "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." The father of the present Greek statesman, Thrasybulos Zaimis, was twice Prime Minister, and one of the three members of the deputation which offered the Greek crown in the name of the national assembly to the present King, then a lieutenant in the Danish navy. The father and the grand-


father, according to the London *Post*, which supplies these details, are surpassed in ability and culture by the man who has done so much to realize the aspirations of Greece for supremacy without war in Crete.

**C**LOSE observers of the Cretan character believe that, now union has been openly effected so far as the islanders themselves can achieve the feat, the natives will obtain all the best places in Greece. They are to the mainland kingdom what the Scotch are in London, that is, holders and seekers of the most desirable official posts. On the other hand, the Athens *Patris* says that European statesmen rarely consider the immense pecuniary sacrifice little Greece has generously made for Cretan refugees at one time and another. "A not insignificant part of the Greek debt has been incurred in this way, and Greece therefore considers that she ought to reap some reward." That some details of Cretan administration are better than the corresponding arrangements in Greece, that the Greek currency is inferior to that of Crete, and that the Cretan constitution has hitherto been conservative while the Greek charter of 1864 is ultra-democratic—these are all arguments against an absolute uniformity between the partners to the new union upon which the London *Post* dwells significantly. The Ionian Islands are worse off, it adds, than they were under British rule forty-four years ago.

**O**F THE present King of the Hellenes, it has often been said that he is the best ambassador of Greece. The fact that he is brother to Queen Alexandra of England and husband of the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia, daughter of the late Grand Duke Constantine, who was uncle to the Czar, gives him rare facilities for effecting those dynastic arrangements which have made so much history in the south of Europe. He was Prince William of Denmark when he ascended the Hellenic throne forty-five years ago. Much Greek prejudice had to be lived down by him, but it is agreed in Europe that he has succeeded in the task. The achievement of the national dream of acquiring Crete will make the monarch more popular than ever with his people, for to him is given most credit for the diplomacy by which the annexation was made a possibility. With Samos in revolt, Crete in the flush of revolutionary attainment, Bulgaria independent, Bosnia and Herzegovina formally incorporated into the

Hapsburg empire, and Macedonia awaiting the action of the powers, the kingdom over which George the First holds sway emerges into supreme importance as a factor in great events to come. The grievance of the Greeks from an international standpoint is that the western European press and the representatives of western European foreign offices "insist blindly that Macedonia is Bulgarian," to the fierce indignation of the Athens *Patris*. The legitimate aims of Greece in Macedonia, Athens daily papers tell the world, must be respected or the Macedonian question will remain without an answer forever.

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 THE first mention of that conference of the European powers which has been deemed inevitable ever since the revolt of Ferdinand of Bulgaria from his suzerainty to the Sultan, Sir Edward Grey, Minister of Foreign Affairs in the British cabinet, has been on his guard against Berlin. This assertion, made with some directness in the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung*, explains the month's flood of contradictory rumors on the subject of that European conference which we are told one day is "sure to come," and which seems the day after to have been postponed forever. The mystery is easily "seen through," the German organ notes, when we realize the eagerness of Sir Edward Grey to keep the powers from going into conference at Berlin. The British are in dread of the influence of the Wilhelmstrasse. So, too, it would seem, is Foreign Minister Pichon of France and Foreign Minister Isvolsky of Russia. These diplomats are even now insisting, it is rumored, that the powers may assemble their delegates wherever they lived provided Berlin be passed over. Meanwhile Vienna is seconding Emperor William's alleged determination to bring the conference well under the shadow of his own palace roof, while Rome, hesitating between alternative policies, is pointing out through the ministerial *Tribuna* that if a conference is to be held at all, "it were best to await the issue of any little war that may break out in the Balkans."

NOTHING could be more absurd that a conference of the powers at a time when war might be raging between Bulgaria and Turkey or Turkey and Serbia, argues the Italian sheet. What is happening behind the scenes, this authority professes to have

learned, is a series of circular notes going the round of all the chancelleries and emanating, of all places in the world, from Bucharest. Two questions are propounded in these notes. The first is: "Shall there be a conference of the powers?" The second runs: "Where and when shall it be held?" No serious attention will be paid by any power on the continent of Europe, we read further, to the objections supposed to be entertained by England to any conference at all. But France and Russia would seem to be following the lead of Great Britain, for the Paris *Gaulois*, having reliable sources of information, says as much. Turkey is acting in harmony with the British Foreign Office, for she has learned from painful experience that conferences of the powers never redound to her benefit. Assuming that a conference is ultimately to be held, and at this writing so much seems a certainty to the Paris *Figaro*—"even if there be official denials of any such eventuality"—it is not with the formal sittings that the world must reckon, but with those confidential despatches and secret exchanges of verbal opinion by which the fate of the Balkans will be determined.

THERE has been a certain amount of European press polemics on the subject of an international conference which might well excite wonder at the surprising changes of position which it attributes to the powers, observes the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, a semi-officially inspired mouthpiece. "It must therefore be remembered that these polemics are part of the diplomatic game, and nothing about them is really astonishing except the ease with which they assume that plain people can be mystified." But the London *Times* can not help concluding that Germany is laboring under a delusion as to the extent of public knowledge of Berlin "intrigue," which is held responsible for Ferdinand's revolt, for the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and for the unrest of the Servians. In speculating as to the course of events at any European conference on the subject of the Balkans, we must remember, says the British organ, how constant is the endeavor of Germany to persuade the world that France, and Great Britain so long as she loyally observes her engagements towards France, are the real impediments to a satisfactory solution of the sudden and sharp crisis of the hour. How significant, retorts the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung*, is the agreement between British newspaper exponents of foreign policy and French newspaper





THE "UGLY RUSH" AT THE EUCHARISTIC DEMONSTRATION

At many places along the line of march through the London thoroughfares, there was "booing" on the part of the unruly. Popular sentiment against the presence of the papal ecclesiastics has been worked up by the Protestant Alliance and at one time there was likelihood that mischief makers would break through the police lines.

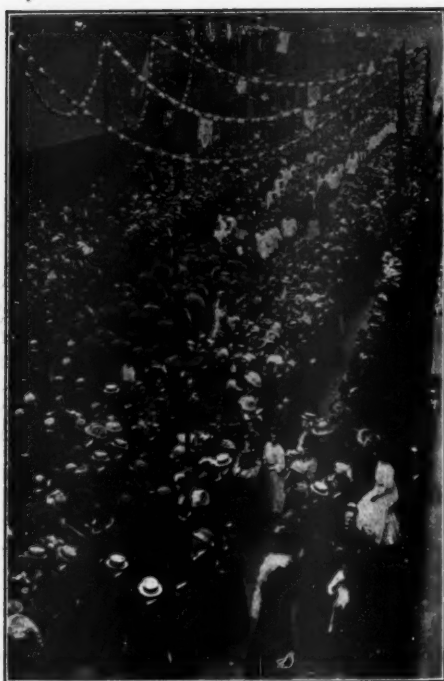
exponents of foreign policy in misrepresenting the timely reserve with which Germany is acting! But Germany, replies the *London Times*, has hesitated to make known her standpoint regarding the question of a conference with a twofold object. The first has been the "off chance" of getting in the thin end of the wedge of disagreement between England and France, "which, as everybody knows, has been throughout the main object of German policy." The second is the application of the system of give and take invariably practiced by Germany in dealing with international affairs. Should all hope of estranging England from France be lost, concessions might be made to France for a consideration. "Prince Bülow's press has never yet during a crisis given the true note of the situation. Whatever the real object may have been, it has merely served to confuse public opinion."

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THE first papal legate to set foot on English soil for over three centuries and a half did not carry the host on a gold monstrance beneath a gorgeous canopy through the streets of London. What had been planned as the grandest demonstration of Roman Catholic faith in the "real presence" of the savior of the world, in the holy eucharist, was transformed over night into a "no-Popery" panic involving not only some of

the most distinguished princes of the church in the college of cardinals, but officials of the Protestant societies, the Home Secretary, and the Prime Minister himself. The ten thousand men who assembled in Albert Hall—comprising the guard of honor to line the way of the procession through the streets on the morrow—sat amazed when the highest Roman Catholic dignitary in Great Britain, Mgr. Francis Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, announced that the government had found itself constrained to put a stop at the eleventh hour to what would be a violation of the law of the land. The Prime Minister saw no legal objection to a parade of abbots, bishops, archbishops and cardinals, of whom so goodly a number were already in London for the Eucharistic Congress. But these dignitaries must not show themselves with their gold tipped mitres in their copes of white and gold or their scarlet berettas. There could be no bearing of the sacred wafer in public with those circumstances of splendor and solemnity which befit the real presence. The Archbishop's great audience broke into groans and hisses as, trembling with excitement but self-possessed, he went into the details of his sensational telegraphic correspondence with the Prime Minister.

ONLY a few days before the explosion of this anti-papal bomb, the Archbishop had received a confidential communication from



THE MOST EXALTED ECCLESIASTICS IN THE  
EUCCHARISTIC PROCESSION

The seven cardinals and the twelve archbishops support the Papal Legate, His Eminence Vincenzo Vannutelli, who attracted great attention from the enormous crowds in the streets about the Cathedral.

that eminent convert to the Roman Catholic faith, Lord Ripon, to the effect that the Prime Minister "deprecated the procession." Yet many weeks had elapsed since the first announcement of the nature of the ceremonies which, in the immediate vicinity of the cathedral at Westminster, were designed to impart such elements of sanctity to this first assemblage of a Eucharistic Congress in a Protestant country. "We are engaged," wrote Archbishop Bourne in his pastoral letter on the congress, issued days before this upheaval, "in a great and public act of faith, proclaiming aloud to the world our unswerving belief in the central mystery of our religion, the fact that our lord and savior Jesus Christ, true God and true man, ever offers himself as a sacrifice on the altars of our churches, and unceasingly dwells in our tabernacles." The sacrifice of the mass and the real presence are the great facts proclaimed by a Eucharistic Congress, the first of which assembled some eighteen years ago at Lille. Last year's congress was held at Metz, the German government suspending for the occasion the law of

nearly forty years ago forbidding processions in order that the very ceremony prohibited by the English Prime Minister might be enacted.

NO SOONER had the English prelate received Lord Ripon's communication than he telegraphed to the Prime Minister, then in Scotland, a vigorous protest. "It is impossible for me," said Archbishop Bourne, "consistently with my own honor, to countermand this procession unless I am able to say that I do so in accordance with a formal request from you as Prime Minister of England." Before Mr. Asquith made such a request the Archbishop urged him to consider that processions of a similar character have taken place all over England for many years without let or hindrance of any kind. "They are an annual event in many parishes in London itself, and are cordially welcomed even by the non-Catholic population," The acts of Parliament to which the patriotic Protestant societies, in their efforts to halt the ceremonies, had called the attention of the cabinet, had never before been invoked within the Archbishop's memory. "They are universally regarded as a dead letter, and are equally applicable to many acts which I and my colleagues perform publicly and intend to perform publicly over and over again." While this protest was on its way to the Prime Minister, the Home Secretary notified the Archbishop that "the procession is to be accompanied by and identified with a ceremonial" not consistent with the state of the law in England. This hint was followed by intimations from the Home Office of so pointed a nature that the Archbishop had to eliminate the objectionable elements of ecclesiastical ceremony from the procession entirely.

WHEN, therefore, the representative of the Pope came down the steps of the cathedral as the central figure of the great procession, he was, to be sure, clad in scarlet, but he wore no cappa magna—the ample trailing robe he would have had on were he the bearer of the sacrament. His scarlet skull cap and scarlet robe, however, proclaimed his rank to the immense throngs. Cardinal Gibbons, who walked the whole mile of the route beside Cardinal Logue between the closely packed ranks of spectators, did not see or hear anything "unpleasant" throughout the procession. Yet it seems clear from reports in the London *Times* that portions of the crowd were bent upon mischief. At five points along the route

there was much "booming," and at one time an ugly rush was stopped with the utmost difficulty. The leader of the Protestant demonstrations against the ceremonial, young Mr. John A. Kensit, famous for his no-Popery propaganda, is quoted as having said that "had the consecrated wafer been carried through the streets, a most serious riot would have resulted," and it is presumed that he spoke from knowledge.

ALL the newspapers in London concede that the procession as originally planned was illegal by virtue of a provision in the so-called "Catholic Relief Act" passed sixty-nine years ago. Every Roman Catholic ecclesiastic who had taken part in such a ceremonial would have rendered himself liable to a fine of fifty pounds. It seems probable, altho there is some dispute as to the precise state of the law, that every Roman Catholic ecclesiastic who wears any vestments or robes except in the usual places of worship of his church or in private houses, is liable to a penalty of fifty pounds. The controversy over the procession has brought out the fact that every Jesuit in England and every member of a Roman Catholic religious order is liable to banishment. A proclamation issued by the late Queen Victoria calling attention to this state of the law, and forbidding the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion in highways and places of public resort, is still in force. The relevance of this unrepealed proclamation to the proposed procession was made much of in the communications passing between the Prime Minister and the Protestant Alliance.

THE one criticism that can be offered of the Prime Minister's action in interfering with the contemplated exposition of the host, says the *London Standard*, is that "it was so long delayed" by moments of indecision. Mr. Asquith is blamed by this daily for allowing it to be supposed that "the illegality of the exercise in public of the rites and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church was in any way open to question." The law, however, is clear. "It is for Roman Catholics to ask for an amendment of the statute; it is practically certain that any properly conducted agitation in that direction would be successful." Nobody has any fear, adds this journal, of the reassertion of papal influence in the government of England. "Yet," comments the *London Mail*, unfriendly to the ministry, like the daily already quoted, "those who regarded the pro-

cession as a challenge to their faith must not be blamed for making their protest. And when once the protest was made there could be no question as to the illegality of the proceeding, nor any question as to the desirability of preventing such a scandal as would have been caused by sectarian strife in the streets of London." The *Westminster Gazette*, ministerial in sympathy, agrees with the *London Post*, an opposition organ, that "so long as the section of the Catholic act remains unrepealed there is no reason why it should be infringed, nor is there any practical advantage apart from the illegality of the infringement in offering wilful provocation to those extreme Protestants who regard the church of Rome as a danger."



HAT audience with the Emperor of Japan which has been made so conspicuous a feature of the welcome extended to the officers of the American battleships after their arrival off Yokohama was planned "to give the lie," as the *Tokyo Taiyo* says, to "talk of war." That sort of talk has certainly found no place in the Japanese press for weeks. The moral effect of the welcome given the battleships in Australia "proved," to quote the *Melbourne Age*, "stunning." Count Katsura, who is famed as a censor of the press, is accused in the *Sydney Bulletin* of having repeated the numerous warnings against "indiscretions" which the approach of the battleships made timelier than ever. What the American people must expect for the next few weeks, the *Sydney* weekly says, is "an outburst of Japanese flapdoodle and taffy from the Tokyo newspapers," all prepared beforehand by officials in the Mikado's foreign office. The Japanese Emperor certainly went very far in arranging an audience with himself for the officers of the fleet. Few indeed are the Japanese "commoners" who have received this honor, and the number of foreigners thus favored is smaller still. Although Mutsuhito is by far the most enlightened of Oriental potentates, the court of Tokyo remains the most exclusive in the world. It is to the influence of that quiet, silent little man, Admiral Togo, that Admiral Sperry would seem to be indebted for the splendors of his reception at court. Mutsuhito consented, when the news of the coming of the Americans reached him, to welcome Sperry at dinner; but difficulties of etiquet led to a luncheon instead.



*Courtesy of World's Work.*

MR. ROCKEFELLER AND HIS GRANDDAUGHTER

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# Persons in the Foreground

## THE TWO JOHN D. ROCKEFELLERS

**I**N Stevenson's story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the evil personality of Hyde kept growing stronger and stronger and that of Jekyll weaker and weaker until finally the evil personality became so dominant that the good one was extinguished altogether.

The few pictures of John D. Rockefeller which have been exhibited in public for many years represent two distinct personalities: a Mr. Hyde Rockefeller, who became "money-mad" in his early twenties and went on his evil course through life sucking the life-blood of myriads, avid of power and joying in but one thing—the piling up of golden dividends; and the Dr. Jekyll Rockefeller, simple, kindly, courteous, beneficent and broad-minded. In the last few years we have seen the process in Stevenson's story exactly reversed. It is the picture of the diabolical Mr. Rockefeller that has been gradually fading from view and losing its clearness of outline, while that of the simple and human Mr. Rockefeller has been growing clearer and more distinct to the public eye.

The reason for this is not at all mysterious. It is due to what a writer in *The Bookman* calls "the victory of publicity." Mr. Rockefeller was doubtless a real human being all the time; but, keeping his personality absolutely aloof, there grew up a mythical figure with horns and hoofs and a forked tail, the product of a lively imagination and histrionic necessity. A few years ago there was a marked change in the attitude toward the public not only on the part of Mr. Rockefeller, but on the part of various other rich men—Morgan, Belmont, Harriman, and others. "Not five years ago," says Charles W. Meade, the writer in *The Bookman*, "the city editors of New York papers used to send to the homes of John D. Rockefeller and J. Pierpont Morgan in a sort of hopeless, desperate sense of duty. The feeling was, 'Well, I know there's no hope of getting what I want; I know that there's no hope of getting near this man; I know that I am subjecting this reporter, a gentleman, to indignities at the hands of a butler or fourth deputy assistant secretary, but I've got to take the chance, for Morgan

or Rockefeller *might* talk to some other paper and what defence could I offer if I do not send him?'"

Now an interview with Rockefeller or any of the other magnates of finance has become a common thing. Three years ago it was almost impossible to get a photograph of Mr. Rockefeller for publication. The nearest anybody could come to it was a photograph of the Eastman Johnson portrait. Now you can have snap-shots of him at golf, riding a bicycle, with his family, walking the streets—in all sorts of poses and habiliments. "A change has come over the spirit of his dream and he realizes that there are, after all, some things about him which the public has a right to know and know accurately." It is a long, long, long distance from the secretive and inaccessible Rockefeller of five years ago to the Rockefeller, for instance, who called on his neighbor, James Butler, last June, to pay his respects to Cardinal Logue, then Mr. Butler's guest. "I've promised the newspapers to pose, if agreeable to Cardinal Logue," said Mr. Rockefeller, shortly before taking his leave. It was agreeable to the Cardinal, and chairs were brought out on the sunny piazza. Said Mr. Rockefeller: "It's too sunny here for me. My pictures always look terrible when they are taken in the sun. I wish I had my John here; he knows how to pose me. Is this all right, boys?" The incident sounds trivial; but to an editor or newspaper photographer who can remember five years back it reads as if a miracle had been worked. Publicity has become a part of the creed of rich men. The Standard Oil Company has hired a newspaper man, J. I. C. Clarke, at a handsome salary, as press agent; Belmont has done the same sort of thing; so has the once secretive New York Central. The growth of "publicity bureaus" for the service of various corporations has increased at an amazing rapidity.

And now, not content with the publicity that comes of the interview and the snap-shot, Mr. Rockefeller is publishing his "Random Reminiscences of Men and Events" in *The World's Work*. The securing of this magazine plum was the work, of course, of Frank N. Doubleday, whose introductory article two months ago helps considerably to reveal Mr.

*I am naturally an optimist, and when it comes to a statement of what our people will accomplish in the future. I am unable to express myself with sufficient enthusiasm.*

Courtesy of *World's Work*

FACSIMILE OF MANUSCRIPT OF MR. ROCKEFELLER'S "RANDOM REMINISCENCES"

Rockefeller as he appears to his friends. Mr. Doubleday found him "exactly the reverse" of what his reading had led him to expect. Instead of a proud and arrogant personage, he found one modest and friendly:

"It was exceedingly difficult to adjust the notion of a powerful despot to this man, who appeared to me to be a kindly gentleman. He led the talk to subjects I should not myself have brought up, he appeared willing to talk about and to discuss anything, and he finally invited me to ask him any questions I had in my mind. This I did, and his frankness amazed me. He seemed to have no secrets, there was no air of mystery, no secretiveness."

The popular judgment of Mr. Rockefeller, so Mr. Doubleday assures us, is simply a "mob judgment." He seemed "more than willing to discuss any subject under the sun"—except his benefactions. His assistants were also more than willing to drag out letters and documents about any subject Mr. Doubleday wished to study, but they also were reticent when he inquired about the benefactions. Mr. Rockefeller seems, indeed, to have kept himself in such matters in the background as much as possible. "I could not find, for instance," says Mr. Doubleday, "that Mr. Rockefeller has himself signed a check for five years; in bestowing all his gifts he has hardly written a personal letter concerning them."

We are told, further, that Mr. Rockefeller has a keen and kindly sense of humor. "He belongs to the fortunate company of the light-hearted, and his faith in human nature is far beyond what most of us are able to maintain." He is not, however, a great reader,

apparently because his mind works so much more quickly than his eye that he demands a short cut to information, and reading is therefore irksome. He is a democratic traveler, using in general the same trains as the public use and, when there is no dining car, going into the station restaurant and taking his place at the table with the rest.

Here is a picture of Mr. Rockefeller at his favorite recreation:

"The way Mr. Rockefeller goes at golf is characteristic. He takes it with exceeding deliberateness, as he does everything else; if he has any nervousness or temper hidden about his person, he does not show it even on the golf links. His movements are slow and careful, and he plays a good game for a man who took it up so late in life. As a rule, he drives a good ball of, say, one hundred and sixty or eighty yards, but if he should top his drive into one of those spongy marshes which often lie in front of the tee for the benefit of the unwary, he doesn't put down another ball and begin over again (forgetting very likely the stroke and the penalty), but takes his niblick, goes into the sticky slough of despond, makes the mud fly in all directions, plays the ball out, and keeps accurate count of the strokes used. If he drives into the woods (and he seldom does—he deliberately fixes his stance to avoid it), he goes after the ball, finds it, and plays it out, no matter how many strokes it takes, and when finally he arrives on the green, he puts the ball painstakingly into the hole if his last stroke covers only two inches. Mr. Rockefeller plays scrupulously honest golf; he avails himself of no slighting of the rules, and this is not a universal practice with people who take a hundred or more strokes in going eighteen holes."

Such is the simple pastoral picture that Mr. Doubleday and others give us. But the

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picture of the diabolical Mr. Rockefeller, if it has become somewhat dim of late, has not by any means disappeared. Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis, writing in Mr. Hearst's magazine, *The Cosmopolitan*, gives us some touches that bring back the lineaments of the "money-mad" Rockefeller we use to know before he jarred us by becoming an honorary member of the Association of Press Humorists. Mr. Lewis tells us a story of a conversation between Mr. Rockefeller and one of his Cleveland neighbors whom he has known for years. Mr. Lewis says he gets the story direct from the neighbor. Mr. Rockefeller was wont to run across the avenue for an evening's chat.

"The man visited is a bookworm, and cares as little for money as Mr. Rockefeller cares for anything else. The visiting Mr. Rockefeller invariably comes upon the bookworm surrounded by shelves of books. Never but once did Mr. Rockefeller so much as notice the books; they no more attracted his eye than would a dead wall. Upon arrival, Mr. Rockefeller's first move is to ask permission to turn down the gas; for he likes to sit in a sort of self-constructed twilight and finds a flood of radiance disquieting. Then in the half-darkness he will talk—talk of money, always of money. The one time he referred to the books was characteristic. The visited bookworm sat with his finger keeping the place in a volume of Moore's 'Life of Byron.' Mr. Rockefeller noticed it.

"You get pleasure out of your books, Judge?" he said musingly.

"Yes," responded the bookworm.

"Do you know the only thing that gives me pleasure?" said Mr. Rockefeller, looking up with a fashion of guilelessness, at once sly and bland. 'It's to see my dividends coming in,' he whispered; 'just to see my dividends coming in!' And as he said it he made a drawing, scraping motion across the table with his scooped hand, as tho raking in imaginary riches."

Now that is something like. That is the sure enough Mr. Hyde Rockefeller that we used to know, before this bland and naive golf-player came on the scene. We greet Mr. Lewis's picture as we greet the familiar villain of the old melodrama, when "The Silver King" or "The Two Orphans," or something, is revived for a night or two. Mr. Lewis gives us just the right setting. The turning down of the gas is a fine touch. "Self-constructed twilight" is a good phrase. Take note, too, that Mr. Rockefeller whispers, he doesn't talk. And the gesture as if scooping in imaginary riches is just the right one, as any actor could tell you, when the climactic phrase "just to see my dividends coming in" is spoken. It is a fine dramatic scene. Mr. Lewis gives us another touch of the same sort:

"The Rockefeller eyes are small and glittering, like the eyes of a rat. By the same token, the contour of the Rockefeller mouth is suggestive of the cutting, gnawing rodent teeth. Once I saw where a rat had gnawed through six inches of solid oak. Think of the patient, painful labor involved! When he got through, however, hundreds of bushels of wheat were at the mercy of that Rockefeller of a rat. The Rockefeller mouth is a thin, long slit of a mouth, and draws down at the corners pathetically. Most of all, like a warning, Mr. Rockefeller furnishes the impression of one who can see in the dark.

"Altogether, the Rockefeller atmosphere is inimical, repellant, alarming. And yet no one will look upon Mr. Rockefeller without feeling a kind of sadness, a sympathy for him. No one will envy him; he gives forth no impression of happiness, as does Mr. Carnegie, or of cheerful, steady conceit, as does Mr. Schwab, or of contented rapacity, as does Mr. Ryan. Instead, he is like a man lost in a world strange to him, and very lonesome."

Mr. Doubleday, doubtless, describes Mr. Rockefeller as he sees him. But Mr. Lewis describes him as he sees he ought to be! And between what is and what ought to be how can one hesitate to choose? Besides, Mr. Lewis's Rockefeller "has no stomach." A great deal of stress is laid upon that fact. He is compelled, in spite of all his millions, to take nothing into his little Mary but acidulated milk. Doubleday's Rockefeller has an ordinary sort of a stomach that disposes of just about the same sort of food the rest of us require. That is positively immoral. By all the laws of histrionic art, a man of this kind should have no stomach, and to concede him anything but acidulated milk is a perversion of ethics.

Mr. Rockefeller's own "Reminiscences," the first instalment of which appeared in *The World's Work* for October, strike almost at once a defensive, tho not an apologetic, note. He had decided to say nothing for himself, hoping that after his death the truth would gradually become known and justice would be done, but he has come to see that if his family and friends want a record of affairs that have been "somewhat discussed," it is right that he should give it. He expresses himself as proud of the men who have been associated with him and proud of the record of the company. He believes most Americans will be proud "when they understand some things better." The oil industry at the beginning was a most hazardous undertaking, "not altogether unlike the speculative mining undertakings we hear so much of today." Capital was difficult to secure and conservative men were hard to interest. A few men had to be willing to risk all on their judg-


ment, and if they had failed they would have been classed as visionaries. None of them dreamed of the magnitude to which the business was to grow. If wrong has been committed in the process, it was due now and then to an employe's over-zeal. But a large corporation, he insists, must not be condemned for a misstep of one of its subordinates.

Mr. Rockefeller in this first instalment handles none of the "live wires" of the Standard Oil controversy. The tone of his remarks is gentle, gracious and free from bitterness. One of the most interesting passages is that in which he avows himself an optimist in regard to the future of this country. He writes in the following cheerful strain:

"The men of this generation are entering into a heritage which makes their fathers' lives look poverty-stricken by comparison. I am naturally an optimist, and when it comes to a statement of what our people will accomplish in the future, I am unable to express myself with sufficient enthusiasm."

"The standards of business are high, and are getting better all the time. I confess I have no sympathy with the idea so often advanced that our basis of all judgments in this country is founded on money. If this were true, we should be a nation of money hoarders instead of spenders. Nor do I admit that we are so small-minded a people as to be jealous of the success of others. It is the other way about: we are most extraordinarily ambitious, and the success of one man in any walk of life spurs the others on. It does not sour them, and it is a libel even to suggest so great a meanness of spirit."

## THE ONE SUPREME LEADER OF WORLD-SOCIALISM

N SPITE of the orders of his physician, who informs the world that August Bebel is a very sick man, that most successful leader of men in the mass whom Socialism has yet evolved insisted upon taking the field in person against those rebels in his own camp who are bent upon his overthrow. The scene of the fierce conflict from which the venerable old man emerges triumphant—a more conspicuous political figure in the fatherland than he ever was before—was the little German town of Nuremberg, where the congress of the party Bebel leads has, amid uproar and the fury of contending factions, voted to sustain him. This means that world socialism, which takes its cue from Germany, will make no compromise with the established order of things by sinking to the level of what Bebel calls with contempt "a social reform party." Revolution is the goal. What the masses need is not a series of ameliorations of their lot but "the great end in view." No civilized country in the world, thinks the *Paris Temps*, can escape the consequences of the failure of this last desperate effort to infuse a sweeter spirit into the political agitation led by the Socialists of the Bebel school. The uncompromising dogmatism of the veteran leader and the state of his health seemed to be spelling defeat for him. It is an open secret that French and English Socialist leaders longed for it, while German Socialist leaders have sighed for it long. They all hate him.

Neither to the polish of his manner nor to the adornment of his mind by any art can this

fresh triumph of the rough, homely and unaffected August Bebel over the forces of revolt in arms against him be ascribed. Bebel, instead of standing forth in the light of his actual achievements—which make him, says a writer in the *London Spectator*, easily the greatest living German engaged to-day in public affairs—stands out with no marks of self complacency as a plebeian most unpolished. He is not, like so many Socialist leaders in France, instructed in the ancient philosophies. He never shrinks with an almost effeminate fastidiousness, after the fashion of the Italian Socialist leader Ferri, from the clamor and prejudices of the multitude. It is the multitude, indeed, whom Bebel puts forth his strength to subdue and it is to that multitude Bebel is indebted for victory after victory over those volatile and youthful Socialist leaders who so ably and so frequently and so vainly strive to supplant him. Bebel's abilities are great undeniably, but so are his peculiarities. His humor is so grave, his sense is so homely, his virtue is so old fashioned and his way is so disagreeable that no student of his personality ever quite explains why he retains his long and assured prestige as the one supreme leader of Socialism.

Perhaps the explanation given by the *London Spectator* is the right one—the fact that August Bebel possesses a genius for organization that is positively creative. Three million men in Germany vote in national elections as he wills. They are workmen and laborers for the most part, with some infusion of impoverished clerks and struggling tradesmen. "Out of straggling groups of despised



and begged wage earners, despite the bitter and often unscrupulous antagonism of all social superiors, in a country ruled by a steel-clad military caste, he has created a progressive party having a compact vote of three million." Obstacles and setbacks involved in the achievement of this gigantic labor were removed or subdued by displays of daring, originality and decision of character quite foreign to the mediocrity of all who essayed to halt Bebel in this work. A rare boldness, a rare ability and a rare perseverance were indispensable at every stage of Bebel's interminable toil up the political hill; but such qualities could never by themselves have made him what he has made himself. There were discouraging years, throughout the trials of which he remained the one Socialist in the whole Reichstag, when, a solitary figure facing storms of jeers and sneers, he had to confront Bismarck. And he did it with superb recklessness and an even more superb disdain of jail.

The militant political career of the man has a unity symbolizing his nature. Unlike so many conspicuous Socialist leaders, Bebel is of vulgar origin. He has earned his bread by manual labor of the meanest sort. It has often been alleged against world Socialism, as Paul Louis notes in the *Paris Revue Bleue*, that it finds its leaders among aristocratic adventurers of the predatory type, who climb by means of universal suffrage to the loftiest eminence in the state—"intellectuals" of middle class origin who know nothing from experience of the real lives of the workers. But tho Bebel has become a thinker, a writer, an orator, he began in the workshop. The son of a sergeant in the Prussian army, nearly seventy years have elapsed since his birth in dire poverty. By the time he had entered his teens he was earning his own livelihood as an apprentice to a turner. After the fashion of those days, he made a sort of tour of Germany to pick up all the knowledge of his trade that the factories of the land could afford. When he had become a full-fledged journeyman he set up for himself at Leipsic. Not so many years since, he became a partner in a firm engaged there in light manufacturing. More than once he was forced by petty official persecutions to give up some shop in which, as a turner, he was doing a paying business. He never failed to make good elsewhere, for Bebel knows his trade and can put in his day's work now as of yore. While he has won for himself something like a competence and may be pronounced financially inde-



"THE GREATEST LIVING GERMAN NOW ENGAGED IN PUBLIC AFFAIRS"

August Bebel, who deserves this characterization, according to the *London Spectator*, has just emerged triumphant from an effort to depose him as leader of the Socialists in Germany

pendent, he has never known what it is to be rich, notwithstanding the insinuations of the malicious. Legacies bequeathed him by admirers have invariably been made over to the funds of the party. He makes his home in a modest flat where his meals are cooked by his wife.

Bebel is possibly more a manager of men than a leader of them, and he manages them best in the mass, not as individuals. He is hard to work with. It is not easy for him to conceal some contempt for the cultivated university type of Socialist orator and agitator, versed in the arts through which elegance is diffused over diction. He exercises his boundless authority with some dexterousness of accommodation to the mood of his following, and he invariably understands the sense of his vast and peculiar public. The secret of his prestige and of his enduring leadership are suspected by M. Paul Louis to be therein.

Never has he persisted in an attitude when he realized that it would be neither appreciated nor understood by his beloved proletariat. But the instant he comprehends the instinct of the crowd—he has a miraculous intuition for it—he rallies to it and upholds it with the typical frenzy of his soul. "In every politician worthy to be a chief there is some strain of demagog ever ready to please for the sake of retaining supreme command, and the great leader of Socialism is no exception to that rule." It is one of the few reproaches that can be alleged against him justly, but it cannot be carried to the extent of ascribing to personal ambition what has often proved a timely flexibility of policy. His dictation, indeed his tyranny, has often been complained of, but he has never striven to enforce his own view. He has interpreted and vindicated the common opinion of his immense following, to whose ideas he has given clarity and form. The thousands of hearers who applaud him do so because he is the mirror of themselves.

Bebel is far from being an impressive personage to the eye. He is quick in movement, nervous, wiry, without distinction of manner or appearance, the face deeply scored by wrinkles. His snowy hair and little features suggest the benevolent village school master. His usual dress is a gray cloth suit, the coat depending well to the knee. His somewhat expansive shirt bosom is crowned as a rule with a deep turn-down collar. The flaring edges of the black necktie escape through the vest which is crossed by the black braid attached to his watch. He has had to resort to a stick in recent years, for rheumatism forces him to hobble. His beverage is beer and his chief article of diet is blackish bread. The health he has not impaired in years of hard campaigning has been looked after for many years by a solicitous wife, who has again and again taken him home to his flat after speechmaking and wire pulling at great gatherings of the comrades had left the agitator hoarse, fatigued and out of sorts.

Many attempts have been made to explain in words the uncouth yet genuine oratory through the medium of which Bebel has triumphed over the revolts he must ever face against his authority. "His voice is pitched from a middle to a higher register and of a penetrating quality which carries without necessity for effort to the furthest corners of a large hall." Thus Mr. G. Egremont, who knows Bebel well and who writes in the *London Spectator*. "Often a core of grating timbre adds itself and smites on the ear and"

doubtless helps this acoustical property." The gestures are always simple. There is no trace of awkwardness in the play of arm and hand, now raised aloft in denunciation of the capitalist or extended threateningly with words of warning.

Nothing could be clearer or more concise than the German language as it issues from the lips of August Bebel. "It is no longer a cumbersome verbal instrument of torture. He despises its pedantic involutions and divagations. He moves to the issue in a straight line wherever possible. He thrusts circumlocution out of doors." Year after year spent in talks to the masses of the German nation have taught him his pellucidity of phrase, his terseness of expression and the savage strength of every sentence. His platform manner is grave, sardonic where the speech is concerned, but fierce as to tone. He is never so serious in expression as when some killing sarcasm convulses a whole audience while he lets the laughter die away with folded arms, glaring and grim. "Facts are set forth before the mental vision as clearly as a file of soldiers, their positive and relative meaning sharply defined and the consequent deductions distinctly and unfalteringly affirmed and applied. A mordant humor bites important points into the minds of hearers." The irony is cruel. Sentence after sentence will be rightly placed, no word redundant. The German of August Bebel has been likened by those competent to institute a comparison to the English of the King James Bible.

The spotless purity of Bebel's monotonous and rather drab private life has never been impeached. His home reflects a rather humbly furnished mind. He has no great private library. The walls of his six-room flat are adorned with cheap prints of Socialist leaders and frightful chromos of scenes in the history of the fatherland. Of what would be called tastes he seems to be totally destitute, feeling not the least interest, it would seem, in any branch of polite literature, rarely going to a theater and knowing nothing of poetry. He has a faculty for hard, dry economic facts and he has an appalling memory for figures, as those who have heard him quote statistics in the Reichstag can testify. His public and private talk is never embellished by metaphor or quotation from any classic. Nor does he shine in conversation, having in social intercourse a tendency to fall into abstraction and to pull at his goat-like beard and yawn horribly.

No leader of men was ever before so lack-

ing in brilliance or animated by a heartier contempt for brilliant qualities. The delight he finds in "taking down" poetical Socialist spirits and ornate Socialist orators is the source of much discord at the great gatherings of the party. The personality of Bebel dominates everything. The young and rising leaders of this "group" and that "school" combine to reduce the venerable old man to confusion, to outvote him on some point of detail. Then, indeed, does his practical common sense mind, his contempt for theory as such, shine by contrast with the dreamers who have to work

with him. "No Utopias!" he repeats in committee meetings of the Kautskys and the Vollmars when they lay some new and great idea before him. "No Utopias!" Loudly will he thank God at such crises that in a land of nebulous philosophies and sublime metaphysical systems he has always, to use his own expression, kept his feet on the ground and remembered the stomachs of the poor. "What the wage slave expects from Socialism," he cries to the rebels, "is not philosophy, but a bellyful." And the young rebels have yet to outvote the old man.

## THE DITHYRAMBIC GOVERNOR OF OKLAHOMA



THE national Democratic convention in Denver, the painful operation known as the excision of Guffey attracted wide attention. Mr. Bryan was the surgeon-in-chief who performed the operation, but his first assistant was the Governor of Oklahoma, Charles Nathaniel Haskell.

Colonel Guffey had to go because the odor of kerosene was detected upon his garments. One of the dramatic moments of the convention was that in which Mr. Haskell shouted to Guffey in stentorian tones:

"Go back to your Standard Oil tanks."

Guffey went down and out, nursing a desire for revenge. He had not long to wait. Mr. Haskell, with the light of triumph on his brow, went back to Oklahoma to receive the plaudits of his enthusiastic followers. He had been the biggest man in Denver. He was temporary chairman, and chairman of the platform committee, and, it was thought by many, could have had the nomination for vice-president if he had wanted it. But he is supposed to have had his eye on the presidential nomination in 1912. Be that as it may, Haskell returned happy and great. He was made treasurer of the national committee, and in the exuberance of his joy he began to break forth in dithyrambic measures such as the following:

"Beware of the Trusts, that our Burdens would bear.  
Are they Generous and True, can their Motives be fair?  
We have known them for years grown hoary with Time,  
Corrupting our Servants, regardless of Crime.

CHORUS:

Oh, let Sheldon come forth with his Wall Street support;

But honest men all be deaf to his Court.  
When the Millions of Wall Street will honor his Draft,  
There's no use denying, they've a promise from Taft.

There were many other songs of equal merit which his versatile hand was producing, and which white-robed maidens of Oklahoma began singing throughout the state at campaign meetings. Happy, dithyrambic Mr. Haskell! The gods grew envious of his fortunes. Then came the explosion.

A certain colored janitor in the employ of the Standard Oil Company, at 26 Broadway, had "borrowed" from the letter files of Mr. John D. Archbold, vice-president of the company, a few letter-books. A skilful photographer made photographs of the more interesting documents, with Mr. Archbold's name appended. The same dusky employee, mindful of the advice given, if we remember aright, by one of the characters in "The Hoosier School Master"—"git a plenty while you're a gittin'"—had also abstracted a considerable number of letters written to Mr. Archbold by various statesmen. Skilfully manipulated by Mr. William R. Hearst, these letters were turned into gun-cotton, or something of that kind, and a series of loud reports was soon heard resounding in the empyrean. When the campaign ambulance came, a number of badly damaged political reputations were discovered, and their removal was begun. Senator Foraker's case was the most critical. But ex-Congressman Sibley and ex-Senator McLaurin were found in the center of the trouble, and Senator Bailey, tho he had neither written nor been written to, had been written about in terms that will do him no good.

The lilting Mr. Haskell then ceased to lilt.



THE MAN WHO MADE THE CAMPAIGN LIVELY

While the Governor of Oklahoma was composing campaign songs for Bryan and acting as his treasurer, the exposure of his record as a Wall Street promoter froze the genial current of his soul and he stepped down from his lofty eminence as a campaign manager breathing threats of legal prosecution against Mr. Roosevelt.

There were no letters discovered either to or from or about him; but a bomb that Colonel Guffey presumably had primed for Hearst's use smote Mr. Haskell, and smote him hard. It was filled with two ingredients, both by-products, so to speak, of the manufacture of kerosene. One was an old affidavit made years ago by Frank S. Monnett, then attorney-general of Ohio, to the effect that he had been approached by a Mr. Squires, who stated that he and Charles N. Haskell and Frank Rockefeller had arranged to pay Mr. Monnett \$500,000 if he would stop the prosecution of the Standard Oil. Another of the ingredients was a court record in Oklahoma showing that Mr. Haskell had tried to stop the attorney-general of Oklahoma from proceeding against a subsidiary company of the Standard for business operations conducted "without any color of law." Also it was averred that Mr. Haskell had been a promoter of unfortunate enterprises in Wall Street. Also an organizer of the Federal Steel Company. Also an operator in Indian lands under circumstances that did not look free from guile. Also some other things.

Mr. Haskell began to hurl defiance and to

assert that the explosion never touched him. It must have been "another Haskell," he declared, that figured in the Monnett affidavit. He called for an investigation. He assailed President Roosevelt for reiterating some of these charges, calling him various names that were the reverse of complimentary. But for all that, his usefulness in the campaign was ended. Asserting that he would never resign as treasurer he resigned.

But Mr. Haskell is still the Governor of Oklahoma. He confesses nothing. He asserts his intention of prosecuting Theodore Roosevelt for libellous charges. He refuses to retire, and if he is dead politically he is not conscious of it. Senator Owen defends him. Mr. Bryan defends him. His own people of Oklahoma have shown no sign of repudiating him. His whole career is one of abounding resiliency. He may be heard from again, even in politics.

Haskell hails originally from the same state that claims Taft and Hitchcock and Foraker and Archbold and the Wright brothers. He was born in Putnam county, Ohio, forty-eight years ago. He taught school for a while, and then began the practice of law in the little town of Ottawa, O. Then he got into railroad promotion. That carried him to Wall Street, where, in 1898, he took an office, and soon acquired a reputation for smartness. Says a writer in the *New York Evening Post*:

"He had a mind which retained the minutest details in a marvellous way, and the financial district recognized his energy. But the promotions which he engineered had a disappointing way of winding up in a receivership. 'He could do more on a shoe-string than anybody I ever knew,' said a Wall Street banker this week. But nearly always the shoe-string broke with the weight of Haskell's wonderful projects."

His business projects carried him to Mexico, Arkansas, Texas, and finally to Oklahoma, with his trail pretty clearly indicated, they say, by a line of receivers. But he kept doing things somehow or other, and when he landed seven years ago in Muskogee he kept up his pace as a promoter. He organized a contracting company that built various railroads, a hotel building, an opera house, and a number of business blocks. He started a newspaper, and, being above all things a hustler, with nerve to spare, he forged ahead rapidly. By the time Oklahoma was ready to call a constitutional convention on the eve of statehood, Haskell was in a position to control it. He worked into the Constitution numerous features dear to the heart of Mr. Bryan. Says the writer already quoted:



"He makes, perhaps, a better Governor than promoter. At present he is pretty much the whole State of Oklahoma; and this is a big thing for him or any other man, because Oklahoma, tho the youngest sister in the Union, is prominently in the public eye by virtue of her remarkable Constitution, and the overwhelming noise she made at the Denver Convention. He is a man after William J. Bryan's own heart. The great friendship which exists between them was a by-product of the Oklahoma Constitution. Haskell was the creator of that instrument. He had a big, active mind that took in ideas and assimilated them very rapidly. One of the great bugbears of democratic government, to his mind, was its legislation; and he decided to put so much law into the Constitution of the State that the Legislature would not have anything to do for years to come. The people felt the same way, and adopted the new Constitution with a whoop. It contained many of Mr. Bryan's pet ideas, the best known being, perhaps, the bank deposit guarantee plan. From that time to this Mr. Bryan has been convinced that Haskell is an unusually sensible man."

Haskell knows how to cater to democratic tastes. He went to the inaugural ball in a business suit. When running for governor, he campaigned with such vigor, in the way of personalities, that several libel suits were instituted against him, and his opponent, Frank Frantz, gave notice that if Haskell's friends wished to inaugurate him in one piece they had better keep the two apart. He had an encounter in the legislative hall, in which ink-bottles were used as missiles, and a desk-blotter served as shield.

He is young-looking, has had bushels of experience, and presumably has a large stock of courage. He also has a wife, who is credited with having done more for his political advancement than any other one person. His hold on Oklahoma, financially and politically, will not be easily broken. He is the kind of a man who will die hard, if die he must.

## THE DEFIANT VIRGINITY OF MARIE CORELLI



HAVING attained an age at which, according to Leopardi, a woman, when virginal, is most virginal, namely forty-six, Marie Corelli finds herself in the forefront of that battle with the liquor interests upon which the present British ministry has staked so much. Those London Liberal organs now warning the House of Lords not to reject the Prime Minister's licensing bill are accused of exploiting Marie Corelli not because her characteristics fascinate—they are too controversially bellicose for that—but for the simple reason that the brewers have gone over to the opposition. Marie Corelli, on her side, has gone over to Mr. Asquith, bringing her new novel, "Holy Orders," with her, a work from which the Liberals hope great things. Opposition organs retort that whenever the demon drink is in question, Marie Corelli lives in a world of her own, a world described in her book, a world in which facts have no place and in which practical sagacity is unknown and Utopian dreams are the only realities. Business in brewery shares is for the time being paralyzed, while Marie Corelli threatens to address the people publicly on the iniquities of brewers who convert their concerns into joint stock companies,—a scheme to adulterate their beer. For Marie Corelli, altho her fame in this country is based exclusively upon her novels, is in her own land as much of a pub-

licist as if she were in the House of Commons. Few American readers of her stories suspect that she has become the most powerful petticoated politician in the world.

As her preliminary skirmishes with the brewers develop into the heat of actual battle with the vast vested interests involved, Miss Corelli reveals by the fieriness of her vitality how completely she has recovered from the illness which not so many years ago threatened to leave her a lifelong invalid. The masses of hair curling wavily about her brow and neck retain the golden brown shade to which the late Queen Victoria is alleged in the *London World* to have referred in complimentary terms. Her complexion would still render Miss Corelli's testimonial precious to any purveyor of glycerine soap were it not that the translucence of the skin is based upon a natural clarity and smoothness, the color coming and going not through the efficacy of powder, but at the emotional bidding of the lady herself. The face is round, not oval, a detail adding some piquancy to the pout of the lower lip in repose, and facilitating observation of that dimple in Miss Corelli's chin to which attention is drawn in *The Ladies' Realm* whenever she brings out a novel. A delicate elevation of the nose at its tip imparts to the organ something of inconsequentiality. The brows are sundered by a perpendicular line, faintly marked yet sufficiently defined to convince a physiognomist that if

Miss Corelli had a husband he would become a good listener.

The illustrious lady could pass in a throng for some fifteen years younger than she is, unless all the women journalists of England are unreliable. Miss Corelli is of medium height, altho some observers have thought her figure should be called "petite." Within the past year or two, she has taken on a roundness of contour in both face and figure which, while explaining the absence of wrinkles from her brow and cheek, does not degenerate into fatness anywhere. Perhaps, as the spiteful occasionally suggest, she forces a figure, but in any event it is artistically done. The statement that she never wears a corset is now contradicted on the authority of those who would be in a position to give accurate information on the subject. Altho not endowed naturally with the tall, long waisted physique now in vogue, Miss Corelli can attain correct and even willowy line effects of bust and hip without excessive lacing. The subject has been, in fact, the theme of controversy in English periodicals, owing to Miss Corelli's fierce objection to pictorial representations of the female corseted figure in organs of smartness. Her monologs on the gross breach of decorum involved in all illustrated advertisements of bust developers, hip confiners and hose supporters have attracted attention to the glove-like smoothness of her own back when she appears in a tailored dress. Miss Corelli walks with perfect grace and she has a way of putting one hand to her brow in gestures that make her slender and tapering fingers conspicuous. She is also said to have the smallest foot of any woman of her build in England. She is what would be called a dresser, inclining when outdoors to tight fitting jackets, cream lace "fronts," Gainsborough and picture hats and white kid gloves.

Being of Italian stock on the paternal side and descended through her mother from a long line of Highland ancestors, Marie Corelli illustrates to the critic of the *London Mail* the contradiction of clashing tendencies in the same temperament. "Her pet aversions," we read, "would appear to be men, journalists (whom she considers most unmanly) and the Roman Catholic Church." The clue to all her characteristics, this authority avers, is to be found in these words from one of her books: "I have never loved any man, because from my very childhood I have hated and feared all men. I loathe their presence, their looks, their voices, their manners. If one touches my hand in ordinary courtesy, my instincts are

offended and revolted and the sense of outrage remains with me for days." To this frame of mind is attributed Miss Corelli's conviction that all the journalists in England are in something very like a conspiracy to misrepresent her character, her works, her life. It is impossible to put into print the most obvious impression on the subject of Marie Corelli without eliciting from the lady herself a protest against the "misrepresentation." She exhibits sheafs of clippings about her traits—some would say her peculiarities—to friends who, having read them, are said to find no such perversions of fact as Miss Corelli complains of. She is so defiantly virginal in her attitude to all men and most things that critics who say she is hard and cold and severe and destitute of humor simply confirm her theory of journalists.

Her home life, however, and especially that aspect of it dating from the time she gave up her house in London and established herself in Stratford-on-Avon, reveals what the *London World* pronounces the sympathetic Italian side of her nature as distinguished from its Scotch severity and shrewdness. Miss Corelli's passion for music—she has a rare mastery of the piano and plays the mandolin ravishingly—her devotion to flowers, her collecting hobby, which runs mainly to rare editions of books and pamphlets, and her taste for reading fill whatever is left of her life when she is not speaking in public or working on some novel. The gifted lady's talent as a musician is beyond all doubt. She was educated, in fact, for a musical career under the auspices of that celebrated poet and man of letters, Charles Mackay, into whose family she was adopted when little more than a babe. Her fluency in French was acquired during her convent days near Paris, this period of her life being devoted, however, to the acquisition of her splendid musical education. In the neatness of her technique even when she interprets appallingly difficult themes Marie Corelli is an artist to her finger tips in a most literal sense. The extreme delicacy and flexibility of her sense of rhythm enables her to take all sorts of liberties with a work without for a moment severing or even fraying its general line. Before she was fifteen, indeed, Marie Corelli was writing an opera. Beethoven, according to one authority, is the only man she could be capable of loving. "He has the advantage of being dead."

Miss Corelli's literary passion is Shakespeare, on whose account she has been involved in much litigation. "Did you not remark,"

she was asked in court not so long ago, "that you would be absolutely ashamed to see any of your own works anywhere near the works of Shakespeare?" "So I would be," she retorted—Marie Corelli was on the witness stand—"and so I am." The episode grew out of her purpose to do good to the technical school which is in Henley street, at Stratford-on-Avon, near the birthplace of Shakespeare. Her scheme could not be carried out, it appears from the *London Standard* (from which we copy), because gossiping people asked an inconveniently large sum for the land Marie Corelli would have required for her intended benefaction. "Still, the purpose was good," comments our contemporary, "and ought to have been counted to her for righteousness." Having thought of something kind to do, Miss Corelli went further. She prevented somebody else—no less eminent a person than Andrew Carnegie in fact—from "desecrating" the environment. A free library might have arisen if Mr. Carnegie had not been stopped in time. Marie Corelli thought the technical school was likewise a desecration, but she was prepared to extend it because it was already in existence. A free library was not, on the other hand, to be tolerated. She took measures to prevent the nuisance from being committed by starting an agitation to protect the shrine of Shakespeare. It succeeded. Two citizens of Stratford were found maintaining that Marie Corelli had been inspired by petty motives. The *Stratford Herald* published a communication to the effect that her munificent scheme and her opposition to Andrew Carnegie's free library were alike due to her vanity. The town councillor said she proposed her own plan in order to make her name more conspicuous and opposed the other scheme because somebody else would get the credit.

"Did you say you would give a thousand pounds to get Miss Corelli out of Stratford-on-Avon?" the mayor of that immortalized town was asked on the witness stand.

"I have not said so," replied the functionary, "but altho a thousand pounds does not grow on a gooseberry bush with me, I really think I would."

There was loud laughter in court, for Miss Corelli has taken Shakespeare under her protection in a style more characteristic than locally palatable. Miss Corelli brought an action for libel and got a farthing damages. The moral drawn by the *London Standard* is that literary ladies were wisest to adore Shakespeare through his works alone.



Courtesy F. A. Stokes Company

#### A DESPISER OF THE MALE SEX

Marie Corelli, whose authentic portrait recently given to the world for the first time is here reproduced, has avowed such hatred and disgust for the male portion of our species that if a man only touches her by accident she feels a sense of outrage for days.

Miss Corelli's method of work, as represented in the character sketches inspired by her series of sensational successes, is indefatigably industrious and finely systematic. Not that she spends hour after hour at her desk, burning the midnight gas and electric light. She can dictate to an amanuensis when necessary or write out page after page with her

own hand, varying this monotony of toil with a walk through her flower garden or a bit of musical instrumentation. Her first care, when she has a novel in view, is to gather masses of information on the theme. Official reports on the housing of the working classes, the conditions of life in rural communities, the decadence of local industry, the prevention of crime and what not are accumulated and digested before she sets to work. This period of preparation is the most arduous toil of all, for Marie Corelli is fluent when she begins the actual work of composition, turning out, if need be, five thousand words a day easily. She has so marvelous a capacity for the assimilation of detail that no misstatements of fact are ever detected in her "copy." Those reviewers who complain of the length of her fictions might be surprised to learn that whenever she finishes a novel she proceeds to eliminate half of it by remorseless excision. Her activity is at times feverish. She can rise with the dawn and set to work, stopping only for luncheon and dinner, and keep at her labors until far into the night. In the throes of these activities, Miss Corelli remains inaccessible to visitors, even the most eminent. This intense application proved disastrous to her health several years ago, but she seems to-day as strong and as well as ever.

Miss Corelli's personal antipathies are invariably expressed characteristically. Fat women and Andrew Carnegie she cannot bear. She accuses him of pauperizing Scotch education with gifts of money and of encouraging what she deems "a filthy habit," namely, the borrowing of books from public libraries. "I suppose," she said, referring once to Mr. Carnegie, "he is a sort of little pontiff unto himself and thinks that money can satisfy Heaven and silence the cry of brother's blood rising from the Homestead ground." When she lectures, as she does sometimes, Miss Corelli, in a gown shaped perfectly to her figure, in a dressy and even buoyant smoothness, seldom fails to remind her audience of the faults of Mr. Andrew Carnegie. If there be a labor dispute in Germany, with troops in readiness to suppress rioting, "that," she will observe, "is a repetition of the Pittsburg cruelties." She will express her pride and thankfulness that such outrages on workingmen are impossible in Britain. Her love for Britain and all things British is so deep and hearty, so she says, that she hates to see a foreigner working for wages in the kingdom.

From the pecuniary standpoint, Marie Co-


relli must be rated higher than any other writer in England. She inherited a little money through her mother and was never what would be called poor. Nevertheless her wealth, which some well informed computers estimate at more than half a million dollars, has come to her from literary work. Her business capacity is of the highest order, as her publishers are said to know for excellent reasons. In driving bargains, too, this personage manifests a Scotch shrewdness which accounts for the success of her investments in real estate. She can do her own marketing to great advantage when it comes to negotiating in terms of shillings and pence with the butcher and the baker. With this Scotch trait is associated a subtler sensitiveness on the subject of her age. She is quoted as saying that it is nobody's business. In saying so with the ringing emphasis for which she is held in awe, Marie Corelli uses a voice of entrancingly soft pitch. Its timbre explains her success as a platform speaker. The richness of her vocabulary is thus adventitiously aided by her vocal cords which she makes, indeed, vocal accords.

Marie Corelli is not above performing for herself those domestic offices which one who has attained her eminence might be presumed to leave to a maid of all work. Perhaps the fact that the most successful novelist of the age is also a very good cook accounts for her readiness to work in her own kitchen. Miss Corelli, it seems from the accounts of her loving friends, can bake and roast and brew excellent tea. She has no fads in the way of eating or drinking. She is not devoted to any special idea in therapeutics. She has no eccentricity in dress. She has nothing in common with those athletic lady novelists who golf all day long and have advanced views on the subject of marriage. Such members of her sex are among the antipathies of Marie Corelli, and as she is rather fond of talking about her own antipathies, conversation with her is something of a treat. In all social intercourse she is Italian precisely as in all business she is Scotch, which means, as the *London World* would have us believe, that in her own home the author of "Holy Orders" has a capacity for winning all hearts an irresistible obliviousness of being anybody in particular. But one should not, in this atmosphere, mention journalists, or the male sex or Andrew Carnegie. The effect parallels the paralysis of David Copperfield's aunt when that lady grew almost too rigid to articulate: "Donkeys!"



# Literature and Art

## FRANCIS THOMPSON'S TRIBUTE TO SHELLEY

OR the first time in the seventy years of its existence, the academic Roman Catholic quarterly, *The Dublin Review*, has leapt into a second edition with an essay of unique quality. The subject is Shelley; the author, Francis Thompson. The unusual interest created by this article is easily accounted for. There is something fascinating and suggestive in the mere linking of the names of Francis Thompson and Shelley. By American readers Thompson will be recalled as a Catholic poet of genius who starved and suffered in the streets of London, and who died last January. His frail and spiritual verse has often been compared with that of Shelley, and it is not surprising to learn that he cherished an admiration for the poet that amounted almost to worship. As long as twelve years ago he wrote his tribute to Shelley and tried to get it printed. But the ill-luck which dogged him all his life turned even this effort into failure. The article now hailed by the critics of two continents as a masterpiece of English prose was rejected by the very magazine that publishes it to-day.

Mr. Thompson declares, at the outset of his essay, that if we possess at the present day no lineal descendant (in the poetical order) of Shelley, it is largely "on account of the defect by which contemporary poetry in general, as compared with the poetry of the early nineteenth century, is mildewed." That defect is the predominance of art over inspiration, of body over soul. "We are self-conscious to the finger-tips," Mr. Thompson asserts, "and this inherent quality, entailing on our poetry the inevitable loss of spontaneity, ensures that whatever poets, of whatever excellence, may be born to us from the Shelleian stock, its founder's spirit can take among us no reincarnation. An age that is ceasing to produce child-like children cannot produce a Shelley."

Our day and generation, Mr. Thompson proceeds, are losing the power to look at life with a child's vision. We are too sophisticated. We sentimentalize our children, analyze our children, think we are endowed with a special capacity to sympathize and identify ourselves with children; and the only result

is that "we are not more childlike, but our children are less childlike." It is so tiring to stoop to the child, so much easier to lift the child up to you. "Know you," asks Mr. Thompson quaintly, "what it is to be a child? It is to be something very different from the man of to-day. It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches, and mice into horses, lowness into loftiness, and nothing into everything, for each child has its fairy god-mother in its own soul; it is to live in a nutshell and count yourself the king of infinite space; it is to know not as yet that you are under sentence of life, nor petition that it be commuted into death." Now Shelley, according to Francis Thompson, possessed just this power of the childlike vision. "To the last he was the enchanted child."

The child-spirit in Shelley was no doubt due in large part to his early and long isolation. "Men given to retirement and abstract study," remarks Mr. Thompson, "are notoriously liable to contract a certain degree of child-likeness; and if this be the case when we segregate a man, how much more when we segregate a child!" Shelley "never could have been a man," Mr. Thompson continues, "for he never was a boy. And the reason lay in the persecution which overclouded his school-days." Unable to enjoy any intimacy with his fellows, "the child fled into the tower of his own soul, and raised the drawbridge. He threw out a reserve, encysted in which he grew to maturity unaffected by the intercourses that modify the maturity of others into the thing we call a man."

Shelley's life constantly exhibits the traits of a "magnified child." Mr. Thompson cites his fondness for apparently futile amusements, such as the sailing of paper boats. "It was not a mindless triviality, but the genuine child's power of investing little things with imaginative interest." The same power, tho differently devoted, produced much of his poetry. Very possibly he saw in the paper boat "the magic bark of Laon and Cythna," or

That thinnest boat  
On which the mother of the months is borne  
By ebbing night into her lunar cave.

And the child appeared no less often in Shelley the philosopher than in Shelley the idler. Mr. Thompson says:

"It is seen in his repellent no less than in his amiable weaknesses; in the unteachable folly of a love that made its goal its starting-point, and firmly expected spiritual rest from each new divinity, tho it had found none from the divinities antecedent. For we are clear that this was no mere straying of sensual appetite, but a straying, strange and deplorable, of the spirit; that (contrary to what Mr. Coventry Patmore has said) he left a woman not because he was tired of her arms, but because he was tired of her soul. When he found Mary Shelley wanting, he seems to have fallen into the mistake of Wordsworth, who complained in a charming piece of unreasonableness that his wife's love, which had been a fountain, was now only a well.

Such change, and at the very door  
Of my fond heart, hath made me poor.

Wordsworth probably learned, what Shelley was incapable of learning, that love can never permanently be a fountain. A Catholic poet, Alice Meynell, in an article which you almost fear to breathe upon lest you should flutter some of the frail, pastel-like bloom, has said the thing, 'Love itself has tidal moments, lapses and flows due to the metrical rule of the interior heart.' Elementary reason should proclaim this true. Love is an affection, its display an emotion: love is the air, its display is the wind. An affection may be constant; an emotion can no more be constant than the wind can constantly blow. All, therefore, that a man can reasonably ask of his wife is that her love should be indeed a well. A well; but a Bethesda-well, into which from time to time the angel of tenderness descends to trouble the waters for the healing of the beloved. Such a love Shelley's second wife appears unquestionably to have given him. Nay, she was content that he should veer while she remained true; she companioned him intellectually, shared his views, entered into his aspirations, and yet—yet, even at the date of 'Epipsychidion,' the foolish child, her husband, assigned her the part of moon to Emilia Viviani's sun, and lamented that he was barred from certain, irreversible happiness by a cold and callous society. Yet few poets were so mated before, and no poet was so mated afterwards, until Browning stooped and picked up a fair-coined soul that lay rusting in a pool of tears."

Coming to Shelley's poetry, Mr. Thompson sees, "over the wild mask of revolutionary metaphysics," the winsome face of the child.

"Perhaps none of his poems is more purely and typically Shelleian than 'The Cloud,' and it is interesting to note how essentially it springs from the faculty of make-believe. The same thing is conspicuous, though less purely conspicuous, throughout his singing; it is the child's faculty of make-believe raised to the

'nth' power. He is still at play, save only that his play is such as manhood stops to watch, and his playthings are those which the gods give their children. The universe is the box of toys. He dabbles his fingers in the day-fall. He is gold-dusty with tumbling amidst the stars. He makes bright mischief with the moon. The meteors nuzzle their noses in his hand. He teases into growling the kennelled thunder, and laughs at the shaking of its fiery chain. He dances in and out of the gates of heaven: its floor is littered with his broken fancies. He runs wild over the fields of ether. He chases the rolling world. He gets between the feet of the horses of the sun. He stands in the lap of patient Nature, and twines her loosened tresses after a hundred wilful fashions, to see how she will look nicest in his song."

It was this faculty which, in spite of his essentially modern character as a singer, qualified Shelley to be the poet of "Prometheus Unbound," for it made him, in the truest sense of the word, a mythological poet. Those nature myths which, according to many, are the basis of all mythology, are likewise the very basis of Shelley's poetry. But he did not interpret nature directly. Rather, he dreamed of it and gave us his dream. And if, says Francis Thompson, "instead of culling nature, he crossed with its pollen the blossoms of his own soul," the result is his marvelous and best apology. "For astounding figurative opulence he yields only to Shakespeare, and even to Shakespeare not in absolute fecundity, but in range of images."

Shelley belongs, says Mr. Thompson, to a school of which not impossibly he may hardly have read a line—the Metaphysical school. That school was in its results an abortive movement, tho indirectly much came of it—for Dryden came of it, and Crashaw. The Metaphysical school, like Shelley, loved imagery for its own sake, and it failed, not because it toyed with image, but because it toyed with it frostily. As Mr. Thompson puts it:

"To sport with the tangles of Neëra's hair may be trivial idleness or caressing tenderness, exactly as your relation to Neëra is that of heartless gallantry or of love. So you may toy with imagery in mere intellectual ingenuity, and then you might as well go write acrostics: or you may toy with it in raptures, and then you may write a 'Sensitive Plant.' In fact, the Metaphysical poets when they went astray cannot be said to have done anything so dainty as is implied by *toying* with imagery. They cut into shapes with a pair of scissors. From all such danger Shelley was saved by his passionate spontaneity; no trappings are too splendid for the swift steeds of sunrise. His sword-hilt may be rough with jewels, but it is the hilt of an Excalibur. His thoughts scorch through all the folds of expression. His cloth of gold bursts at the flexures, and shows the naked poetry."

This gift of not merely embodying but apprehending everything in figure co-operated toward creating what Mr. Thompson regards as one of Shelley's rarest characteristics, namely, his well-known power to "condense the most hydrogenic abstraction." The writer explains:

"Science can now educe threads of such exquisite tenuity that only the feet of the tiniest infant-spiders can ascend them; but up the filmiest insubstantiality Shelley runs with agile ease. To him, in truth, nothing is abstract. The dustiest abstractions

Start and tremble under his feet,  
And blossom in purple and red.

The coldest moon of an idea rises haloed through his vaporous imagination. The dimmest-sparked chip of a conception blazes and scintillates in the subtle oxygen of his mind. The most wrinkled Eson of an abstruseness leaps rosy out of his bubbling genius. In a more intensified signification than it is probable that Shakespeare dreamed of, Shelley gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name. Here afresh he touches the Metaphysical School, whose very title was drawn from this habitual pursuit of abstractions."

Mr. Thompson finds the greatest and most prodigal exhibition of Shelley's powers in "Prometheus Unbound," and speaks with unmeasured admiration of "this amazing lyric world, where immortal clarities sigh past in the perfumes of the blossoms, populate the breathings of the breeze, throng and twinkle in the leaves that swirl upon the bough; where the very grass is all a-rustle with lovely spirit-things, and a weeping mist of music fills the air." But the most perfect of Shelley's poems, he thinks, was "Adonais." In this connection he says:

"Seldom is the death of a poet mourned in true poetry. Not often is the singer coffined in laurel-wood. Among the very few exceptions to such a rule, the greatest is 'Adonais.' In the English language only 'Lycidas' competes with it; and when we prefer 'Adonais' to 'Lycidas,' we are following the precedent set in the case of Cicero; 'Adonais' is the longer. As regards command over abstraction, it is no less characteristically Shelleian than 'Prometheus.' It is throughout a series of abstractions vitalized with daring exquisiteness, from

Morning sought

Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,  
Wet with the tears which should adorn the  
ground,  
Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle day,

to the Dreams that were the flock of the dead shepherd,

Whom near the streams  
Of his young spirit he kept;

of whom one sees, as she hangs mourning over him,

Upon the silken fringes of his fair eyes  
A tear some Dream has loosened from his brain!  
Lost angel of a ruined Paradise!  
She knew not 'twas her own, as with no stain  
She faded like a cloud that hath outwept its rain.

In the solar spectrum, beyond the extreme red and extreme violet rays, are whole series of colors, demonstrable, but imperceptible to gross human vision. Such writing as this we have quoted renders visible the invisibilities of imaginative color."

Yet, Mr. Thompson concedes, the poems on which the lover of Shelley leans most lovingly, which he has oftenest in mind, which best represent Shelley to him, and which he instinctively reverts to when Shelley's name is mentioned, are some of the shorter poems and detached lyrics.

"Here Shelley forgets for a while all that ever makes his verse turbid; forgets that he is anything but a poet; forgets sometimes that he is anything but a child; lies back in his skiff, and looks at the clouds. He plays truant from earth, slips through the wicket of fancy into heaven's meadow, and goes gathering stars. Here we have that absolute virgin-gold of song which is the scarcest among human products, and for which we can go to but three poets—Coleridge, Shelley, Chopin, and perhaps we should add Keats:—'Christabel' and 'Kubla-Khan'; 'The Skylark,' 'The Cloud,' and 'The Sensitive Plant' (in its first two parts); 'The Eve of Saint Agnes' and 'The Nightingale'; certain of the Nocturnes; these things make very quintessentialized loveliness. It is attar of poetry."

In concluding, Mr. Thompson declares that there was an evil side to Shelley, and that he is not blind to it. "We see clearly," he says, "that he committed grave sins and one cruel crime." There are passages in his verse—one a glorification of free love—which Mr. Thompson cannot endure. We are bound to ask, he avers, of such a one as Shelley: Why is it that the poets who have written for us the most wonderful poetry are the very poets whose lives are among the saddest? "Is it," he continues, "that (by some subtle mystery of analogy), sorrow, passion and fantasy are indissolubly connected, like water, fire and cloud; that as from sun and dew are born the vapors, so from fire and tears ascend the 'visions of aerial joy'; that the harvest waves richest over the battlefields of the soul; that the heart, like the earth, smells sweetest after rain; that the spell on which depend such necromantic castles is some spirit of pain charm-poisoned at their base?" He replies:

"Such a poet, it may be, mists with sighs the window of his life until the tears run down it; then some air of searching poetry, like an air of searching frost, turns it to a crystal wonder. The god of golden song is the god, too, of the golden sun; so peradventure songlight is like sunlight, and darkens the countenance of the soul. Perhaps the rays are to the stars what thorns are to the flowers; and so the poet, after wandering over heaven, returns with bleeding feet. Less tragic in its merely temporal aspect than the life of Keats or Coleridge, the life of Shelley in its moral aspect is, perhaps, more tragical than that of either; his dying seems a myth, a figure of his living; the material shipwreck a figure of the immaterial."


The essay closes with this superb passage:

"Enchanted child, born into a world unchild-like; spoiled darling of nature, playmate of her elemental daughters; 'pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift,' laired amidst the burning fastnesses of his own fervid mind; bold foot along the verges of precipitous dream, light leaper from crag to crag of inaccessible fancies; towering

Genius, whose soul rose like a ladder between heaven and earth with the angels of song ascending and descending it;—he is shrunk into the little vessel of death, and sealed with the unshatterable seal of doom, and cast down deep below the rolling tides of Time. Mighty meat for little guests, when the heart of Shelley was laid in the cemetery of Caius Cestius! Beauty, music, sweetness, tears, the mouth of the worm has fed of them all. Into that sacred bridal-gloom of death where he holds his nuptials with eternity let not our rash speculations follow him; let us hope rather that as, amidst material nature, where our dull eyes see only ruin, the finer art of science has discovered life in putridity and vigor in decay, seeing dissolution even and disintegration, which in the mouth of man symbolize disorder, to be in the works of God undeviating order, and the manner of our corruption to be no less wonderful than the manner of our health,—so amidst the supernatural universe some tender undreamed surprise of life in doom awaited that wild nature, which, worn by warfare with itself, its Maker, and all the world, now

Sleeps, and never palates more the dug,  
The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's."

## "A YANKEE MAUPASSANT"

VERY reader of current American newspapers and magazines is familiar with the name, "O. Henry." It is a pen-name, concealing the identity of Mr. Sidney Porter, the author of five books of short stories. For some time now his reputation has been steadily growing. Throughout the country are scattered people of all sorts and conditions who agree enthusiastically on one point—that no one else can write short stories like O. Henry's. Mr. Porter has had a romantic career. He has lived in almost every State of the Union, and has been in turn cowboy, sheep-herder, merchant, miner, tin-type man, druggist and newspaper man. It is not so many years since he was a penniless reporter. The critics were at first slow to accept his work. The suggestion that he was "a Yankee Maupassant" came from his publishers, and did not, for a while, impress the writing fraternity. But now the tables are completely turned. We find William Marion Reedy, of the St. Louis *Mirror*, affirming that, to his thinking, Mr. Porter deserves the very flattering designation conferred upon him; and Henry James Forman, of the editorial staff of *The North American Review*, declares: "He writes with the skill of a Maupassant, and a humor Maupassant never dreamed of." *The Bookman* says, editorially:

"While we are inclined to be conservative in the matter of estimating a contemporary writer, and find exceedingly exasperating these impulsive and extravagant recognitions of 'new Stevensons' and 'new Kiplings,' and 'new De Maupassants' and 'American Dickenses,' the time is past for any restraint in the frank appreciation of the work of the author who signs himself 'O. Henry.' The man is in many respects an extraordinary workman and a consummate artist."

The distinguishing characteristics of O. Henry's work are his journalistic style and his democratic instinct. The two combine, as Francis Hackett, the literary editor of the *Chicago Evening Post* points out, in what is distinctly "an original revelation of life." Mr. Hackett says:

"O. Henry writes with a glitter that is characteristic half of the New York *Sun*, half of *The Smart Set*. . . . His scope is restricted. His manner is not discursive. He gets sensational contrasts and assertive coloring into each short story. Allowing for this, he gives us a humorous yet profound understanding of a phase that has not yet been treated before in American art, gives us intimacy with an order of metropolitan characters and circumstances not likely to be better focussed or illumined in our generation.

"O. Henry accepts, with a mixture of irony, wit and sympathy, the distressing fact that a human being can be a clerk, the remarkable fact that a clerk can be a human being. He knows the clerk, knows him in his works and pomps. But there is a peculiarity in O. Henry's attitude toward the clerk. . . . Most literary men are intrenched



in culture, obfuscated by it. They take the uncultured morosely or pityingly or mordantly. They discuss those who are not 'elite' as a physician would discuss a case—scientifically, often humanly, interested, but always with a strong sense of the case's defects and deficiencies.

"To O. Henry, on the contrary, the clerk is neither abnormal nor subnormal. He writes of him without patronizing him. He realizes the essential and stupendous truth that to himself the clerk is not pitiable. He takes into account, in other words, the adjustments that every man makes to constitute himself the apex of this sphere—for, after all, there are 800,000,000 apices on this sphere, if we dare to assume that fowl and fishes are not also self-conscious and self-centered.

"When one says 'clerk' one means \$15-a-week humanity. O. Henry has specialized in this humanity with loving care, with a Kiplingesque attention to detail. But his is far from the humorless method of Gissing and Merrick, who were no more happy in a boarding-house than Thoreau would have been happy in the Waldorf-Astoria. O. Henry never forgets the inherent, the unconscious humor in the paradoxes and contrasts of mixed civilization, the crudities of which serve only to exasperate the misplaced and morbid. He is no moral paradoxist, like Shaw, no soured idealist, like Zola, no disgruntled esthete, like Gissing. It is the comedy of the paradoxes and contrasts that he searches and displays—a comedy in which he miraculously keeps the balance, often by the adventitious aid of irony and satire, not sacrificing the clerk to the man of culture, nor, on the other hand, losing perspective in magnifying the clerk."

But O. Henry does not confine himself to the clerk. As Mr. Hackett tells us:

"In one sense Broadway is the spinal column of his art, and the nerve branches cover all Manhattan. He knows the side streets where Mamie boards. He knows Harlem. He knows the narrow-chested flat. He knows the Bowery, Irish and Yiddish. He knows the Tenderloin, cop, panhandler, man about town, sport, bartender and waiter. He knows Shanley's and Child's, the lemon-odored buffet and the French table d'hôte. He knows the sham bohemia, the real bohemia. And his stories are starred with little vignettes of the town, paragraphs of unostentatious art that let us see Madison Square, or the White Way, or the Park (over and over again the Park), or the side street in springtime—all clear as the vision in the crystal.

"O. Henry's triumphs are often triumphs of fancy. He has the sense of the marvelous which belongs to tellers of the short story since the nights of Arabia. And O. Henry can discover in Manhattan the wonder of fable and adventure, the eternal symbols of imagination, the beauty of the jewel in the toad."

To this should be added the tribute of William Marion Reedy:

"As a depicter of the life of New York's four million—club men, fighters, thieves, policemen, touts, shop girls, lady cashiers, hoboes, actors, stenographers, and what not—O. Henry has no



"O. HENRY"

The newspaper man who has won a national reputation as a depicter of the life of New York's four million.

equal for keen insight into the beauties and mean-nesses of character or motive. Mordant though he be at times his heart is with innocence and right, but he sees the fun that underlies sophistication and selfishness. Not only does he see life, but he sees its problems and in a certain shy-sly way suggests his solutions therefor. His gifts of description are of a surprising variety in method. His pictures, mostly small, intimate greater scopes and deeper vistas. Afraid of pathos, his very promptness to avoid it upon its slightest hint of imminence gives poignancy to the note he thus strikes as by suggestion. He loves the picaroon and the vagabond, and dowers them with vocabularies rich and strange and fanciful. . . . He always has a story. The style or the mood may lure you away from it momentarily, but the tale always asserts its primacy, and its end comes always in just the whimsical way you didn't expect. O. Henry is inexhaustible in quip, in imagery, in quick, sharp, spontaneous invention. In his apparent carelessness we suspect a carefulness, but this is just wherein he is sib to the French short story writers, chief among them de Maupassant. Della Cruscan critics may disapprove of him for his slang, but until you know his slang, you never know what a powerful vehicle slang can be in the hands of one who can mate it with the echoes from and essences of true literary expression. It is not the slang of George Ade, or Henry M. Blossom, or George V. Hobart. Henry's

slang has some of the savor that we find in the archaic vocabulary invented for himself by Chatterton. Its content transcends the capacity of the mere *argot* of the street. In the American short story to-day, O. Henry has demonstrated himself a delightful master, one absolutely unapproachable in swift visualization and penetrative interpretation of life, as any and all of the five books now to his credit will show to anyone capable of understanding."

The five books in question are "Cabbages

and Kings," "The Four Million," "The Trimmed Lamp," "Heart of the West," and "The Voice of the City." "Heart of the West" deals with cattle-kings, cowboys, miners, the plains and the chaparral; but all the other volumes are studies of New York life. One of O. Henry's best stories, "The Cop and the Anthem," is reprinted in this issue of *CURRENT LITERATURE* under the title "The Quest of Soapy."

## TOLSTOY THE WORLD-FIGURE



LAST month, an article in these pages, suggested by Tolstoy's eightieth birthday, endeavored to estimate "What Tolstoy Means to America." Since then a host of tributes have come from over seas emphasizing the *universality* of Tolstoy's appeal. The occasion may be said to be unique in history. Never before has the world had an opportunity to celebrate the eightieth birthday of a man looming so large both in the life and the literature of an age. Rarely have the foremost literary critics of all countries been so unanimous in their estimate of a living author's work. Russian, German, French and English writers all pay enthusiastic tribute to the artist and prophet of Yasnaya Polyana. With the exception of the English critic, Edmund Gosse, who says (in *The Contemporary Review*) some severe things about Tolstoy's moral teachings, they all seem to leave behind them their desire to be brilliant when they approach the subject of Tolstoy, and their language becomes unusually simple and sincere, perhaps by an unconscious reflection of the simple style of the author of whom they write.

"Those who work on the lower levels of the same region over which Tolstoy rises and soars aloft," says Korolenko, himself a Russian novelist of extraordinary power, "feel with especial keenness the almost titanic force of his artistic flights. The average artist accounts himself happy if he succeeds in picking out from the formless, chaotic mass of phenomena one luminous path, or, at best, if he succeeds in opening up a vista along which the successive developments of an image move, throwing light upon an object here and there on the sides of the main road. But the artistic scope of Tolstoy is not a path, not a vista, not a narrow lane. It is a huge horizon spread out far and wide, lying before us in all its meas-

ureless extent, with windings of rivers, immensities of forests and distant villages. Come nearer to any place you will, and the living, myriad-tongued voice of the crowd assails your ears; come nearer still, and you will distinguish in the crowd separate individuals. And all of it is aquiver with a full, natural, real life, boiling and seething over, various but distinct in all its parts."

In this faculty of handling large masses, without at the same time losing sight of each individual, Tolstoy is generally conceded to be without a rival. In his great prose epic, "War and Peace," hundreds of characters throng the pages, large world movements are portrayed, three successive generations pass in review before the reader. Yet there is no attempt to concentrate the attention upon one character or upon one important incident in order to give the voluminous novel a central interest. This result, moreover, is not achieved at the sacrifice of individual character. Everything is grouped as in life itself; each character comes into prominence in the natural course of events, with the result that the hero is not any single person, but the whole Russian nation. Some characters in the novel are more familiar than others because of their frequent recurrence, but each one becomes a vivid personality the moment he or she comes under the author's observation.

Writing in the *Russkoye Bogatstvo* (St. Petersburg), the magazine of which he is the editor, Korolenko makes the following vivid comparison between Tolstoy's "War and Peace" and Zola's "Débacle," both of which have the same theme:

"Zola is a great artist and thinker, but compare his pictures with Tolstoy's. You have, for example, the movements of troops in both novels. In Zola they are a fighting unit. You see them, you hear the tramp of their marching, you observe their action in general battle. But in real-



From a Drawing by Carl Jozsa

#### TOLSTOY

"It requires a great man," says G. K. Chesterton, the English critic, "to write a masterpiece. But it requires a very great man to repent of a masterpiece as tho it were a sin. It is a part of Tolstoy's greatness, therefore, to feel that what he has to say is more important than how well he once succeeded in saying it. He has this really great quality, that his faith is greater than himself; he shall decrease, but it shall increase. He represents a whole school of thought and a whole tone of feeling in Europe; something that was prophesied by the Quakers and fumbled about by Shelley."

ity it is a collective unity which moves like a speck upon a surface. At best you see among them a principal hero and separate groups which are closely connected with the chief thread of the story. In Tolstoy, the troops marching in parade or going into battle are not a collective unit, but a human mass swarming with separate individual existences. You see before you a multiplicity of living persons—generals, officers, soldiers, with their individual peculiarities, with their momentary feelings. And when this wonderful movement has passed and disappeared, you still feel this clot of human lives rolling in the general mass. Roughly speaking, one may say that the ordinary artist is able to vitalize with his imagination two, three, or at most some ten characters, and the broader he makes his scope the dimmer his images become. Tolstoy's imagination lifts hundreds and carries them with marvellous ease as a mighty stream carries its fleets."

Tolstoy's masterly skill in the treatment of masses and in dealing out equal justice, so to speak, to every individual in the mass, has endeared him above everything else to the Russian people pining for liberty and democracy. But there is another quality of equal importance in Tolstoy's writings, and which, tho by no means underestimated by the Russian critics, has perhaps even a greater appeal to the Anglo-Saxon mind. It is Tolstoy's fidelity to life, the "solidity of specification," as Edmund Gosse calls it, which characterizes all of Tolstoy's purely artistic creations. Mr. Gosse calls attention to the fact that criticism has declared this quality to be the supreme virtue of a novelist, and he goes on to say of Tolstoy:

"He is great among the greatest, precisely because no more strenuous effort was ever made by mortal man to represent the truth in a formal exposition of particulars. It is surprising how rare this quality is, even among eminent romance-writers. It has, unhappily, never been characteristic of English fiction. It is highly characteristic, and indeed forms the central feature, of the work of Tolstoy. His untiring watchfulness to catch and weigh the movements of mankind has given the author of 'War and Peace' a right to be considered, in spite of his invention of incident, one of the most conscientious modern historians of the spirit of man. His method, when sentiment does not interfere to disturb it, is impeccable. He deals, by the aid of his superb resources of description, with the relation of causes, the linked succession of facts, and the inevitability of events. He explains the laws of humanity to us by history, and history by manners. As long as he patiently observes, there is no one above him, and no one equal to him."

In speaking of this same feature in Tolstoy's writings, Korolenko remarks that to turn from the distorted pictures of life represented by the lesser and eccentric modern writers to Tolstoy is like coming out from the Brocken

and the Walpurgis Night into the light of day and of the sun. He continues:

"Tolstoy's world is a world bathed in the brilliance of the sun, a simple and bright world, in which all reflections are in the right measure and proportion; in which light and shade correspond to real phenomena and actualities; and the creative combinations develop in harmony with the organic laws of nature. Above his landscape, suffused with the light of day, is a sky specked with floating clouds. Here are human joy and human sorrow; here, sin, crime and virtue. Images quivering with life and movement, seething with human passions and human thought, with upward strivings and deep failures, are created in accordance with the reality of life; their measures, their colors, their proportions, their mutual connections reflect clearly and precisely, like a screen in front of a smooth mirror, the mutual relations and the light and shade of reality. And over it all is the stamp of a harmonious spirit and the illumination of the inner light that proceeds from an extraordinary and marvellous imagination, and a bold, untiring intellect."

Thus the eminent English critic Gosse and the great Russian writer Korolenko are essentially in accord in their estimate of Tolstoy as a literary master. In summing up his position as a man of letters, Korolenko is more unqualified in his praise than the Englishman is, but even Gosse cannot dispense with the use of superlative terms. "The greatest Russian writer," is his characterization. "He comes nearest to being the first novelist of the world." He is "the author of one elaborate novel of consummate merit, 'Anna Karenina,' in which he has rivalled the first psychologists of Europe." But the brilliant qualities of "War and Peace" and "Resurrection" are to a great extent marred for Gosse by the introduction of Tolstoy's lengthy philosophical discourses, and by what he calls his moral prejudices. Korolenko, too, cannot possibly be blind to these defects, especially since he does not share Tolstoy's social views. But Tolstoy is unimaginable without his peculiarities, and, in view of the overwhelming abundance of supreme qualities, the Russian critic does not think it worth while to fix his attention upon minor faults. Korolenko concludes his consideration of "War and Peace" with this ecstatic declaration:

"Yes, this is a revelation of almost superhuman power of imagination, and of almost magic dominion over the seething movements of life. One may boldly assert that in the spontaneous force of creative fancy, in wealth and lucidity of artistic material, there is no one in all contemporary literature who is the equal of Tolstoy. The world-famed Ibsen cannot even distantly compare with Tolstoy in this respect. Ibsen's profound thoughts



are frequently clothed in images which are too poor to express them, and the artist has to resort to the patchwork of dry, abstract and bloodless symbolism."

By a strange irony, Tolstoy the artist inspires only agreement and harmony, while Tolstoy the prophet and apostle of peace gives rise to fierce controversy. There are fanatic followers who worship him as a second Christ, and who see in his teachings the salvation of mankind, and there are fanatic opponents who feel it a sacred duty to wage war against his teachings and his followers in order to avert world-wide calamity. "Those who applaud the contradictions and assumptions of Tolstoy's later works," says Edmund Gosse, "are to be excused only on the supposition that they have never taken the trouble to realize the misery which a general acceptance of his theories would entail on mankind." And in another place the same critic writes: "If our social nature is in such a parlous state that all our institutions need instant remodeling, if the body of man in all its natural instincts is a mere snare of the devil, if all pleasure leads direct to hell, if property is a menace and the structure of society a wickedness, let us be quickly and resolutely reformed. But in that case what we want is a Savonarola to burn all the books and the pictures in a great holocaust of the amenities. What we do not want is all this didactic bitterness from a life-long writer of romances."

The opposite view is well represented by the German student, biographer, translator and disciple of Tolstoy, Raphael Löwenfeld. In a recent article in the *Nord und Süd* (Berlin) he sums up the influence and significance of Tolstoy's gospel as follows: "The number of those who listen to Tolstoy's words is increasing from day to day. The hundreds of faithful adherents who have yielded to his influence for decades are now grown into thousands and millions. He has broken up the fruitful soil of the great Russian plains; he has strewn a rich seed whose harvest will one day, in the near or distant future, make his people great and happy."

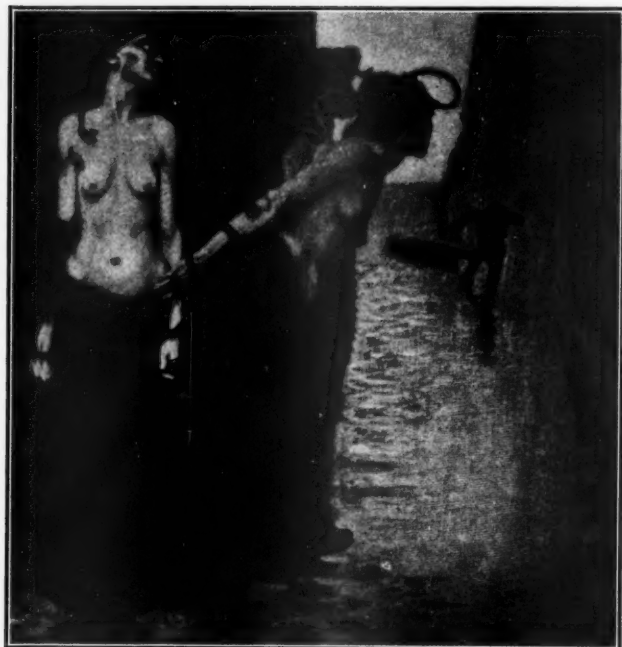
Korolenko does not believe in Tolstoy's scheme of social regeneration any more than Gosse does. Nevertheless, he recognizes a great value in Tolstoy's criticism of the evils of the present order, and appreciates the great good which must accrue to mankind from the example of a man of genius who has earnestly, fearlessly and unselfishly striven for the truth. His very life, Korolenko points out, is a triumph of truth. For if the Russian

hangmen have never dared to lay hands upon him, despite the continued attacks he has made on the Russian government, it is only because he has become such a strong moral force throughout the world that even the Russian government fears to oppose him. As to the danger which Gosse sees in a general acceptance of Tolstoy's theories, Korolenko is too much of a sociologist to feel the least perturbation on that ground. He is convinced that the modern world cannot return to the primitive peasant state which Tolstoy preaches, and he devotes himself to a calm criticism of his theories without in the least ignoring Tolstoy's significance as a quickener of the world's conscience.

Those who are familiar with Tolstoy's works know that his transition from a worldly to a religious life was not sudden. It was the result of a long and gradual process of evolution in his character. In his earliest youth he was troubled by what he considered his selfish and wicked mode of existence. In one of his earliest works, "The Cossacks," he shows his love for the simple and primitive virtues of uncivilized life, as observed by him among the Caucasian tribes. His passion for truth is displayed in another youthful story, "Sebastopol," in which he declares: "The heroine of my story, whom I love with all the power of my soul, whom I endeavored to describe in all her beauty, and who always has been beautiful and always will be beautiful, is truth." And later, in his "Linen Measurer," he expresses views on property which are almost identical with his present theories. The "Linen Measurer" is a horse which soliloquizes as follows:

"Human beings take as their guide in life not deeds, but words. Words that seem to them very important are *my* and *mine*, which they use about various objects, things and living creatures, even about land, human beings and horses. He who, according to this game agreed upon between them, can say 'my' of the greatest number of things is regarded by them as the happiest. And it is not only in reference to horses that the concept of *mine* has no other basis than the animal instinct of men, which is called by them the sense of property or the right of property. A man says 'my' house, and he does not live in it. There are men who call certain lands their property which they have never seen and never stepped upon. And people in their lifetime do not strive to do that which they consider good, but they strive to be able to call as many things as possible their own."

Later in his life, a decisive change came upon him. It is plainly indicated in the account of the autobiographical character of



"THE MURDER"

(By Franz Stuck)

Here we have the terror of the culprit in the accomplishment of his crime incarnated corporeally to his disordered vision by figures of the furies lurking to flay him. The arresting feature of this work to German critics is the effect with which classical legend and modern existence are blended.

Levin in the concluding chapters of "Anna Karenina." This was the last purely literary production Tolstoy wrote. He then turned to the Orthodox Greek Church, became a regular church-goer and tried to obtain spiritual peace in communion with the priest. But he could not long remain blind to the spiritual poverty of the local priest. After a while he abandoned the church, and began to study Hebrew and Greek in order that he might be able to interpret the Bible for himself. The spiritual torments which he underwent during the period preceding his conversion to his present belief, how he was near suicide, and how he finally arrived at his present philosophy, Tolstoy has described himself in his "Confessions." Korolenko retells it beautifully in his admirable article, and aptly remarks that Tolstoy's later condemnation of his artistic works shows a strange lack of appreciation of the fact that without the wonderful imagination out of which he created his stories, he could never have worked out his scheme of social reform. The critic continues:

"Having come to this joyless cross-road,

Tolstoy the artist stretches out a helping hand to Tolstoy the thinker, and his rich imagination places before him a picture of a new spiritual world and of a new harmony.

"He sleeps . . . and he sees a vision of a parched and sandy desert. A group of unfamiliar people in simple ancient dress are standing in the sunlight waiting. He too stands with them, modern in the sense that he is consumed by a great spiritual thirst, but dressed as they are. He, too, is a simple Judean of the first century, waiting in the scorching desert for the word of the great Master of life.

"Suddenly the Master appears, walking up to the top of a sandy mount. He begins to speak. He speaks the simple language of the Gospel, and immediately it brings peace into Tolstoy's agitated and thirsty soul.

"This was. Therefore it is imaginable. And the mobile, brilliant imagination of the great artist is at his service. He himself stood at the mount; he himself saw the Master; he himself, together with other Judeans of the first century, felt the transport of Christ's divine message. Now he will preserve this divine order, of which his mind's eye has caught a glimpse, and he will deliver it to all the people.

This blessed new faith of Tolstoy is essentially the old Christian faith. It is the re-establishment of the divine order of the first Christians, and of the harmony of the simple Christian faith which he had lived through in his imagination. At the time when in his prophetic vision a feeling of blessedness and peace came upon him he was a Judean of the first century. But what of it? He will remain a Judean to the very end. He has at his service a rich imagination which can impart to his vision the force of reality."

Korolenko passes on to consider the traits in Tolstoy's temperament that made it inevitable for him to conceive a return to a simple peasant life as the one thing desirable. According to his idea, Tolstoy has seen, known and felt but two classes in society, the rich landlord class and the poor peasant tillers of the soil. The world has been divided for him into the rich Lazaruses and the poor Lazaruses, into beneficial Boazes and poor Ruths, and unjust czars robbing the peasants of their vineyards. But of the city and its inhabitants, the intellectuals, the professional men, the capitalists, and the workmen, the question of the unemployed, the trade unions, the class struggle, politi-

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cal demands, he knows nothing or does not want to know anything. In all the multiplicity of characters and places which he describes in his novels, the city and its population plays but a very insignificant role. He has never felt at home in the city and it becomes the scene of action in his novels only when the characters pay an occasional visit to it. Most of the scenes in his literary compositions are laid in the country.

People have sometimes wondered why Tolstoy, with all his great imaginative force, has never written a Utopia describing his social ideals. The reason, Korolenko says, is very simple:

"Tolstoy's Utopia is, in the main, a return to the old, and requires no new general forms. It is a simple village existence which needs only to be permeated with the spirit of primitive Christianity. All the complications and superstructures of the later centuries must disappear of themselves. The unit of habitation in Tolstoy's world would in its structure differ in no way from what we see to-day. It would be a simple Russian village, the same peasants' huts with their timber walls, the same straw-thatched roofs. The same order that we know to-day would, on the whole, prevail within the village world. Only we would love one another. Therefore there would be no poor widows, no wronging of orphans, no 'robbing' by government officials. The huts would be spacious and clean, the corn bins would be large and full, the cattle strong and well-fed, the fathers wise and affectionate, the children good and obedient. There would be no unions, no politics, no sickness, no physicians, and of course there would be no governors, no police commissioners, no sergeants, and, in general, no 'officials.' "This is how it could be upon this earth if people would only listen to the Judean of the first century of our era, who himself heard the words of the Master from the mount in the midst of the sandy desert."

After indulging in this mild satire upon the social scheme of Tolstoy, Korolenko concludes his article with a glowing tribute:



"A TEUTON WITH THE SOUL OF AN ANTIQUE GREEK"

Franz Stuck's portrait of himself

"We feel with especial force that after all Tolstoy belongs to us, and we are proud that he has attained to his height by the sheer force of the word. We are emboldened by the fact that he has succeeded in carrying the light of free conscience and of free speech beyond the reach of the oppressor's quenching breath.

"And looking at the torch which he has raised on high, we forget our differences and we send a fervent greeting to that honest, great and brave man who, tho at times he goes astray, yet in his very mistakes always remains profoundly sincere.

"Glory to the great master; glory to the honest seeker after truth!"

## FRANZ STUCK, A PAINTER OF SIN AND BEAUTY

**N**O ARTISTIC movement in Germany has aroused such widespread interest during recent years as that of the so-called "Secessionists," and foremost among the leaders of the new school is Franz Stuck, of Munich. He has created for himself a position in the artistic world as unique as it is commanding. In his choice of subjects, in his truly riotous joy in beauty, he

is a classicist; but in the execution of his art he is a modernist of the most pronounced type. He is a modernist, too, in his tendency to beautify even that which is morbid and sinful. In his soul and in his work we find the development of the human race from primitive man, with his unfettered joy of living, to the man of the twentieth century with his analytical, soul-searching mind. "There are few," remarks Otto Julius Bierbaum, the



"LUCIFER"

(By Franz Stuck)

The eyes are red-hot, piercing lights—fires not of warmth, but of destruction.

German art critic, in his monograph\* on the painter, "who, like Stuck, possess the ability to bring into life an after-glow of the sun of Homer, who possess the strength of a beautiful sensuality. It is his gift and his office to beautify, to make us joyful through his ideal of beauty which exists for its own sake." A psychologist would find in Stuck a remarkable subject for study. He is a Teuton with the soul of an antique Greek, a son of the North imbued with the Southern appreciation of beauty.

Conception and invention display themselves with startling effectiveness in those of Stuck's works which have proclaimed his genius to all who make its acquaintance for the first time. It is the profound and arresting originality of his treatment of every theme he deals with that made him his reputation. Even in that callow period when the young artist is the conscious or unconscious imitator of those from whom he has derived inspiration, Stuck was always differentiated by his originality. He could be himself when he was obeying that edict of Sir Joshua Reynolds which teaches that only by walking after the masters can the

neophyte in art become himself, attain self-realization, achieve the individually distinct. No artist can be great who has not worked over the ideas and even the works of his predecessors, but it seems as if Stuck, while no exception to the law, was less subject to it than any German artist of the last century.

In order to fully appreciate the importance of men like the forceful Stuck, the fatalistic Klinger, the delightful Thoma, the statuesque Unger, and other great masters of the secession, it may be important to pay some attention to conditions of German art life during the first half of the past century.

"Nothing," says Christian Brinton of that period, in his "Modern Masters," "could have been more arid and pedestrian than German art. By the mid-century German art had dwindled into an affair of monks, cloisters, brigands, cavaliers, tearful sunsets and operatic crucifixions in Düsseldorf, and to the rendering of rural and domestic incident devoid of interest or illuminating understanding in Munich. It was not, in fact, until certain of the Munich men began journeying to Paris



STUCK'S FIRST PICTURE

"The Guardian Angel of Paradise," exhibited at the Crystal Palace in London, was the painting that first brought Franz Stuck into prominence.

\*Stuck. By Otto Julius Bierbaum. Velhagen & Klasing, Leipzig.



instead of Rome that the situation changed for the better, tho even then the true redemption had to come from within. Possibly because the probation was so long the rise of the present school proved to be correspondingly rapid."

In Munich the secessionists have taken a hold of artistic government. The South German, with his romantic trait, is of a more artistic temperament than the Teuton of the North, who resents stolidly the new until he is thoroughly convinced that it is preferable to the old. The South German can be won by impression, the North German must be convinced. That the secession has taken a hold of the North may indicate that it has taken hold on the people at large, and this in spite of the imperial taste, which in true monarchical style resents revolution, even in art, and has seriously interfered with the progress of the movement. The influence of despotism upon even an artist's style is exemplified in the persistence of William II in his efforts to dictate what is true art and what is not.

The beginning of Stuck's artistic career fell in the very turmoil of this new artistic movement, and his influence has been a strong factor in carrying it to victory. The secessionists, hooted at and ridiculed in the beginning, have gained ground day by day, ushering in a new epoch not only of artistic creation but also of artistic appreciation. Stuck was one of the first men in Germany to recognize this. His rare self-control, his artistic instinct, saved him from the extravagances which have attached themselves to secessionist art. With the instinct of the painter he combines the soul of the poet, a combination which can but enhance the charm of his work.

Franz Stuck, today a man forty-five years old, was born at Tettenweis, a small country town in lower Bavaria. His artistic career began not at the Academy but in a school for industrial art, and to the fact that necessity compelled him early in life to utilize his talent he owes the sound foundation of draftsmanship which made him later a master of contour and outline. In Munich he was first spoken of as the "draftsman Stuck" exclusively, and he frequently contributed to the *Fliegende Blaetter*, the household comic paper of Germany. It has been affirmed that no more felicitous circumstance for the development of the genius of Stuck could be thought of than the fact that he began his career as an illustrator. In truth it may be said that he is indebted as much to his gift for drawing as to his gift for color, so far as he may be deemed



"SIN"

Franz Stuck conceives of sin as a luxuriant woman with pale amber visage framed in raven locks, a woman whose shining eyes are animated with a smile, at once startled and sick with longing, while the cold body of a serpent presses its heavy coils round her form.

to have any gift for color. His talent for drawing has saved him from the faults of many modern artists, especially French artists. The more boldly one draws, when one is an artist, the finer is one's technique in that line, the more freedom one seems to have in one's development with color. The illustrator Stuck, let it be remembered, existed before the artist Stuck was developed.

When Stuck first began to paint and to paint in a style of his very own, there was much shaking of heads on the part of artistic wiseacres. Stuck, however, little discouraged, continued to paint, and when in 1889 Bruno Piglhein, an artist to the backbone, and president of the jury of the Munich Salon, awarded him a medal for the first picture he exhibited at the Crystal Palace, the merit of the work convinced even the most hostile critics of the fact that Stuck could paint and had something to say. This first painting was the "Guardian Angel of Paradise." In it he struck the



"THE MAD HUNT"

In this canvas Franz Stuck tries to interpret the thing called "life." The figure on horseback in the foreground typifies manhood pursuing ambition, while the Bacchanalian poses of the female figures convey the idea of the pursuit of pleasure. The pessimistic impressionism of the picture seems derived from Nietzsche

keynote of his art—a passion for the beautiful wherever he finds it. Like another Saint George, this "Guardian Angel" stands before us. Not clad in a heavy coat of mail, but in a luminous beauty of body and features, strong-limbed, muscular, with a sword of flame in his outstretched arm, he seems to guard a world of beauty and joy against the entrance of sin. It is a picture filled with sunlight and youth.

The second year brought his "Lucifer." There can be no stronger contrast than that between the "Guardian Angel of Paradise" and this painting. The first picture is a hymn in sunlight, the second a Nocturno in green and violet tints. The eyes are two red-hot, piercing lights—fires not of warmth, but of destruction. The face is enlivened by the very passion of hatred. Simultaneously with the exhibition of this painting Stuck showed two smaller canvases. In them appeared for

the first time his primeval, overflowing joy in life, taking us back to the fairy-land of Greek legend, where fauns and centaurs play their pranks in merry jest, a subject to which he has returned time and again. Here he is less the painter than the poet, the dreamer who sees his native woods populated by the demigods of Hellenic fable. For these fauns and centaurs are not placed in antique landscape, as are Boecklin's fantastic beings, but gambol through German forests, with oak and pine trees and moss-grown rock. The poetic spell of the northern forest mingles with the riotous joy of the Greek legend—truly more the dream of a poet than the work of a painter. With equal mastery he gives his attention to the German legends of Grimm's fairy tales, as in his charming painting, "Once upon a time." The sky is bathed in the roseate hues of the sunset, and in the peaceful meadow stands a graceful German princess, who looks in mute wonder at a little frog, with a tiny crown upon its head. It is the bewitched prince, whom she is presently going to release from the dreadful spell that has transformed him.

This is Stuck, a master even at the beginning of his career. But the further we follow him, the stronger becomes his individuality. The lyrical and poetical element in his art is more and more subdued, and in its place we find more and more of a purely paintable, sensuous character. "One might be led to

believe," says Bierbaum, of this period in the work of Stuck, "that he wilfully suppresses the lyrical element in order to bring his best gifts to full development. He recognizes more and more that his art is monumental and from this point of view we begin to understand the simplicity of his composition, of contour and color, and finally the complete sacrifice of the poetical in favor of the picturesque effect of his work."

To this period belongs one of his greatest paintings, "War." Here he gets a startling effect not by picturing any existing figure, but by creating an entirely new one. Through a field of dead bodies a tired horse wearily ploughs its way. On its back is a naked man. His muscular body is bronze-colored; his mouth cruel; his pitiless eyes stare straight ahead. There is the spirit of finality about that figure which no one can forget. And withal the painting is beautiful. It breathes

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the beauty of fascinating horror. During the same period Stuck painted his "Sin,"—a luxuriant woman with pale amber visage framed in raven locks, a woman whose shining eyes are animated with a smile, at once startled and sick with longing, while the cold body of a serpent presses its heavy coils round her form.

It is but natural that an artist of Stuck's powers should endeavor to conquer plastic as well as pictorial art. To him the temptation to form in wax, to immortalize in bronze, must have been well nigh irresistible. Possibly he was also prompted by an instinctive feeling that his painting was becoming almost too plastic, and, instead of further mingling two distinct branches of art, he tried to keep them separate, thus checking a tendency to pass from one realm of art into another, in which Bierbaum sees a grave danger for modern art life. "We have poets," he comments, "who use language to produce music, composers who use music to produce the effect of paintings, sculptors who write epics in marble, and painters who paint symphonies. All this leads in a wrong direction, and is a symptom of the pathological aspect of many of our artistic endeavors." While Stuck's paintings al-



"WAR"

(By Franz Stuck)

This grim conception of militarism is the best known of all Stuck's pictures, and is regarded by many as his masterpiece

ways will retain their plastic quality, his plastic works are purely plastic. His "Amazon," the "Dancing Girl" and the "Athlete" are veritable gems of plastic art. But in spite of this, it is Stuck the painter who is the commanding figure, not Stuck the sculptor.

While Bierbaum enters into the intimate character of Stuck's art, Richard Muther, in his monumental "History of Modern Painting," reviews the painter more from the purely technical point of view. "Stuck," he says, "is a primitive artist, and primitive are the subjects he paints, primitive his simplification of color, primitive his style in form. With him everything is line, firmness of contour and plastic value. He has the secret of approaching legend from all sides, seizing grace and demoniacal horror. Here he paints the form of Satan rising from a dim gray background like a spectre. There he revels with Boecklin in the wild company of demigods. There he turns to tender German legend with its lime blossoms and enchanted princesses. Every work takes the spectator by surprise through the strange individuality of color, which, however, always has the merit of taste, and he might be classed among those gifted workers of the past who, like Holbein, were skilled in every bent and knew how to handle the most diverse subjects in the same masterly style."



"THE SECRET"

Showing the quaint, naive mood in Stuck's art

# Religion and Ethics

## A COLLECTIVE INQUIRY INTO THE MERITS AND DEMERITS OF CHRISTIANITY



SEARCHING discussion of the claims of the Christian religion, from the point of view of the scholar, has lately appeared under the colorless title, "Talks on Religion."\* The book is a record of a collective inquiry. It chronicles a series of conversations which actually took place in a private house in one of the older squares of New York, and which involved some dozen men of intellectual standing. The host and the initiator of the inquiry, Mr. Henry Bedinger Mitchell, is characterized throughout the book simply as "The Mathematician." The participants in the discussion included the rector of an influential city parish, an historian who has done much to clarify our knowledge of the Middle Ages, an editor of a religious journal, a banker, a "pragmatist," and men who have helped to make more than one branch of modern science. "Not a few," Mr. Mitchell tells us, "bore international reputations, and nearly all had attained distinction in their own fields; all had known the discipline of exact thinking." It was a company that formed, as one critic remarks, "a sort of ideal commonwealth of brains," and Mr. Mitchell's report is made with such vividness as to render his volume a veritable *tour de force*. In its strength and subtlety the book is reminiscent of G. Lowes Dickinson's volumes, "A Modern Symposium" and "The Meaning of Good."

The range of subjects covered in this unique discussion is wide. At the outset, a re-examination of the fundamentals of religion is determined upon. This merges into an examination of the Christian religion, and leads to some rather severe comment on the limitations of Christianity, especially as revealed in its history and in its organization.

Even the Clergyman has to admit that Christianity has departed far from its original purity. "Perhaps the most remarkable thing in the entire history of the Christian Church," he remarks, "is the rapidity with which it de-

parted from the teachings of Jesus, and ran off the track." He continues:

"It is remarkable (tho explicable enough when one considers the environment of the Church in the first centuries of its existence) how early Christianity was paganized; for that is precisely what happened. Jesus gathered around Him a handful of simple folk—fishermen and the like, who had neither special insight nor learning—and talked with them of the love of God and the service of God and man; putting forward the ideal of giving to life and to others rather than of taking for oneself, and promising, as the result, knowledge and communion of the spirit with God. There was no system, no rites of propitiation or of sacrifice. There was a life, lived clearly and strongly, of service and of worship—of union with God.

"Within two centuries this had changed. One by one the older forms of ritual, prevalent in the Jewish or ancient pagan faiths, had been ingrafted upon Christianity, changed in appearance, but still recognizable. Particularly was this true with the idea of sacrifice. The gods of the Romans and the Jehovah of the Jews had alike been worshipped with sacrifices, and so deep grained had this become that Christianity could only be accepted by viewing Christ as the perpetual sacrifice. In the ritual of the mass this was taught and emphasized. Yet to me this seems foreign to the whole spirit of Christianity."

The Clergyman goes on to tell of an experience that impressed on his mind what he feels is the distortion of latter-day Christian thought in regard to this matter of sacrifice:

"I visited the public library at Boston, and saw Sargent's mural paintings. One represents Egyptian and Assyrian nature-worships as the background for the Mosaic law, and as a preface to the prophets of Israel. The picture is full of monstrous astronomical, animal, and human symbols of fiery devotion to the instincts of the flesh, which give place to the dignified figures of Hebrew prophets, standing in a row underneath the symbolic confusion of cruder faiths. The prophets, human, isolated, rapt, represent conscience and the mind in communion with God—so ethical religion is shown emerging from sacrificial religion. At the other end of the hall, in a lunette, is Jesus the Christ. But under what guise is He depicted! He who showed that religion was Love, who placed above all the law and the prophets the love of God and the love of man, who taught us the way of service and the path of the spirit, who said of Himself that He was the way, the truth, and the life, is shown to us as

\*TALKS ON RELIGION. A Collective Inquiry. Recorded by Henry Bedinger Mitchell. Longmans, Green & Company.



dead and limp, hanging on the cross, with angels catching the blood which drips from His hands. Here is a return to sacrificial religion.

"This sacrificial system, ingrafted on Christianity, conceals and distorts its meaning. Such a representation is Byzantine Christianity and Roman Christianity, but it is not the Christianity of Galilee—not the religion of Jesus, for that was the fulfilment of the prophetic, ethical ideal. Christianity is not concerned with the dead, but the living. The essential teaching of Jesus is not that His body died to ransom us, but that His spirit lives to inspire us."

The view propounded by the Clergyman arouses much interest, and starts a lengthy discussion among the other members of the circle. Some are surprised by his arguments. The Historian, however, expresses agreement with the attitude taken. He says that he, too, has found it very difficult to understand how the life and teachings of Jesus could have led to—Christianity. As he puts it:

"This has been a source of constant wonder to me, as I think it is to every student of history, and this wonder deepens, as we follow the history of the Church through the Middle Ages, into the most profound admiration of the capacity of the Church fathers to misinterpret and to misrepresent. The crimes that have been committed in the name of Christianity! The aggression abroad, the extortion at home, the cruelty, torture, and murder, the magnification of pomp and splendor, the ambition for worldly power and the unswerving relentlessness of a beast of prey; what one of these was not preached and practised in the name of Christ by the Church which claimed to follow Him! You speak of the paganizing of the Christian ceremony, but what can we say of the 'Christianizing' of the human heart—the instilling of black fear of death, the making of a free man a cringing coward before the thought of eternal torture—torture whose meaning the Church daily showed him in life? The Church spread a pall over human life which lingers even to this day. For what other race fears death as do we?"

"The more reverently we view the life and teaching of Jesus, the more we marvel at such phenomena as these."

Several of those present feel that the Historian's picture is overdrawn. "I do not think," observes the Editor, "we should overlook the other side of the picture. If the history of the church presents such dark blots, it is also full of very inspiring acts of heroism and nobility. The faith that produced the martyrs cannot be said to have inculcated only fear of death." It is finally decided that the Historian shall be given an opportunity to present his point of view fully. This he does at a subsequent meeting.

It must never be forgotten, he says, at the

opening of his argument, that Jesus was not the real founder of the Christian Church. Apparently Christ had no thought of church organization. Paul was the first church organizer. It was he who founded Christianity as an ecclesiastical organization, with overseers, elders and deacons. The overseers grew into bishops, the elders into priests, and immediately a kind of corruption of the original spirit of Christian democracy began to creep in. Within two centuries of the crucifixion of Christ, lines of separation were being drawn between clergy and laity, and sharp distinctions made between the one "true doctrine necessary to salvation" and those "enemies of God" who ventured to disagree in any respect. The simple moral doctrines of Jesus were already being supplanted by metaphysical creeds and ecclesiastical rules.

Christianity was at first bitterly persecuted, and then, in course of time, triumphed over paganism and became the bulwark of the Roman Empire. Did it then inaugurate an era of good will and religious tolerance? On the contrary, says the Historian, it inaugurated an era of intense bigotry. A Christian edict of the year 380 reads as follows: "We ordain that the name of Catholic Christians shall apply to all those who obey this present law. *All others we judge to be mad and demented.* . . . They shall first suffer the wrath of God, then the punishment which in accordance with divine judgment we shall inflict."

The corruption went on apace. Egypt and Chaldea, Greece and Persia, all made contributions to Christian dogma. Conceptions originally distinct and contradictory were moulded into a seemingly homogeneous mass. By the fifth century it had become possible for a church council to formulate the so-called "Athanasian Creed," which has come down to us unchanged, and is now in the English prayer-book. "Such doctrine," the Historian contends, "finds no support in the teachings of Jesus, to whom all theological subtleties were alien. He surely never would have recognized the description of himself which the creed offers."

Then came the period of monasticism, based on Saint Augustine's doctrine, which identifies original sin with the attraction between the sexes. Who can calculate the harm that this doctrine has done? The natural instincts underlying the family came to be viewed as something inferior, if not downright unholy.

"The influence of such teachings in degrading the relations between men and women," comments the Historian, "must be obvious to us all."

During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the Christian Church became practically an international and super-national state, with headquarters at Rome. The Pope not only claimed to be the over-lord of the Kings and even the Emperors, but he was able to substantiate his claims in theory, and not infrequently in practice. Now, if ever, was the supreme opportunity for Christianity to show its mettle, and to win over the whole world to Christ's gospel. Instead, it sank deeper and deeper into degradation. Its Popes were notoriously evil men; its clergy utterly demoralized. It opposed not merely any reconsideration of its own claims, but every onward step, whether in the realm of thought or in the social order.

And even the Reformation, continues the Historian, did not mend matters. The powerful forces of conservatism suffered little change when the Protestant revolt came. "The Reformation," he says, "may be described as nine-tenths conservatism and one-tenth reaction." To Luther, Melancthon and Calvin the suggestions of Copernicus seemed silly and wicked; while Luther consistently opposed the moderate social demands of the peasants.

Even yet the Historian's indictment is not completed. He passes over the horrors of the Inquisition to speak of the Christian Church's opposition, in every age, to growth in knowledge. He says that "it has, down to the present day, consistently cultivated superstition and obfuscation in the supposed interests of an ignorant people," and he confesses that he was surprised, in traveling through France recently, to find how many of the Roman Catholic churches still exhibit "saints' bones" and similar "relics," accompanied by certificates of authenticity and suggestions as to the malady for which prayers to the saint are peculiarly efficacious.

Such, in brief, is the Historian's "case" against Christianity. He holds his auditors throughout the whole *résumé*, and upon its conclusion the Mathematician thanks him for "an extensive outline so graphic." At the same time, adds the host, the question inevitably arises: How far is this sad record properly speaking a religious document, and how far a psychological document, revealing the action of ignorance, intolerance and self-seeking, as would the history of any organization whatsoever? "For my own part," he says, "I would,

at the beginning, attempt to defend the view that these 'crimes committed in the name of Christ' are properly ascribed neither to religion nor to organization as a principle, but rather to those promptings and passions of human nature with which the religious spirit must contend, and which from time to time dominated the church organization, as they have all other human institutions."

To this the Historian replies: "That does not tell us very much, does it? And another trouble is that the Christian Church is entirely unwilling to be regarded as a purely human institution."

The Mathematician then declares: "The church of which you have traced the history is plainly very human, and whether it is willing or not we shall have to recognize it as such. . . . In order for religion, or anything else, to be effective in the world, some type of organization is obviously necessary."

At this point the Pragmatist interjects: "Pardon me, but why should organization be necessary to religion any more than to poetry?"

The Mathematician answers:

"Surely even poetry needs organization. A poem becomes effective only as it is known. To make it known there is need of organization—of the publisher and bookseller, and of what is, in fact, a very complicated mechanism. . . . Is it not really obvious that for the dissemination, and even for the preservation, of any idea, or force, or method, organization is necessary? Long before the days of publishers poetry still had its external organization in the bards and minstrels, save for which the early songs and sagas would never have come down to us. The more I think of it, the more poetry seems to me the epitome of organization, the most highly and rigidly organized of all forms of expression, its value depending no less upon the perfection of its form than upon the truth of its meaning. I do not think we can seriously discuss the value of organization; but that the question is rather how to retain its effectiveness while eliminating its evils. The record the Historian has traced for us brings this problem clearly into view, and should, I think, help us toward a solution; for it should enable us to analyze the forces operative.

"Chief among these, I believe, is the tendency to look for support to the visible rather than the invisible; the tendency toward materialization, which causes us so readily to substitute adherence to the letter for obedience to the spirit. Jesus said: 'He that loveth me not keepeth not my sayings.' But, as the Historian points out, those who came later replaced this love by formal acceptance of a creed, and obedience by membership in an organization. It seems we have here something more fundamental than the common failing of losing sight of our ends in dwelling on the means. This last is undoubtedly accountable for much—tho we would not conclude therefrom that

we should have no means whereby to attain ends. But here I think we have the action of something far more universal. I mean the action of fear. Is not this at the basis of the formalization and the indoctrinization of religion? We are afraid in the presence of existence; like children waking from nightmare, we long for something tangible, something visible, something we can lay hold of. For when fear comes, then faith is shaken and the inner sight obscured. Therefore it is that we seek external supports to which we may cling.

"Is not the history of the Church, when viewed in this light, the history of a struggle between religion and these elements of our nature which are essentially cowardly and self-seeking?"

The Editor points out that there is a danger of losing sight, in the discussion, of the redeeming elements in Christianity. "Read the records," he says, "of the Jesuit missionaries in Asia, in Africa, or among the Indians in America." He continues:

"Even when the Church was at its worst, there never lacked those who sought to follow the example of Jesus, and who had that inner illumination which comes from living one's beliefs. Remember that St. Francis of Assisi, for example, was leading his followers to poverty, meekness and the imitation of Christ, while Innocent III was magnifying the pomp and power of the Papal chair. The spirit of these movements and their teachings have endured unchanged—the same to-day as when Jesus taught, nineteen hundred years ago. That is to me the true Church, this moving spirit and those who embody it."

Thereupon the Social Philosopher asks: "Is not the confusion between life and a theory of life—the belief that Belief brings salvation—the explanation of the whole history of the Church? If we grant this, does not all the rest follow as a matter of course?"

This leads the Historian to exclaim: "Whatever be its explanation, it is a most disappointing record—a terrible record to call religious"; then, turning to the Clergyman, who has been silent, he asks: "Do you not think so also? Do you not think that Christianity has been very disappointing?"

The Clergyman makes this impressive reply:

"Disappointing, perhaps, to Jesus; but surely we cannot call it so. Look at what it has done. Your outline is so extensive it is misleading. You have had to leave out of account entirely what must be the most essential element in judging of any religious movement. This is the effect it has had upon the religious-minded man. Here is the actual history of religion, written from generation to generation in the lives of its worshippers. The medieval pope, thundering anathemas, is not making the history of religion, but the history of war. The great current of religious evolution flows by, careless of his denunciations.

"Consider the life of the religious man before the coming of Christianity. Go back to the Greek civilization, to its wonderful philosophy, its art and its poetry—but also its unutterable vices. . . . The thought of these practices now excites only loathing and disgust, and our whole civilization unites in outlawing them. It took Christianity a thousand years to stamp this out, but it has done it. Whatever else we have gained, religion and debauchery have been forever dissociated.

"Consider the facts. Look at human nature as it is and as it was. So far from being disappointing, I believe that, could we reconstruct the conditions in which Jesus taught, measure and analyze the forces of that time and people, see them all as they were, not as now we fancy them, why, then I believe we could calculate with mathematical precision the whole course of Christianity. So many years of persecution, so many centuries of temporal power, so long a period of superstition and authority, so much metaphysical theology, so much subtle logic on misconceived premises,—all these could have been foretold. All the horrors of the inquisition, all the retaliation of the reformers, all the abuse of power and degradation of high office, all these, too, could, I believe, have been foreseen; the working out and purging of the race from its poison.

"The effect of Christianity upon the world might be considered almost as the mechanical problem of the resultant of forces—presenting inevitable conflicts and the appearance and temporary domination of all sorts of anti-Christian factors.

"Why will not you scientists who preach the conservation of energy apply it? Why will you not see that the forces acting in men's minds and hearts must work outward to their inevitable conclusion? I can conceive of Jesus waiting through the centuries till this should have been accomplished, waiting and working for its accomplishment. And I can even believe that, whatever the human brain may have thought, the Great Soul within foresaw all this from the beginning—foresaw the ages of misunderstanding before His mission would be fulfilled, before His spirit of love and of service would dwell universally in the hearts of those who profess Him, before He could 'come again,' no longer, perhaps, as a man among men, but as the Spirit of Man itself, animating and uplifting the race to knowledge of its Divine Sonship."

And this is the final note of the book. After the company had departed, the Mathematician moved to the window, looking up, out from the cavernous street in which he dwelt, far into the still spaces of the night.

"The stars in their wide courses held his gaze, and before he turned away they were paling in the summer dawn. Before him came the vision the Clergyman had drawn of the spirit of Christ waiting and working through the centuries till He could come again into the hearts of men, His meaning and His mission understood. And in the Mathematician's ears there rang the words from Revelation,

"I, Jesus, am the bright, the morning star.

"Surely I come quickly."

## THE ASTOUNDING NEGATIONS OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE



CHRISTIAN SCIENCE stands or falls on its peculiar definition of God, its peculiar attitude toward mind and matter. If it becomes a great and powerful religion, as many prophesy, it will be because of this definition and because of this attitude. Yet at the present time very few outside of the Christian Science ranks have any clear idea or can give any intelligent account of these central points in its philosophy.

The fundamental contention of Christian Science is that God is beneficent Mind; that He is All-in-All; and that therefore everything that *appears* to contradict the Divine attributes is *actually* non-existent. At first glance, nothing could seem simpler or easier to grasp. But the very simplicity of this statement is misleading. Its implications, as interpreted by Mrs. Eddy, subvert all that we have hitherto regarded as most true and most real. It literally takes the ground from under our feet.

There is no such thing as ground, according to Christian Science. The material universe, being material, could not have been created by God, because "matter is contrary to God, and cannot emanate from Him." ("Science and Health," page 273.) The world we know is a myth, an illusion, "such stuff as dreams are made of." We think we have bodies, but they too are myths. Sin and suffering and disease are imaginary. Death itself can be conquered.

At this point in the unfoldment of the Christian Science argument the average mind is apt to lapse into scorn or bewilderment. If God did not create matter, it may well be asked, who did? If seeming-matter exists, where did it come from? If God did not create our bodies, who did? Did we create them ourselves? If pain and suffering, sickness and sin—seemingly the realest things we know—are all illusions, then what is real? If death can be vanquished, why has no one of the unnumbered inhabitants of this globe ever demonstrated the fact?

Christian Science has an answer for all these questions. Whatever strength or vitality it possesses, it owes to the answers that it has been able to give to just such questions. The inquirer is answered primarily, of course, in Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health," the textbook of the movement. He is also being an-

swered daily by the growing army of Mrs. Eddy's disciples, from the lecture platform, in Christian Science reading-rooms and study-classes, and in the tracts, pamphlets, and weekly and monthly publications of the new cult.

The unconverted mind, we have said, is apt to lapse into scorn or bewilderment when confronted by the negations of Christian Science. The sense of negation, of *lack*, is likely to be the first emotion of the outsider who tries to understand the Christian Science point of view. But the Christian Scientists themselves lay their chief stress on the positive, not the negative, side of their creed. They claim to turn human vision upward, not downward. If they destroy the lower and the illusive, it is only, they would say, that they may reveal the higher. Properly understood, indeed, Christian Science is a philosophy of almost indescribable and unthinkable Idealism. It teaches that all is spirit and that there is nothing except spirit.

The one great obstacle to a realization of this Spiritual Order, Mrs. Eddy and her followers iterate and reiterate, lies in human belief in matter. Our physical senses make a certain report of the universe, and we accept the report as accurate. Nothing, according to Christian Science, could be more misleading. Our material senses do not inform; they deceive. "To deny the truthfulness of all we receive materially," says a recent writer in the *Christian Science Journal* (Boston), "is the first step in our philosophy." The writer goes on to address the reader directly and incisively:

"Do you deny the reality of all that you perceive through the five senses, and affirm the existence of God as the infinite, and hence the only, existence? If it is a mere verbal utterance, or merely a mental admission that such a theory exists, you may as well spare yourself the trouble, for no proof will be forthcoming. You have neither denied on the one hand nor affirmed on the other—you have merely dallied tentatively with a purely hypothetical proposition.

"If, however, deep down in your inmost consciousness has come the abiding conviction that the spiritual alone is real, because it alone can be the expression of God, who is Spirit; and therefore that the material is the unreal—baseless, futile, whimsical as any dream of the night—then practical proofs of the truth of this philosophy are forthcoming."

But surely, it will be urged, this is not Biblical doctrine? Mrs. Eddy replies in effect:



"Yes, it is; if the Bible is interpreted correctly." Until now, she intimates, there has never been a correct interpretation. "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures," was written for the express purpose of filling this need.

In all the Biblical exegesis devised by ingenious minds during twenty centuries, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to match Mrs. Eddy's explanation of the book of Genesis. It has probably never before occurred to any one to question the fact that the first chapters of the Bible chronicle a Divine creation of a material world of material objects—land, water, man, animals, and fowls of the air. The Bible narrative is apparently so completely at variance with Mrs. Eddy's theory of the non-existence of matter that one would suppose she would have to abandon this particular portion of the Scriptures. But she does nothing of the kind. In one sense, she admits, the book of Genesis is "the history of the untrue image of God"; parts of it are "a lie"; but "*rightly viewed*," she adds, "this deflection of being serves to suggest the proper reflection of God and the spiritual actuality of man."

Mrs. Eddy goes on to argue that all the supposedly material objects created by God were really spiritual ideas, or "forms of thought." If we have come to regard these ideas as material objects, that is not God's fault; it is ours. We have taken His etherialities, and degraded them to the level of our gross intelligences. "Creation is ever appearing," says Mrs. Eddy, "and must ever continue to appear from the nature of its inexhaustible source. *Mortal sense inverts this appearing, and calls ideas material.*" All this is rather vague, but a clearer meaning emerges in the following passage:

"To mortal mind, the universe is liquid, solid, aeriform. Spiritually interpreted, rocks and mountains stand for solid and grand ideas. Animals and mortals metaphorically present the gradation of mortal thought, rising in the scale of intelligence, taking form in masculine, feminine, or neuter gender. The fowls, which fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven, correspond to aspirations soaring beyond and above corporeality to the understanding of the incorporeal and divine Principle, Love."

God, it seems, is so far from being responsible for the material world that He does not even know of its existence. To quote again:

"Spirit blesses the multiplication of its own pure and perfect ideas. From the infinite ele-

ments of the one Mind emanate all forms, colors, and qualities, and these are mental, both primarily and secondarily. Their spiritual nature is discerned only through the spiritual senses. Mortal mind inverts true likeness, and confers animal names and natures upon its own misconceptions. Ignorant of the origin and operations of mortal mind—that is, ignorant of itself—this so-called mind puts forth its own qualities, and claims God as their author; albeit God is ignorant of the existence of both this mortal mentality and its claim, for the claim usurps the deific prerogatives and is an attempted infringement on infinity."

This amazing theory of creation is elucidated in a hundred different ways in Christian Science literature. One writer says:

"Men are beginning to accept the contention that it is impossible for the human mind—the 'fleshy mind,' as St. Paul has it; 'mortal mind,' as Mrs. Eddy calls it—to cognize ultimate reality; that material phenomena are indeed nothing but the human mind made manifest to itself according to laws of its own making, as whimsical and illusive as the circumstances of a dream; in other words, the human mind evolves from itself and for itself the phenomena that it attempts to investigate, and is therefore merely playing with its own phantoms; bereft of any criterion and lost in the maze of its own hallucinations."

Another expositor offers the following illustration:

"The 'so-called laws of matter are no more legitimate than would be the laws of a company of children playing 'Legislature.' They might fancy themselves to be lawmakers and pass laws to govern themselves and laws to punish those who broke these self-made laws. If these children were deeply engrossed in their play, it would be difficult to convince them that their laws were based simply upon imagination, and that they were not subject to these laws of their own making. In a similar way men and women have assumed that they are legislators, and it is difficult to convince them that they are not subject to their own laws of health and limitation, and that as spiritual beings they are free from the bondage of material sense and its so-called laws and are subject only to spiritual law, divine Principle."

The manifestation of God through mortals, Mrs. Eddy tells us, is "as light passing through the window pane. The light and the glass never mingle, but as matter, the glass is less opaque than the walls." Our bodies, we learn further, instead of being sentient material forms, are "sensationless"; and "God, the Soul of man and of all existence, being perpetual in His own individuality, harmony and immortality, imparts and perpetuates these qualities in man—through Mind, not matter." From this it follows that "matter can have no pain nor inflammation. Your body would suffer no more from tension or wounds than the

trunk of a tree which you gash or the electric wire which you stretch, were it not for mortal mind." To quote further:

"Man is never sick, for Mind is not sick and matter cannot be. A false belief is both tempter and tempted, the sin and the sinner, the disease and its cause. It is well to be calm in sickness; to be hopeful is still better; but to understand that sickness is not real and that Truth can destroy its seeming reality, is best of all, for this understanding is the universal and perfect remedy."

This conception of the unreality of sickness may seem like sheer lunacy to the mind that is not prepared for it, but Christian Scientists accept it implicitly, and base the conduct of their lives and all their healing practice on its supposed truth. The first and most obvious objection to the theory is met by one of the most active Christian Science propagandists, Judge Septimus J. Hanna (his title of "Judge" was won in 1867 in the County Court at Council Bluffs, Iowa), in a leaflet entitled "The Real and the Unreal." He says in part:

"As to sickness, it may be asked, is it not real to the suffering invalid? Humanly speaking, yes, distressingly real—while it lasts; but when it is entirely gone—destroyed—by whatever means, where is its reality, in the Christian Science use of the term? It was—if we may be allowed the paradox—a temporary reality. The most ardent advocate of the reality of pain surely will not maintain that pain is eternal. If it were there would be little use in either physician or Christian Scientist endeavoring to prevent it.

"In thousands of instances the Christian Science practitioner has been called to the bedside of persons writhing in pain which seemed to them unendurable, but in a few moments it was gone, and the patient resting at perfect ease, or in a peaceful slumber. After the pain was thus destroyed, will it be said that it is yet real? It was real to the senses of the patient while it lasted; but this is not the kind of reality meant by the Christian Science use of the word. Nor is it an unwarranted juggling with words. It is but the logical distinction between the temporary and permanent—the temporal and eternal."

A writer in a late issue of the *Christian Science Sentinel* elaborates the argument as follows:

"If we have spiritual discernment, we have faith; for the two are identical. And if we know or discern the universe and man as God knows them, then in our thinking or consciousness we reflect the divine thinking, just as Jesus did. When we do this, we know the power of Mind as did the Master; and the Mind or consciousness which Jesus had was that consciousness which healed the sick, raised the dead, and cast out devils (evils). Having freely received this

consciousness from God, he freely gave it to as many as would receive it; and it is our duty to reflect this same consciousness. St. Paul exhorts, 'Yet this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.'

"To have and to exercise this healing consciousness, and obtain results therefrom, several things are requisite. First of all we must understand that all God's ideas and their expression are spiritual, eternal, and perfect; but it is far from sufficient to accept this intellectually, as a creed to be recited in church and on other formal occasions. On the other hand, this view of all that is must become a part of our habitual thinking. The tendency with us, as mortals, is to let our thoughts, moment by moment, dwell upon the subjects presented by the physical or bodily senses, and to be thus directed by what seems to transpire in our bodies and in the so-called physical world. In other words, it is considered 'natural' for us to let our thoughts drift with the current of sense testimony. The duty set before us is to make head against this current and never to drift with it a moment when we can avoid it.

"Our problem is to gain gradually, and as rapidly as possible, the ability to keep habitually our thoughts on the plane of spiritual discernment. This we shall accomplish by distinctly and purposely lifting our thoughts, moment by moment, away from the presentations of the bodily senses, and by fixing them on God and on the nature of His spiritual creation; or, if sense testimony obtrudes itself upon us so much that we cannot ignore it, we may then deny and reverse it in favor of the spiritual truth, until its claims are so much silenced that they retire into the background. If we thus persistently take control of and direct our thoughts, in a few weeks or months the spiritual attitude of mind will become habitual, and most of the time there will abide in consciousness a realization of the perfection of man and all real things; that all are expressions of the spiritual, eternal, and perfect."

The whole matter is summed up in one sentence in a third utterance: "If no one believed in sickness, there could be no sickness."

The unreality of sickness in Christian Science doctrine is paralleled by the unreality of sin. Of the two, asserts Mrs. Eddy significantly, the error of sin is the more stubborn, the more difficult to efface. She says that she "has raised up the dying, partly because they were willing to be restored," but "has struggled long, and perhaps in vain, to lift a student out of a chronic sin." Nevertheless, in the ultimate sense, sin has no more reality than sickness. As Mrs. Eddy puts it:

"Since God is All, there is no room for His opposite. God, Spirit, alone created all, and called it good. Therefore evil, being opposite of good, is unreal, and cannot be the product of God. A sinner can receive no encouragement from the fact that Science demonstrates the unreality of evil, for the sinner would make a reality of sin—would make that real which is unreal, and thus heap up 'wrath against the day of

wrath.' He is joining in a conspiracy against himself—against his own awakening to the awful unreality by which he has been deceived. Only those who repent of sin and forsake the unreal can fully understand the unreality of evil."

This conception of the unreality of evil, like that of the unreality of matter and sickness, occurs again and again in Christian Science teaching, and is a subject of endless commentary. One of the clearest interpretations appears in Judge Hanna's leaflet, already cited. He says:

"Christian Science declares that only the spiritual is real. Why? Because only the spiritual is permanent and unchangeable. It uses the word real in the same sense that the apostle Paul used the word eternal, and the word unreal in the same sense as he used the word temporal. Paul divided sharply between the eternal (real) and the temporal (unreal). Not more so does the Christian Science text-book. Not more so could anyone—if Paul's meaning is understood.

"Let us, then, place sin over on the side of the temporal according to the Pauline definition, which, according to the Christian Science definition, is simply placing it on the side of the unreal. What is its place? If it is real, in this sense, it is eternal, and if eternal it can never be overcome or destroyed. In this view God's eternal Kingdom would be a Kingdom wherein sin would have eternal place and power. If sin had such place and power all its direful consequences, its sorrows, its blighting and appalling effects, would likewise have place and power. God's universe would thus be a place in which there would be endless sin with an endless train of sin's results. Where, then, would be mankind's redemption from sin and its effects? Where the hope of salvation? Where the Scriptural promises of the saving of all?

"Christian Scientists plainly read in Scripture the annihilation of all sin, and with its annihilation, the annihilation, of course, of all its consequences. In Genesis, wherein God pronounced all He made to be *good*, nay, *very good*, Christian Scientists read of the unreality of sin. If sin, or evil, then, is a part of the eternal universe, it either must be good, or it got into the universe through some creative power outside of or apart from God. Can we conceive this to be true? Christian Science maintains that it is not conceivable; wherefore it concludes that God did not create sin, that it was not, could not have been, created by any other power than God, for Genesis plainly declares Him to have been the only Creator, and the only creative power. Whence, then, the *real* origin of sin? Is it, can it be, other than a human *belief*, and not a divine *fact*?"

Not merely sin and sickness and matter, but death itself, is ranged by Mrs. Eddy in the category of human "beliefs." "To the real man and the real universe," she says, "there is no death-process." She continues:

"In reality man never dies. The belief that he dies will not establish his scientific harmony.

Death is not the result of Truth but of Error, and one error will not correct another.

"Jesus proved by the prints of nails that his body was the same immediately after death as before. If death restores sight, sound and strength to man, then death is not an enemy but a better friend than Life. Alas! for the blindness of belief, which makes harmony conditional upon death and matter, and yet supposes Mind unable to produce harmony! So long as this error of belief remains, mortals will continue mortal in belief, and subject to chance and change.

"Sight, hearing, all the spiritual senses of man, are eternal. They cannot be lost. Their reality and immortality are in Spirit and understanding, not in matter—hence their permanence. If this were not so, man would be speedily annihilated. If the five corporeal senses were the medium through which to understand God, then palsy, blindness and deafness would place man in a terrible situation, where he would be like those 'having no hope, and without God in the world'; but, as a matter of fact, these calamities often drive mortals to seek and to find a higher sense of happiness and existence.


"Life is deathless. Life is the origin and ultimate of man, never attainable through death, but gained by walking in the pathway of Truth both before and after that which is called death. There is more Christianity in seeing and hearing spiritually than materially. There is more Science in the perpetual exercise of the Mind-faculties than in their loss. Lost they cannot be while Mind remains."

Judge Hanna enlarges on this thought:

"Then what of death? If, as all who believe in a future life at all admit, it is but a change from one state or condition to another, it is not more real in the logical sense of reality than its predecessors, sin and sickness. However awfully and painfully real it may seem to the purblind sense of mortals this side the veil, if life is continuous, who shall say that death is real to the sense of him who has passed beyond the veil? To his sense he is yet alive. He may be fully aware that he has passed the portal of what mortals call death, but if he is alive he is *aware* of it, and therefore he is not *really* dead. He has but passed through the *belief* of death—the temporal conditions which bring about the change called death, but which conditions are not and cannot be eternal, else death would be eternal; this would be, not death, but extinction."

Such, in brief, are the main tenets of Christian Science. The new belief, it is no exaggeration to say, will succeed or fail in just the degree that the credibility of its four great denials of matter, sickness, sin, and death, wins the support of human intelligence. Is it likely that the world, or that any large section of humanity, will ever be converted to a belief in these astounding negations? It is too soon to say. But one thing is certain: The steady growth of Christian Science, its vitality and fascination for thousands of minds, constitutes a challenging sign of the times.

## A BASIS FOR CERTAINTY CONCERNING CHRIST AND HIS GOSPEL

HE destructive character of so much of modern criticism with reference to the Gospels as a source for our knowledge concerning Jesus has become so pronounced that even advanced thinkers recognize the justice of the conservative claim that this criticism has not been able to furnish a satisfactory basis for faith in Christ and the gospel he proclaimed. Just how to arrive at such a basis in the face of critical pronouncements, without returning to the old formal principle of the Reformation, that the Scriptures as such are the final court of appeal in all matters of faith and life, has been vexing and perplexing the critics not a little. But one of the hopeful signs of the times is a marked tendency in the direction of positive and constructive attempts, manifesting themselves in the field of Christological literature. A characteristic discussion of this kind appears in a recent issue of the great organ of liberal theology in Germany, the *Christliche Welt*, of Marburg, from the pen of Dr. Johannes Müller.

The problem presented by the history of Jesus, says Dr. Müller, has in the twentieth century become exceedingly complicated, and we are simply compelled to seek for a radical solution. As late as ten years ago, he continues, the results of historico-critical research, as far as the life of Jesus is concerned, were comparatively simple. After the sources of the life and doings of Christ had passed through the fire of criticism for three generations, and their value had been carefully gauged, it was generally regarded as an almost axiomatic truth that the first three gospels furnished an absolutely reliable account of the person and teachings of Christ. The conclusion of almost all the authoritative critics was that the Synoptic Gospels were historically correct.

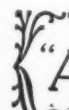
But this conclusion is now, in Dr. Müller's opinion, no longer possible. For through the researches of the past few years the seemingly final outcome of long years of investigation has been seriously called into question. Not only are the accounts of the Gospels regarded as unreliable, but everywhere have been discovered reflex influences and statements from the post-apostolic age. Indeed, it is even maintained that Jesus of Nazareth really never

lived, and that in the Gospels he is only a personification of ideas and ideals of early Christianity. While this and similar claims may be dismissed as extremes of radical thought, nevertheless the whole trend of the discussion and of modern criticism of the life and career of Jesus is such as to make it clear that no certainty has been reached in these matters through historico-literary criticism. What one generation of critics regards as certain in reference to the origin, character, literary composition, and the like, of the Gospels, and the sources of Christ's life in general, will by the next be discarded as unscientific and unreliable. The question therefore is forced upon Bible students, whether it is not possible to secure a firm basis for our certainty concerning Christ and his teachings independent of the ups and downs of gospel criticism. Is there such a foundation upon which the vicissitudes of positive and negative Bible research have no effect?

Dr. Müller answers this question in the affirmative. Everything depends, he asserts, on the nature of the value and the virtue we attach to Christ's words. If these are to be accepted only because Jesus really spoke them, then we are bound to the historical and literary criticism of the gospel sources for all time; for then everything depends upon the decision as to whether they are genuine or not; and this same criticism must decide for us what meaning Jesus attached to these words. But if our stress is on the *truth* that is contained in the teachings ascribed to Jesus, and the value of the gospel utterances is felt to lie solely in their essential content, then their significance for us, and for religious conviction and life in general, is independent of the person who spoke them. Of course here again the leading question is bound to be: What is understood by truth? If we have in mind a metaphysical system of transcendental truths, beyond the control of man's own experience, then naturally we would need an assurance of the truth of Christ's utterances beyond that of our own experience. But if the truths which we seek in Jesus' words are only the development of the innermost experiences of the religious nature of man, the portrait and reflection of the innermost self, then the teachings of Jesus have a value and a worth beyond compare, and entirely independent of the lit-

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erary sources from which they issue. It is only if we find in Jesus a revelation of self, of humanity in its deepest religious aspects, that we can make such empirical test of what he taught and said the basis of our confidence in the Gospels. Negative criticism may continue in the future as it has in the past, and may furnish reasons for believing or disbelieving in the historical existence of Jesus; but the teaching of the Gospels will nevertheless retain the same value for the spiritual life of man. By reason of their deep truth these teachings will appeal to the religious convictions and experience of the reader, and thereby develop, unfold, and increase the best that is in him, irrespective of the changing phases of literary criticism of the Gospels.

This straightforward argument of Dr. Müller's, while making a strong appeal to common sense, is far from satisfactory to many theologians. The conservative *Alte Glaube*, of Leipzig, has lately printed two articles attacking this "change of basis." One is

by Pastor Eberhard Striker, who contends that a purely intellectual conception of Jesus, based on the idea that his mission consisted only in giving a true knowledge of God, and furnishing a model for conduct, does injustice even to the Synoptic account, because even in these gospels (and not merely in John) Christ is made an object of faith as well as the Father. Another article, by Pastor F. W. Otto, declares that Müller's conception of Jesus is exceedingly superficial, because it ignores the fundamental fact of sin, without a recognition of which religion of any kind, and especially the religion taught by Jesus, is without a basis or foundation. The writer further declares that this new conception of the Gospels as the source of Christ's teachings in the nature of the case is nothing but radical rationalism, since it *eo ipso* rejects all supernatural truths in Jesus' preaching, and makes man the measure of Jesus' gospel, instead of making the gospel the guide and the rule of man, faith and life.

## A NEW INTERPRETATION OF BUDDHA'S TEACHINGS

SK the man in the street what he knows of Buddha," writes the anonymous author of "The Creed of Buddha."\* "He will tell you that Buddha was a pessimist and an atheist, who denied the soul, denied a supreme cause, denied that the world had any centre of reality, and taught his followers to look forward to annihilation as the final deliverance from the woes of earth." This misconception, in the author's opinion, is merely the popular echo of such well known exponents of Buddhism as Dr. Rhys Davids, professor of comparative religion at Owen's College; of Dr. Paul Carus, whose affiliation of Buddhism with the negative dogma of the "religion of science" has won for him a certificate of orthodoxy from the South Buddhist Church; and even of so sympathetic a student as H. Fielding Hall, author of "The Soul of a People." These, in turn, have only been giving voice to the consensus of opinion of the chief Oriental scholars of Europe and America, who, with a few notable exceptions, maintain that "Buddha denied the Ego, and regarded Nirvāna as the prelude to annihilation." All this is the formidable mass of opin-

ion which the author of "The Creed of Buddha" now boldly undertakes to refute. It is the main contention of his book that "faith in the ideal identity of the individual with the Universal Soul was the hidden fountain head of Buddha's practical teaching."

The exposition of this view bids fair, in the judgment of the London *Times Literary Supplement*, "to effect a revolution in popular sentiment, bringing within the purview of the ordinary reader the essential differences between the faiths of Europe and of Asia, the religious atmosphere into which the creed of Buddha was born, its way of salvation, and its fundamental doctrines, the relation of Western thought to spiritual ideals, and to the potentialities of Buddhism." The author is convinced that the spiritual idealism of Ancient India, as presented in the Upanishads, was the true source both of the ethical teachings of Buddha and the poetry of Christ.

Many grave charges have been brought by Western thought against Buddha, says this writer—charges which confuse not only "the man in the street," but the earnest student of Buddhism. Those which he considers of capital importance he enumerates and defines as follows:

"We are told that Buddha denied the Soul or

\*THE CREED OF BUDDHA. By the author of "The Creed of Christ." John Lane Company.

Ego; in other words, that his teaching was *materialistic*.

"We are told that there was no place for God in his system of thought; in other words, that his teaching was *atheistic*.

"We are told that he regarded all existence as intrinsically evil; in other words, that his teaching was *pessimistic*.

"We are told that he taught men to think only of themselves and their personal welfare; in other words, that his scheme of life was *egoistic*.

"We are told that after Nirvāna—the inward state of him who has lifted the last veil of illusion—comes annihilation; in other words (since what is behind the last veil of illusion is *ex hypothesi* supremely real), that Buddha regarded Nothing as the Supreme Reality, and that therefore his teaching was *nihilistic*."

Each one of these charges the writer passionately undertakes to refute, claiming, on the contrary, that Gautama Buddha's message to man is a high appeal to him "to find his true self, with all that this can give him—joy, peace, knowledge, love"—by *suppressing*, not encouraging, egoism, "with all the desires and delusions on which it feeds," and by breaking, one by one, all fetters of the unreal lower self; that the Nirvāna of Buddha (whatever it may mean to the orthodox Buddhist of to-day) is not a prelude to annihilation, but "a state of ideal spiritual perfection, in which the soul, having completely detached itself—by the force of its own natural expansion—from what is individual, impermanent and phenomenal, embraces and becomes one with the Universal, the Eternal, and the Real." Buddha, who, according to this hypothesis, had accepted the central idea of the philosophy of the Upanishads—the conception that the "Universal Self is the true self of each one of us, and that to realize the true self is the destiny and the duty of man," kept purposeful silence, "eloquent and significant," about God, and turned man's attention to the *Path of Life*. For man, as Buddha conceived of him, is not a citizen with a gulf fixed between him and a supernatural Jehovah, but a "living soul," and as such part of the living God, more or less according to his soul growth or evolution through reincarnation—the "whirlpool of rebirth." The writer proceeds to affirm:

"Such a teacher would begin by appealing to the very sense which it was his most cherished desire to cultivate—the sense of reality, which is present in embryo in every breast. He would tell men that life is full of suffering, and that the chief cause of suffering is the impermanence—and therefore the unreality—of the objects of man's desire; and he would expect them to assent to these propositions.

"This is what Buddha did.

"He would explain to them that the desire for unreal things not only caused suffering in this or that earth-life, but also caused the suffering to be reproduced in other earth-lives—desire for the shadows and illusions of earth being the subjective side of the attractive force by which earth draws the unemancipated soul back to itself again and again; and he would ask them to infer from this that deliverance from suffering (now and in the future) was to be won by the subjugation, and at last by the extinction, of desire—not of desire as such, but of the base, carnal, worldly, self-seeking desires which, by keeping the soul in ignorance of its true nature and destiny, cause it to eddy round and round in the 'whirlpool of rebirth.'

"This is what Buddha did.

"He would tell them—tho not in so many words—that, if their baser desires were to be subdued, they must practise self-control and cultivate sympathy; and, with that end in view, he would give them a few simple rules for the conduct of life—rules which would provide for the development of self-control and sympathy along the arterial lines of morality, and the authority of which would therefore be in a measure self-evident.

"This is what Buddha did."

For those who had mastered the lower desires and passions, and had cultivated the latent virtues of gentleness, kindness and compassion—had begun, in truth, to live in the lives of others—such a teacher would make other provision. To quote further:

"He would teach them to distinguish between the shadows and realities of life, to rid themselves of every self-seeking desire and every self-affirming delusion, to quench lust and anger, to extend in every direction the radiating light of sympathy and good will.

"This is what Buddha did.

"He would tell them that, when the last taint of egoism and the last shadow of ignorance had disappeared, the happiness to which they had always had an indefeasible title, but a title which each man in turn had to make good for himself, would at last be theirs; that the Path which they had followed for so long would lead them at last to the fullness of knowledge, the fullness of peace, the fullness of love—and therefore to unimaginable bliss.

"This is what Buddha did.

"But he would impress on them that they lived in a world in which causes always produce their natural and necessary effects; that the consequences of their conduct would therefore follow them wherever they went; that external rewards were not to be hoped for; that external punishments were not to be dreaded; that virtue was its own reward and vice its own punishment, in the sense that whatever is done or left undone inevitably reacts upon the character, and, through the character, affects for weal or for woe the destiny of the soul; that interference from without was in the nature of things impossible; that the whole sacrificial system was based on a delusion; that ceremonial observances were of no avail;—he would teach them, in fine, that each

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man in turn must take his life into his own hands and work out his destiny for himself.

"This is what Buddha did.

"But, while he taught them all this, he would make no attempt to explain to them the deepest mysteries of existence; he would deliberately disconnect his scheme of life, so far as his own exposition of it was concerned, from theology and metaphysics; he would keep silence as to what is 'ultimate and uttermost'; for he would know that the average mind has no capacity for deep thinking, and that, if he tried to disclose to his fellow men his ultimate reasons for the course of life which he wished them to follow, they would make nonsense, first of his philosophical teaching and then of his whole scheme of life, giving themselves wrong reasons for everything that they did or left undone, and so (in the last resort) misinterpreting and misapplying every detail of his teaching.

"This too is what Buddha did (or forebore to do). That he kept silence about 'great matters' is as certain as that his ethical teaching was clear, coherent, and systematic."

Buddha's teachings, the writer further maintains, are eminently congenial to the scientific tone of Western thought to-day; and he ventures to prophecy that the time will come when

the ideas of life thus embodied will be accepted in the West "as the sanest and truest conception that the mind of man has yet devised, and as the only stable foundation on which to build—what will surely be the fittest monument to Buddha's greatness—the science of the soul." But he adds as a concluding thought:

"Before these things can come to pass one practical difficulty will have to be overcome. It is possible that the sentimental thought of the West will offer as strong an opposition to the idea of the life and destiny of the soul being regulated by inexorable law as is now offered by the intellectual thought of the West to the root-idea of soul-life. But the advanced thinker of that distant day will be able to reassure his weaker brethren. For he will remind them that the Universal Soul, which is the true self of each of us, and which the process of soul-growth will therefore enable each of us to realize, is the same for all men; and he will ask them to infer from this that the most inexorable of all Nature's laws is the law to which even the master law of growth is in a sense subordinate—the law which makes the Universe one living whole, the law of centripetal tendency, the law of Love."

## MR. CHESTERTON'S DISCOVERY OF CHRISTIANITY

THREE years ago, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, the quixotic and paradoxical English critic, published a vigorous onslaught on a number of his contemporaries under the title "Heretics." As a result of his iconoclastic attitude, he was called upon to formulate his own philosophy, in contradistinction to that of the men he attacked. This he has now done in a glittering, bewildering book\* that, by reason of its sheer brilliancy, outclasses anything he has hitherto written.

Mr. Chesterton throws his influence strongly on the side of Christian "orthodoxy," but his orthodoxy is so heterodox that very few Christians will recognize it. For cloistered Christianity, the sort that professes horror of "free thought" and that guards the holy ark of truth as something so frail that it may be upset and completely destroyed by rude hands, he has only scorn. There cannot be life at all, he evidently feels, without free thought. He confesses that he was a "pagan at the age of twelve and a complete agnostic by the age of sixteen." He continues:

"I did, indeed, retain a cloudy reverence for a

cosmic deity and a great historical interest in the Founder of Christianity. But I certainly regarded Him as a man; tho perhaps I thought that, even in that point, He had an advantage over some of His modern critics. I read the scientific and sceptical literature of my time—all of it, at least, that I could find written in English and lying about; and I read nothing else; I mean I read nothing else on any other note of philosophy. The penny dreadfuls which I also read were indeed in a healthy and heroic tradition of Christianity; but I did not know this at the time. I never read a line of Christian apologetics. I read as little as I can of them now. It was Huxley and Herbert Spencer and Bradaugh who brought me back to orthodox theology. They sowed in my mind my first wild doubts of doubt. Our grandmothers were quite right when they said that Tom Paine and the free-thinkers unsettled the mind. They do. They unsettled mine horribly. The rationalist made me question whether reason was of any use whatever; and when I had finished Herbert Spencer I had got as far as doubting (for the first time) whether evolution had occurred at all. As I laid down the last of Colonel Ingersoll's atheistic lectures the dreadful thought broke across my mind, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.'

This odd effect of the great agnostics in arousing doubts deeper than their own might be illustrated in many ways. Mr. Chesterton takes only one. As he read and re-read all the non-Christian and anti-Christian accounts

\*ORTHODOXY. By G. K. Chesterton. John Lane Company.

of the faith, "a slow and awful impression grew gradually but graphically" upon his mind—the impression that Christianity must be a most extraordinary thing. For not only (as he understood) had Christianity the most flaming vices, but it had apparently a mystical talent for combining vices which seemed inconsistent with each other. For instance, he found certain critics attacking it on the ground of its inhuman gloom. Others argued that it was childishly optimistic, comforting man with a fictitious providence and putting them in a pink-and-white nursery. One rationalist had hardly done calling Christianity a nightmare before another began to call it a fool's paradise. All this puzzled Mr. Chesterton. He did not see how it was possible for Christianity to be both black and white at the same time. He rolled on his tongue, as did many of the young men of his day, the sonorous line of Swinburne:

"Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean, the world has grown gray with Thy breath."

But when he read the same poet's accounts of paganism (as in "Atalanta"), he gathered that the world was, if possible, more gray before the Galilean breathed on it than afterwards. In other words, the very man who denounced Christianity for pessimism was found to be himself a pessimist.

Another charge that seemed to react upon itself was the criticism based on the idea that there is something timid, monkish and unmanly about Christianity, especially in its attitude toward resistance and fighting. Mr. Chesterton had no sooner familiarized himself with arguments sustaining this conclusion than he was confronted by a new set of equally convincing arguments telling him to hate Christianity not for fighting too little but for fighting too much! Christianity, it seemed, was the mother of war. Christianity had deluged the world with blood. "I had got thoroly angry with the Christian," says Mr. Chesterton, "because he never was angry. And now I was told to be angry with him because his anger had been the most huge and horrible thing in human history, because his anger had soaked the earth and smoked to the sun. The very people who reproached Christianity with the meekness and non-resistance of the monasteries were the very people who reproached it also with the violence and valor of the Crusades. It was the fault of poor old Christianity (somehow or other) both that Edward the Confessor did not fight and that Richard Cœur

de Lion did. The Quakers (we were told) were the only characteristic Christians; and yet the massacres of Cromwell and Alva were characteristic Christian crimes. What could it all mean?"

A third objection to Christianity struck Mr. Chesterton as the strangest of all, because it involves "the one real objection" to the faith. "The one real objection to the Christian religion," he says, "is simply that it is one religion." More specifically he declares:

"The world is a big place, full of very different kinds of people. Christianity (it may reasonably be said) is one thing confined to one kind of people; it began in Palestine, it has practically stopped with Europe. I was duly impressed with this argument in my youth, and I was much drawn towards the doctrine often preached in Ethical societies—I mean the doctrine that there is one great unconscious church of all humanity founded on the omnipresence of the human conscience. Creeds, it was said, divided men; but at least morals united them. The soul might seek the strangest and most remote lands and ages and still find essential ethical common sense. It might find Confucius under Eastern trees, and he would be writing, 'Thou shalt not steal.' It might decipher the darkest hieroglyphic on the most primeval desert, and the meaning when deciphered would be 'Little boys should tell the truth.' I believed this doctrine of the brotherhood of all men in the possession of a moral sense, and I believe it still—with other things. And I was thoroly annoyed with Christianity for suggesting (as I supposed) that whole ages and empires of men had utterly escaped this light of justice and reason. But then I found an astonishing thing. I found that the very people who said that mankind was one church from Plato to Emerson were the very people who said that morality had changed altogether, and that what was right in one age was wrong in another. If I asked, say, for an altar, I was told that we needed none, for men our brothers gave us clear oracles and one creed in their universal customs and ideals. But if I mildly pointed out that one of men's universal customs was to have an altar, then my agnostic teachers turned clean round and told me that men had always been in darkness and the superstitions of savages. I found it was their daily taunt against Christianity that it was the light of one people and had left all others to die in the dark. But I also found it was their special boast for themselves that science and progress were the discovery of one people, and that all other peoples had died in the dark."

The further Mr. Chesterton pursued his inquiries, the more perplexed he became. He found the same contradictory elements running through criticisms of Christianity's attitude toward woman, and through indictments directed against both the pomp and the poverty of the church. He found Christianity accused of restraining sexuality too much, and then of restraining it too little. "I wished to be quite



fair then," he remarks, "and I wish to be quite fair now; and I did not conclude that the attack on Christianity was all wrong. I only concluded that if Christianity was wrong it was very wrong indeed. Such hostile horrors might be combined in one thing, but that thing must be very strange and solitary. There are men who are misers, and also spendthrifts; but they are rare. There are men sensual and also ascetic; but they are rare. But if this mass of mad contradictions really existed, quakerish and blood-thirsty, too gorgeous and too threadbare, austere, yet pandering preposterously to the lust of the eye, the enemy of women and their foolish refuge, a solemn pessimist and a silly optimist, if this evil existed, then there was in this evil something quite supreme and unique."

And then in a quiet hour a strange thought struck Mr. Chesterton, "like a still thunderbolt." There suddenly came into his mind an explanation. "Suppose," he said, "we heard an unknown man spoken of by many men. Suppose we were puzzled to hear that some men said he was too tall and some too short; some objected to his fatness, some lamented his leanness; some thought him too dark, and some too fair." One explanation would be that he might be an odd shape. But there is another explanation:

"He might be the right shape. Outrageously tall men might feel him to be short. Very short men might feel him to be tall. Old bucks who are growing stout might consider him insufficiently filled out; old beaux who were growing thin might feel that he expanded beyond the narrow lines of elegance. Perhaps Swedes (who have pale hair like tow) called him a dark man, while negroes considered him distinctly blonde. Perhaps (in short) this extraordinary thing is really the ordinary thing; at least the normal thing, the centre. Perhaps, after all, it is Christianity that is sane, and all its critics that are mad—in various ways."

Mr. Chesterton tested this idea by asking himself whether there was about any of the accusers anything morbid that might explain the accusation. The question was no sooner raised than it was answered. The fact that Swinburne, for example, was irritated at the unhappiness of Christians and yet more irritated at their happiness was easily explained. It was no longer a complication of diseases in Christianity, but a complication of diseases in Swinburne. The restraints of Christianity saddened him simply because he was more hedonist than a healthy man should be. The faith of Christians angered him because he was more pessimist than a healthy man should

be. And so it was with a multitude of the critics of Christianity.

Nevertheless it could not, Mr. Chesterton felt, be quite true that Christianity was merely sensible and stood for a middle course. There was really an element in it of emphasis and even frenzy which had justified the secularists in their superficial criticism. Somehow it achieved a miraculous result by combining extremes and reducing them to sanity. It embodied something hardly as yet understood or defined by the majority of men—the idea that *we want not an amalgam or compromise, but both things at the top of their energy; love and wrath both burning.* This idea, Mr. Chesterton contends, is illustrated supremely in Christ himself, who "was not a being apart from God and man, like an elf, nor yet a being half human and half not, like a centaur, but both things at once and both things thoroly, very man and very God." Paganism declared that virtue was in a balance. But Christianity "declared it was in a conflict—the collision of two passions apparently opposite."

Mr. Chesterton began to find that this duplex passion was the secret of Christianity's power. Everywhere "the creed made a moderation out of the still crash of two impetuous emotions." He instances the matter of modesty, of the balance between mere pride and mere prostration. Christianity separated the two ideas and then exaggerated them both. In one way man was to be haughtier than he had ever been before; in another way he was to be humbler than he had ever been before. In so far as he is Man he is the chief of creatures; in so far as he is a man he is the chief of sinners.

The complicated problem of charity has been met in the same way. Charity, Mr. Chesterton observes, certainly means one of two things—pardoning unpardonable acts, or loving unlovable people. But where is the dividing line to be drawn? From a common-sense point of view one might argue that there were some people one could forgive, and some one wouldn't; some crimes pardonable, and some not. In so far as the act was pardonable, the man was pardonable. But this attitude, says Mr. Chesterton, "leaves no place for a pure horror of injustice such as that which is a great beauty in the innocent. And it leaves no place for a mere tenderness for men as men, such as is the whole fascination of the charitable. Christianity came in here as before. It came in startlingly with a sword, and clove one thing from another. It divided the crime from the criminal. The criminal

we must forgive unto seventy times seven. The crime we must not forgive at all. . . . We must be much more angry with theft than before, and yet much kinder to thieves than before. There was room for wrath and love to run wild."

The great achievement of Christianity, then, according to Mr. Chesterton's interpretation, was that it established rule and order, and yet left room for good things to run wild. It recognized the primary war between divine and diabolic, while unloosing as pure poetry, like cataracts, the dynamic emotions. To quote again:

"St. Francis, in praising all good, could be a more shouting optimist than Walt Whitman. St. Jerome, in denouncing all evil, could paint the world blacker than Schopenhauer. Both passions were free because both were kept in their place. The optimist could pour out all the praise he liked on the gay music of the march, the golden trumpets, and the purple banners going into battle. But he must not call the fight needless. The pessimist might draw as darkly as he chose the sickening marches or the sanguine wounds. But he must not call the fight hopeless. So it was with all the other moral problems, with pride, with protest, and with compassion. By defining its main doctrine, the Church not only kept seemingly inconsistent things side by side, but, what was more, allowed them to break out in a sort of artistic violence otherwise possible only to anarchists. Meekness grew more dramatic than madness. Historic Christianity rose into a high and strange *coup de théâtre* of morality—things that are to virtue what the crimes of Nero are to vice. The spirits of indignation and of charity took terrible and attractive forms, ranging from that monkish fierceness that scourged like a dog the first and greatest of the Plantagenets, to the sublime pity of St. Catherine, who, in the official shambles, kissed the bloody head of the criminal. Poetry could be acted as well as composed."


Thus, the double charges of the secularists, says Mr. Chesterton, finally, tho throwing nothing but darkness and confusion on themselves, throw a real light on the faith. "It is true," he holds, "that the historic Church has at once emphasized celibacy and emphasized the family; has at once (if one may put it so) been fiercely for having children and fiercely for not having children. It has kept them side by side like two strong colors, red and white, like the red and white upon the shield of St. George. It has always had a healthy hatred of pink. It hates that combination of two colors which is the feeble expedient of the philosophers. It hates that evolution of black into white which is tantamount to a dirty grey." This uncompromising spirit, in Mr. Chesterton's opinion, runs through the

whole history of Christianity, and explains what is so inexplicable to modern critics—the monstrous wars about small points of theology, the earthquakes of emotion about a gesture or a word. "It was only a matter of an inch; but an inch is everything when you are balancing. The church could not afford to swerve a hair's breadth on some things if she was to continue her great and daring experiment of the irregular equilibrium. Once let one idea become less powerful and some other idea would become too powerful. . . . A sentence phrased wrong about the nature of symbolism would have broken all the best statues in Europe. A slip in the definitions might stop all the dances; might wither all the Christmas trees or break all the Easter eggs. Doctrines had to be defined within strict limits, even in order that man might enjoy general human liberties." Mr. Chesterton concludes:

"This is the thrilling romance of Orthodoxy. People have fallen into a foolish habit of speaking of orthodoxy as something heavy, humdrum and safe. There never was anything so perilous or so exciting as orthodoxy. It was sanity; and to be sane is more dramatic than to be mad. It was the equilibrium of a man behind madly rushing horses, seeming to stoop this way and to sway that, yet in every attitude having the grace of statuary and the accuracy of arithmetic. The Church in its early days went fierce and fast with any warhorse; yet it is utterly unhistoric to say that she merely went mad along one idea, like a vulgar fanaticism. She swerved to left and right, so exactly as to avoid enormous obstacles. She left on one hand the huge bulk of Arianism, buttressed by all the worldly powers to make Christianity too worldly. The next instant she was swerving to avoid an orientalism which would have made it too unworldly. The orthodox Church never took the tame course or accepted the conventions; the orthodox Church was never respectable. It would have been easier to have accepted the earthly power of the Arians. It would have been easy, in the Calvinistic seventeenth century, to fall into the bottomless pit of predestination. It is easy to be a madman; it is easy to be a heretic. It is always easy to let the age have its head; the difficult thing is to keep one's own. It is always easy to be a modernist; as it is easy to be a snob. To have fallen into any of those open traps of error and exaggeration which fashion after fashion and sect after sect set along the historic path of Christendom—that would indeed have been simple. It is always simple to fall; there are an infinity of angles at which one falls, only one at which one stands. To have fallen into any one of the fads from Gnosticism to Christian Science would indeed have been obvious and tame. But to have avoided them all has been one whirling adventure; and in my vision the heavenly chariot flies thundering through the ages, the dull heresies sprawling and prostrate, the wild truth reeling but erect."

# Music and the Drama

## "JACK STRAW"—A MERRY FARCE BY A NEW BRITISH DRAMATIST

 GOOD deal has been heard in this country regarding William Somerset Maugham, the brilliant young English author of four successful plays lately acted simultaneously on the stages of four of the leading London theaters. American theatergoers are now afforded an opportunity to form their own impression of one of these plays—"Jack Straw." It is written in a vein of light comedy and makes no pretensions to literary quality. "The name of Maugham," as the New York *Sun* remarks, "will not go thundering down the ages along with Racine, Ibsen, Shaw and Shakespeare.... A new intellect has not arrived on the stage in the person of Mr. Maugham, but a new entertainer has. 'Jack Straw' is a farce. It is merry and delightful."

The hero of the play is something between a butler and an Archduke of Pomerania, and the comic elements of the piece arise from this confusion of identity. In London he was acted by Charles Hawtrey. In New York, where the play is being presented by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theater, he is impersonated by John Drew. The part shows Mr. Drew at his best.

The first act takes place in the lounge and winter garden of a fashionable London hotel. Lady Wanley and her actor-friend Ambrose Holland are shown in conversation at a table. When the waiter appears, Holland says to him, "I seem to know your face; have I seen you anywhere?" then exclaims: "Jack Straw! What on earth are you doing here?" The man replies: "My dear fellow, it is possible to be no less of a philosopher in the uniform of a waiter at the Grand Babylon Hotel than in the gown of a professor at the University of Oxford. I'll attend to your order." As soon as Jack Straw is out of hearing, Holland turns to his companion, who is all curiosity regarding this strange acquaintance.

HOLLAND. I first met him in the States. I was in considerable financial difficulties in those days—it's three or four years ago now—and I got a small part in a traveling company. Jack Straw was a member of it, and we became great friends.

LADY WANLEY. Is that his name?

HOLLAND. So he assures me.

LADY WANLEY. It's very improbable, isn't it?

HOLLAND. Very. I believe Jack Straw was a highwayman, or something like that, and he's given his name to a public house in Hampstead.

LADY WANLEY. He must be an extraordinary man.

HOLLAND. He is. I don't know whether I admire most his self-assurance or his resourcefulness. I spent with him the last two years before my ship came home. We had some pretty rough times together, but he was a pillar of strength.

LADY WANLEY. That sounds quite splendid.

HOLLAND. The worst of living with him was that you had no breathing time. He's a man with an uncontrollable love of adventure.

LADY WANLEY. Who are his people?

HOLLAND. Heaven only knows. I know he isn't English, tho he talks it wonderfully.

LADY WANLEY. Is he by way of being a gentleman?

HOLLAND. I can only tell you that he's thoroly at home in whatever society he finds himself.

LADY WANLEY. I daresay that's not a bad definition of a gentleman.

HOLLAND. He's an extraordinary chap! He's sailed before the mast, been a bar tender in New York, and an engine driver on the Canadian Pacific. And if he's a waiter now, I daresay he'll be an organ-grinder next week and a company promoter the week after.

LADY WANLEY. Here he is with the coffee.

The conversation is interrupted by the entrance of Count Adrian von Bremer, "the Pomeranian ambassador," who gossips pleasantly, and tells an interesting story regarding the mysterious disappearance of a certain Archduke Sebastian, grandson of the Emperor of Pomerania. "He suddenly disappeared four years ago," says the ambassador, "and hasn't been heard of since."

Mrs. Parker-Jennings, a vulgar social climber, is next introduced. She drops her *h's*, but says that, being rich, she can afford to do so. She has a husband, a son Vincent, and a daughter Ethel. Her antics in the hotel soon lead to trouble. Within the space of a comparatively few minutes she manages to snub a young *protégée* of Lady Wanley's, a Mrs. Abbott, and to insult Jack Straw. Lady Wanley, who already dislikes her thoroly, determines to "give her a lesson that she'll never forget." Holland asks: "How?" She proceeds to tell him of her plan.

LADY WANLEY. Don't you remember that story Adrian von Bremer told us about the attache? Let's try it on Mrs. Jennings.

HOLLAND. But—

LADY WANLEY. Oh, don't make any objections. You *must* remember. He introduced his valet to a woman as a foreign nobleman of sorts.

HOLLAND. I'm bound to say I thought it a very silly trick.

LADY WANLEY. I have no patience with you. Think how exactly the punishment fits the crime. What a triumph it would be if we got Mrs. Parker-Jennings to take to her bosom—

HOLLAND. Who?

LADY WANLEY. Your friend the waiter.

HOLLAND. I don't think he'd do it. He's an odd fellow.

LADY WANLEY. Oh, but ask him. There can be no harm in that.

HOLLAND. It's all very well. But one has to consider the possible complications.

LADY WANLEY. There can't be any complications. We only want to punish an insolent snob who's wantonly insulted a woman who never hurt a fly in her life. (*Jack Straw comes up to their table.*)

JACK. Have you done with the Benedictine, sir?

LADY WANLEY. Mr. Straw, will you do something for me?

JACK. Anything in the world, madam.

LADY WANLEY. Mr. Holland tells me you're a man of spirit.

JACK. Pray tell Mr. Holland he's a man of discernment.

LADY WANLEY. Are you ready still for any adventure that comes your way?

JACK. So long as I can do it with clean hands.

LADY WANLEY. Dear me!

JACK. I daresay your ladyship thinks it odd that a waiter should have susceptibilities.

HOLLAND. Let me tell you at once that I highly disapprove of Lady Wanley's idea.

JACK. Then pray let me hear it. You always disapprove of everything that is not hopelessly commonplace.

LADY WANLEY. You told me just now that you were only temporarily engaged here.

JACK. Quite right, madam.

LADY WANLEY. You see those people over there—at the next table—

JACK. The lady was so amiable as to call me a dirty foreigner.

LADY WANLEY. I have a little grudge against them.

JACK. Yes?

LADY WANLEY. I want to introduce you to them as a foreign nobleman.

JACK. (*Giving her a searching look.*) Why?

LADY WANLEY. It would amuse me to see them fawn upon you.

JACK. No, I'm afraid I can't do that.

LADY WANLEY. Then we'll say no more about it.

At this juncture the voice of Mr. Parker-Jennings is heard calling loudly: "Waiter! Waiter!" Jack Straw responds to the call; is insulted anew; is told that the coffee is "like ditch-water," and that if his service is not more satisfactory he will find himself "deco-

rated by the order of the boot." But Ethel, the daughter, takes his part, and says to her father indignantly: "How can you talk like that to a man who can't defend himself? It's so cowardly to insult a servant who daren't answer." As the upshot of the whole episode, Jack Straw returns to Mr. Holland and declares: "I'm willing to do what you asked me to. To tell you the truth," he adds, "I'm perfectly indifferent to the rudeness and the vulgarity of your friends, but I think I should like to know that young lady."

Jack thereupon suggests that he assume the part of the Archduke Sebastian of Pomerania, and that he be introduced to Mrs. Parker-Jennings under this title. "But that's a real person," objects Lady Wanley. "It's because his whereabouts are unknown," replies Jack Straw, "that he's the safest person to choose. . . . The man is notoriously eccentric. . . . You may either take it or leave it. I will be the Archduke Sebastian or nobody."

The plan is carried out. Jack Straw shaves off his whiskers; disguises himself appropriately; and is introduced to the Parker-Jennings family as the far-famed Archduke of Pomerania. He plays the part well, and they make much of him. Mrs. Parker-Jennings determines to organize a huge garden-party in honor of her newly discovered social lion.

The second act takes place in the Parker-Jennings's country home in Cheshire. All is ready for the great fête, to which a Duchess, a Bishop and many local celebrities have been invited. The "Archduke" has already been at the house for several days, revelling in the creature comforts of the place, and his attentions to Ethel have been so marked as to mortally offend Lord Serlo, a previous suitor, and to lead Lady Wanley and Mr. Holland to repent heartily of their practical joke, which they now realize is getting to be rather a serious matter. As the guests are arriving on the day of the fête, Holland has a hurried conference with Lady Wanley. Together they approach the "Archduke," who regards them nonchalantly. They tell him that the joke has gone too far, and beseech him to leave the house and return to London. This he refuses to do. In the midst of the colloquy, Mrs. Parker-Jennings enters.

Mrs. P. J. Oh, your Royal 'Ighness, we've been looking for you everywhere. We couldn't make out what 'ad become of you.

JENNINGS. All the county is there—*creme de la creme*. (*Vincent comes in hurriedly.*)

VINCENT. I say, Mater, what on earth are you doing? Hurry up, the Duchess has just driven



up— Oh, I beg your pardon, sir, I didn't know you were there.

HOLLAND. Vincent, where's your sister? I have something to say that it is necessary for her to hear.

VINCENT. But look here, the Duchess has just—

HOLLAND. Oh, hang the Duchess. Where's Ethel?

VINCENT. She's sitting just outside, talking to Serlo.

HOLLAND. Then call her. *(Vincent goes and calls, beckoning Ethel, then returns.)*

MRS. P. J. *(Looking around with astonishment.)* 'As anything 'appened?

JENNINGS. Your Royal Highness isn't put out about anything?

MRS. P. J. *(Quickly.)* Oh, I 'ope we 'aven't made any *faux pas*.

JACK. Nothing has happened to displease me. I'm in the best possible humor, thank you.

HOLLAND. Mrs. Jennings— *(Addressing himself to the company in general.)* I have something very painful to say, and I don't know how I'm going to make it clear to you.

LADY W. *(To Jack.)* Haven't you changed your mind, sir?

JACK. I'm like an historical character whose name I can't remember at the moment—I never change my mind.

HOLLAND. I'm afraid there's no use in my trying to excuse myself. I had better just tell you everything as shortly as I can.

MRS. P. J. Mr. Holland, don't you think it can wait until later? The Duchess 'as just come, and it'll look so funny if I'm not there to receive her.

JACK. Mr. Holland has a communication to make which cannot fail to interest you.

MRS. P. J. Oh, of course, if it's your Royal 'Ighness's wish—

HOLLAND. I daresay you remember that a fortnight ago we all met at the Grand Babylon Hotel.

MRS. P. J. How could I forget when that was the suspicious occasion of my introduction to his Royal 'Ighness.

HOLLAND. You may remember also that Mr. and Mrs. Abbott were sitting with us on the lounge.

MRS. P. J. I 'ave other things to do than to remember where Mr. and Mrs. Abbott were sitting.

HOLLAND. I daresay you've forgotten that you behaved very cruelly to her. We were all very indignant. We thought it necessary to punish you.

MRS. P. J. Really, Mr. Holland, I don't know who you think you're talking to. *(Enter Ethel and Serlo.)*

HOLLAND. *(Seeing Ethel.)* Ah, there you are. I find it very difficult to say what I have to—I realize now that the whole business has been preposterously silly— *(Mrs. P. J. interrupts.)* I can manage far better if you don't interrupt.

JACK. Please let him go on, Mrs. Jennings.

MRS. P. J. Oh, of course, if your Royal 'Ighness wishes it, I 'ave no more to say.

HOLLAND. It struck me that it would be amusing to pass off a nobody as a person of great consequence. I had just recognized one of the waiters as an old friend of mine. I introduced

him to you as the Archduke Sebastian of Pomerania.

MRS. P. J. What! Then—? *(She is at a loss for words. Serlo goes into a shout of laughter.)*

SERLO. What a sell! By George—what a sell!

MRS. P. J. *(Going up to Jack Straw.)* Do you mean to say you're not—

VINCENT. I thought I knew his face the moment I saw him.

MRS. P. J. Speak, man, speak.

JACK. *(Rises with the greatest urbanity.)* Madam, I stepped out of the uniform of a waiter at the Grand Babylon Hotel into the sober garb of the person you now see before you.

MRS. P. J. Then you're nothing short of an impostor. Oh! Oh! *(Goes up to Jennings.)* Jennings, you're a man—do something!

JENNINGS. And he's been lappin' up my best champagne lunch and dinner for a week.

MRS. P. J. Oh, damn your champagne!

VINCENT. Mater!

MRS. P. J. Oh, you fool, you fool! You've 'ad the education. You've been to Oxford, and we gave you four thousand a year. Didn't you learn enough to tell the difference between an archduke and a waiter?

VINCENT. Serlo didn't spot him.

MRS. P. J. Who's Serlo? Fine marquis he is. Spends all his time with stable boys and barmaids. How do I know he is a marquis?

SERLO. Don't mind me, will you?

MRS. P. J. Is there no one who can do something? And that man stands there as if he didn't care a ball of worsted. Don't you be too sure, my young friend. It's your royal 'Ighness this, and your royal 'Ighness that—and we had to call you "sir"—Waiter, 'alf a pint of bitter, and look sharp about it.

ETHEL. Mother!

MRS. P. J. Oh, don't talk to me! *(Comes to Jack Straw.)* Well, what have you got to say?

JACK. My dear lady, you're so voluble. It would be difficult for me to get a word in edgewise.

MRS. P. J. Well, I'm listening.

JACK. Ah, there you have me, for, in point of fact, I can think of no appropriate observation.

MRS. P. J. And you've been laughing at me all the time, 'ave you—well, you're going to laugh on the other side of your face now, young feller—my-lad.

JACK. I shall be interested to see how one performs that very curious operation.

MRS. P. J. Well, shall I tell you who'll show you?

JACK. Yes, do.

MRS. P. J. The police, my lad, the police! *(Sensation.)*

JACK. I wouldn't send for them if I were you.

MRS. P. J. Wouldn't you?

JACK. I wouldn't, really.

MRS. P. J. Well, I would.

JACK. Don't you think it'll be a little awkward with all these people here?

VINCENT. We can't have a scene now, Mater.

MRS. P. J. D'you mean to say I've got to sit still and lump it?

JACK. If you ask my advice, that is what I should recommend.

JENNINGS. All the county's here, Maria—*creme de la creme*.

MRS. P. J. Oh, I wish they were all dead. I know why they come here. D'you think I don't know that they call me a vulgar old snob behind my back. But they come all the same, because I've got two millions of money. I'm so rich they can't 'elp coming.

JACK. You know, I don't want to seem stuck-up, but, in point of fact, they've come to-day to meet me. Don't you think I'd better go and make myself amiable to them?

HOLLAND. You don't mean to say you're going back to them?

JACK. Why not?

MRS. P. J. 'Ave I got to introduce you to the Duchess?

JACK. I'm afraid she'll make a point of it. Even duchesses have a weakness for royal personages.

MRS. P. J. Heavens! If she ever finds out!

In order to save herself from unendurable humiliation, Mrs. Parker-Jennings consents to countenance, for the time being, the preposterous claims of Jack Straw, and introduces him to her guests as the Archduke of Pomerania. The next morning (at the opening of the third act) we see her unburdening her state of mind in presence of her husband and son. Mr. Parker-Jennings is not so mortified as might be expected, and even puts in a good word for Jack Straw as an "affable" fellow. Mrs. Parker-Jennings can only gasp: "Affable! Wait till I get a word with him." The door opens, and Jack Straw walks in.

JACK. Jolly party you gave yesterday, Mrs. Jennings. It was a great success, wasn't it? (*Turning to Jennings.*) By the way, what was that port we drank last night?

MRS. P. J. (*Rises.*) No you don't, my friend. You may be able to bluff Jennings, but you don't bluff me.

JACK. Bluff? Bluff? I flatter myself on my knowledge of English, but I don't think I've ever come across that word.

MRS. P. J. Haven't you? Perhaps you 'aven't come across the word skilly either? But unless you look out you'll know what it is before you want to.

JACK. You talk in riddles, dear lady. I always think it a fatiguing habit.

MRS. P. J. Oh, I'll make myself clear. Don't you 'ave any fear about that?

JACK. (*Sitting down lazily in arm chair.*) I always think the interval between breakfast and luncheon in a country house one of the most agreeable moments of the day.

MRS. P. J. See that there's no one about, Vincent.

JACK. (*Looking at him blandly.*) You have all the airs of a conspirator in a romantic play, my friend. You only want a false beard and some blue spectacles to make the picture perfect.

VINCENT. It's all right, Mater.

MRS. P. J. Now then, you listen to me, young man.

JACK. You flatter me, madam.

MRS. P. J. We've talked it over, my 'usband

and me, and we're no fools, whatever you may think. You richly deserve to be 'anded over to the police.

JACK. One moment. To which character are you now addressing yourself—to the Archduke Sebastian or to the waiter from the Grand Babylon Hotel?

MRS. P. J. Oh, if you don't take care, I'll give you such a box on the ears!

JACK. You certainly wouldn't do that to a Royal personage, would you? You must be concerned for the moment with Jack Straw.

MRS. P. J. It may surprise you, but I 'ave been for the last 'alf hour.

JACK. I *thought* your manner had been a little abrupt.

MRS. P. J. I was saying that you richly deserve to be 'anded over to the police.

JACK. There may be two opinions on that question, but we will let it pass.

MRS. P. J. But we don't want a scandal.

JACK. One has to be so careful in the Smart Set, hasn't one?

MRS. P. J. And we're willing to let you go. Your luggage shall be packed, the motor shall take you to the station.

VINCENT. Mother, we shall all have to see him off, or it'll look so fishy.

MRS. P. J. Oh, we'll see him off. Anything to get rid of 'im safely. There's a train in an hour from now. And I 'ave only one piece of advice to you, and that is to take the chance while you've got it.

JACK. It's very kind of you, but I'm extremely comfortable here.

MRS. P. J. You make me laugh.

JACK. I always think it hard that it should be so difficult to make people do that when you're trying to be funny and so easy when you're trying to be serious.

MRS. P. J. You don't want me to tell my footman to—

JACK. My dear lady, let us keep perfectly calm. It would become neither of us to lose our tempers.

MRS. P. J. Do you mean to say you won't go?

JACK. You put it in such a brutal way. Let us say rather that I cannot tear myself away from your hospitable roof.

MRS. P. J. (*Hysterically.*) Ha! And how long do you propose to give us the honor of your company?

JACK. Well, I really haven't quite made up my mind. I'm proposing to await developments.

MRS. P. J. Send for the police, Robert. I won't put up with it.

VINCENT. You know, mother—

MRS. P. J. Hold your tongue, Vincent. (*Vincent retreats, and she goes up to Jack.*) Oh, my friend, I'm sorry for you. Those nice white 'ands of yours will look pretty after they've been picking oakum for six months.

JACK. I had an idea that had been abolished in England.

MRS. P. J. Oh, no, I think not.

JACK. Ah, perhaps it was the treadmill I was thinking of.

MRS. P. J. Well, Vincent, 'ow much longer are you going to stand there like a stuffed owl? (*Vincent sinks on settee.*)

JACK. Do my eyes deceive me, or is that a local paper that I see? (*He takes it from Vin-*

cent.) Ah, I thought it would have an account of your garden party. Two columns of it, by Jove! You must wish you hadn't asked quite so many people. (*Reading.*) The Duchess of St. Olpherts, the Marchioness of Mereston, the Marquis of Mereston, Lord and Lady Hollington, Viscount Parnaby—dear me, how smart!—and Lady Wanley, Mr. and Mrs. Lamberville, the Bishop of Sheffield and the Honorable Mrs. Spratte—I say, won't your humbler friends grind their teeth with envy! But doesn't it say anything about me? Here it is: "The Archduke Sebastian looked every inch a prince." I said so. "His Royal Highness enchanted everyone by the grace of his bearing and the charm of his imperial personality." Blood will tell.

MRS. P. J. (*To Jennings.*) Robert! Are you going to stand there and let this man insult me? (*Jennings quietly goes to arm chair and sits.*)

JACK. (*Blandly.*) And what do you imagine all these noble and distinguished persons will think when they read in the next number of the local paper that the royal personage whose hand they were so pleased to shake—I did my duty like a hero, didn't I?—was serving coffee and liqueurs a fortnight ago in the Grand Babylon Hotel?

MRS. P. J. (*Goes up to Jack.*) Oh, be quiet—

JACK. I can hear a titter rising softly in the village, with the doctor and the parson and the solicitor, whom you did not ask to your party, and I can hear it increase to a ripple of laughter as the story spreads through Cheshire. I can hear a Homeric peal as it travels from county to county. It's a great guffaw in Manchester and Liverpool, and the cities of the north, and already I hear the deep laughter of Bristol and Plymouth and the West. And when it comes to London—you know how things go in London, it's so large that it takes a little time really to get hold of anything; but when at last it comes, can't you see the huge city holding its aching sides and bellowing with laughter? But I'll tell you who won't see the joke—(*taking up paper and reading*)—Oh, they'll laugh very much on the wrong side of their mouths, the Duchess of St. Olpherts, the Marchioness of Mereston, and my Lady Hollington and my Lord Parnaby, and the Right Reverend the Bishop of Sheffield, and the Honorable Mrs. Spratte.

MRS. P. J. Oh!

JACK. I can see you flying before the laughter, like three tremulous leaves before the wind, and the laughter will pursue you to Paris, where they'll make little songs about you on the boulevards, and the Riviera, where they'll sell your photographs on picture postcards. I can see you fleeing across the Atlantic to hide your heads in the immensity of America, and there the yellow press, pea-green with frenzy, will pile column of ridicule upon column of invective. Oh, my dear lady, do you think it isn't worth while to endure six months' hard labor to amuse the world so profoundly?

(*There is a silence. Jennings takes out his handkerchief, makes it into a ball and mops his forehead. Vincent, noticing him, does the same. Mrs. P. J. gives the two a glance, sees what they're doing, takes out her handkerchief, makes it into a ball, and slowly mops her forehead.*)

JENNINGS. It's no good, Maria, we can't give him in charge.

MRS. P. J. Tell me something I don't know. We're in the man's hands, and he knows it.

JACK. (*With an amiable smile.*) I thought you would come to see the situation from my point of view.

Mrs. Parker-Jennings is in despair. "I'm beginning to think," she wofully exclaims, "we shall never get rid of him. I feel that he'll stay on here always. I can see him growing old under this roof, eating my food and drinking my wine, and sending in his tailor's bill for Jennings to pay." She appeals to Lady Wanley and Holland, but they can do nothing to help her. She talks over the situation with Ethel and Lord Serlo, but no one can think of any way out of the difficulty. Jack Straw requests a private conversation with Ethel. All leave the room except Lord Serlo. Ethel says: "I should much prefer Lord Serlo to stay here." Then, in a clever final scene, the whole tangle is straightened out:

JACK. (*To Ethel.*) Won't you hear what I've got to say for myself. You don't think I care twopence about their practical joke. I came here because it was my only chance of seeing you.

ETHEL. What you've done fills me with horror and disgust.

JACK. Didn't you see from the first minute that I was desperately in love with you?

SERLO. I say, this is very awkward for me!

JACK. You told me not to bother about your feelings.

ETHEL. (*Unable to prevent a laugh.*) You know, you're too absurd. I know I ought to be very angry with you, but I can't.

JACK. Do you remember what you said to me yesterday?

ETHEL. No.

JACK. Then I'll remind you. You asked me to go away—because I was an archduke. Do you still want me to go, because I'm only a waiter?

ETHEL. I might have known that you were laughing at me all the time.

JACK. You know if I had been an archduke and disguised myself as a waiter in order to be by your side, you'd have thought it very romantic. Why should it shock you when it is a waiter who for the same reason assumes the royal personage?

ETHEL. If you can't see the difference it is useless for me to tell you.

JACK. Won't you marry me, Ethel?

SERLO. I say—look here, I've got a good mind to kick you out of the house.

JACK. Have you? In that case I can only congratulate myself that I'm the champion amateur boxer of Pomerania!

SERLO. That complicates matters a bit, don't it?

JACK. Upon my soul, I've never made a proposal of marriage under such embarrassing circumstances. (*To Ethel.*) Now, my dear, don't be unreasonable. You practically refused me yesterday because I was an archduke. You're not going to refuse now because I'm nobody in particular?

ETHEL. (*Frigidly.*) And can you give me any reason why I should accept you?

JACK. Well, it may have escaped your notice, but there's the very good reason that you're just as much in love with me as I am with you.

ETHEL. I?

JACK. Can you honestly deny it?

ETHEL. Certainly.

JACK. I'm sure your mamma wouldn't like you to tell such fibs.

ETHEL. (*Rises.*) Oh, you are too exasperating. I wish I could make you really angry.

JACK. Of course, if you really want me to, I'll tear my hair out in handfuls, but it won't be becoming. (*Enter Holland. Also Mrs. P. J., much agitated, and Jennings.*)

HOLLAND. I say, Jack, look out!

JACK. What's the matter?

MRS. P. J. The game's up. It's too late now to do anything.

HOLLAND. Von Bremer has come again.

JENNINGS. And he's got some one with him in the motor who looks suspiciously like a policeman in plain clothes. (*He and Holland watch outside.*)

MRS. P. J. What's to be done? For 'eaven's sake, don't stand there grinning like a Cheshire cat. (*Enter Vincent.*)

ETHEL. He won't be arrested?

MRS. P. J. Well?

VINCENT. Lady Wanley's talking to him. She'll detain him as long as she can.

MRS. P. J. Blessings on her! I'll forgive 'er everything.

ETHEL. Oh, please go while you have a chance. I couldn't bear to see you arrested.

JACK. Why would you care?

MRS. P. J. Now, look here, you've played a nasty trick on me, but you've got the cheek of the devil! I don't want you to get into trouble. I don't know what there is about you, but I can't 'elp liking you.

JACK. Madam, only the importunate presence of your lord and master prevents me from hurling myself at your feet.

MRS. P. J. Oh, don't talk stuff. I want to 'elp you to get away.

JACK. (*With a dramatic flourish.*) Madam, my mother's only son has never fled before a foe. *J'y suis—J'y reste.*

MRS. P. J. I'm not thinking of myself now. If there is a scandal I'm rich enough to make people forget it.

SERLO. I say, you'd better hook it. England's no place for you just now.

ETHEL. (*In an undertone.*) If you care for me at all, don't run this horrible risk.

JACK. If you were only pressing me to stay, this unanimity would be extremely flattering.

MRS. P. J. The man's mad! The man's as mad as a March 'are!

JACK. I feel like a cabinet minister; I shan't go till I'm turned out.

JENNINGS. Look out! (*They all stop for a moment in a state of breathless expectation. Lady Wanley comes in with a Mrs. Withers. She starts as she sees Jack Straw.*)

LADY W. Oh, I thought you'd gone. (*Mrs. Withers is immediately followed by Von Bremer. Jack Straw goes up to him very cordially.*)

JACK. No! Why! Ah, my dear friend, I've been expecting you all the morning. (*They all start. As the scene proceeds there is in everyone increasing astonishment and perplexity.*)

VON B. I couldn't come before. I have only just received the answer to my telegram.

JACK. Have you good news for me?

VON B. The best. The Emperor agrees to all your wishes.

JACK. Bless his old head.

VON B. His Majesty is all eagerness to see you again. He is expecting a letter from you by every post. (*Jack points to Ethel.*) Madam, I am commanded by my august master to offer you his most cordial greeting.

ETHEL. Me?

MRS. P. J. I don't know if I'm standing on my 'ead or my 'eels.

JACK. Then nothing remains but for me to make my declaration in due form. Mr. Jennings, I have my grandfather's permission to ask you for your daughter's hand in marriage.

MRS. P. J. (*Breaking out.*) But the man's an impostor. He's no more the Archduke Sebastian than I am.

MRS. WITHERS. What do you mean?

MRS. P. J. They got one of the waiters from the 'otel to dress up like a gentleman, and they introduced him as the Archduke Sebastian.

MRS. W. (*Pointing to Jack.*) That?

MRS. P. J. Yes, that. He's a waiter, that's what he is, and for the last week I've been making a perfect fool of myself over 'im.

VON B. (*Much mystified.*) But—I don't understand. I've known the Archduke Sebastian since he was born. I know him as well as my own son.

MRS. P. J. D'you mean to say he really is the archduke?

VON B. Of course he is. (*Mrs. P. J. flops on settee.*)

JACK. Perhaps you will allow me to explain. Four years ago I fell desperately in love with a lady whose specialty it was to kick higher than anyone else in the world. She could kick a tall man's hat off his head with such grace and agility that I asked her to marry me. My grandfather refused his consent, and the lady was hurried over the frontier. (*With a glance at Ethel.*) I was a romantic dog myself in those days, and I followed her, only to find that she had already three more or less lawful husbands. The sight of them, and the conviction that her peculiar talent would not greatly add to the felicity of domestic life, cured me of my passion. But the world did seem a bit hollow and empty, and I thought I'd see how it looked from the point of view of a man who had nothing but his wits to live on. After trying it—I—tell you frankly that I much prefer living on the Pomeranian taxpayer. When you saw me at the Grand Babylon Hotel, I was preparing to return to the bosom of my family, but I saw this young lady, and, the chance offering, decided to come down here. It was not unnatural that when I was asked to assume a grandiloquent name, I should assume my own. Yesterday when I met Count Von Bremer I begged him to wire to the Emperor, asking for his consent to my marriage with Miss Ethel Jennings.

VON B. I have only to add that His Majesty, delighted with the prospect of seeing once more his favorite grandson, has gladly given his consent.

MRS. P. J. And when I think of all the things I've called you these last twenty-four hours—



JACK. They went in at the ear of a waiter, madam, and slipped out at that of an archduke. (*He goes to Ethel.*) And now it only rests with you to give peace to an aged Emperor, delight to seventy-nine archdukes, and happiness to your unworthy servant.

LADY W. For Heaven's sake accept him. It's not safe to let a man like that go about loose.

ETHEL. If I really were the romantic creature you say I am, I'd be very dignified and refuse

to have anything to do with you at all.

JACK. But you won't, will you?

ETHEL. (*With a smile.*) No!

JACK. Bless you! I'd throw myself down on the floor and implore you to walk on me, only I'm convinced you'd take me at my word.

Mrs. P. J. (*With immense satisfaction.*) You can't deceive a mother. I knew he was an archduke all the time!

CURTAIN.

## STEPHEN PHILLIPS'S BOX OFFICE VERSION OF "FAUST"

AT THE request of Beerbohm Tree, the well known English actor-manager, Mr. Stephen Phillips has lately prepared a stage version of Goethe's "Faust." In this he has had the help of J. Comyns Carr, one of Henry Irving's aides. The result of the triple collaboration, as might have been anticipated, is a hybrid product, and the literary features of the new "arrangement" are treated by most of the London critics with an irony bordering on actual scorn. Viewed from the point of view of melodrama, the play is doubtless a great success. Mr. Tree himself takes the part of Mephistopheles, and his impersonations are always vigorous and thrilling. But from the point of view of literature, remarks Owen Stair, in *The Outlook*, the drama is "a commonplace love-tragedy, with supernatural trimmings, couched in indifferent verse. Let it be offered," he continues, "on its merits. Do not let the world be told—as it is told—that this is 'doing justice to the mighty theme' of Goethe's 'Faust'—unless we want to give Germany a *casus belli*."

The "merits" of the play, apart from Beerbohm Tree's virile acting, are felt to lie largely in its weird setting. *The Times*, for instance, speaks of "strange, vague shapes" and of " unearthly sounds—half-whisper, half-hissing—chilling the blood like the dull animal sounds made by the insane"; and *The Standard* says:

"The scenes of Hell—the Witch's Kitchen and the Brocken—are superbly horrible, and will bear no small share in the attraction the production will have for the public. The dim shadows of the tortured apes, the awful forms writhing and shrieking in agony, the gray embodiment of lost souls floating through the air, the nerve-tearing cackle of toneless laughter echoing through space, the mountains crumbling and the falling rocks, the deafening thunder and the flash of light—these pictures of Hades are as imaginative as they are awful, as fascinating as they are hideous."

But some of the critics scoff even at the scenic side of the production. A sarcastic writer in *The Academy* declares that the new "Faust" may be summed up as "a somewhat rickety melodrama wrapped, as it were, in the hide of a gorgeous pantomime." He goes on to comment:

"The thing daunts and frights one, because in effect it amounts to an admission on the part of an actor-manager of standing in his profession that the only hope for the drama lies in the paint-pot and the flying wire and the electrical effect. . . . We begin with angels possessed of enormous cardboard wings and perched on cardboard clouds. To them enters Mr. Tree—slowly out of the trap—clothed in the traditional habiliments of the Prince of Darkness. There is some thunder and sunrise, and you tremble for angels and devil alike lest anything might give way. After a good set of pantomime scenes, 'Faust's house' and 'the garden of Margaret's mother,' and so forth, you are whisked off to a witches' kitchen, also redolent of pantomime, and, ultimately, you find yourself in the company of many wailing souls on a mammoth Brocken, with real steam and more thunder at discretion; whereas in the last act you have the same angels with cardboard wings, shining beautifully on the same cardboard clouds and arguing prettily with the same Prince of Darkness."

The play has been issued in book form,\* and has proved almost uniformly disappointing to reviewers on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Walter P. Eaton points out (in the *New York Sun*) that certain passages in the new version are lifted bodily from Bayard Taylor, and he quotes lines that seem to him "unforgivable." There are redeeming features, he admits. "It maintains, so far as space permits, the integrity of Goethe's central idea, tho it has to draw on the second part of the original work in an epilog to do it, and it orders the action on the whole skilfully and

\*FAUST. FREELY ADAPTED FROM GOETHE'S DRAMATIC POEM. By Stephen Phillips and J. Comyns Carr. The Macmillan Company.

swiftly and clearly, with tragic intensity. It is no mere operatic libretto; it is a play, a poetic play, a tragic play. Stage versions of 'Faust' in English have been seen before now that achieved far less." But nevertheless, says Mr. Eaton, the version, at its best, can only be regarded as "poetic journeymen's work." He writes further:

"More than a decade ago G. B. S. wrote of Mr. Carr after Irving had produced his 'King Arthur' (with the Burne-Jones black armor and the close cropped hair), 'in poetry Mr. Comyns Carr is frankly a jobber and nothing else.' A little later Stephen Phillips burst upon the literary world with 'Christ in Hades,' 'Marpessa,' 'The Wife,' and other poems. Then came his 'Paolo and Francesca.' Nobody spoke of him as a jobber. *The Spectator* spoke of 'the veritable gold of song.' Churton Collins spoke of 'his kinship with the aristocrats of his art; with Sophocles and with Dante.' William Archer wrote of 'Paolo and Francesca,' 'Sardou could not have ordered the action more skilfully, Tennyson could not have clothed the passion in words of purer loveliness.' And there were volumes more in similar exalting vein. The chorus of praise was almost universal. Yet after a decade has passed, lo! Mr. Phillips is collaborating with Comyns

Carr in a piece of poetic jobbery. 'Herod,' 'Ulysses,' 'Nero,' 'The Sin of David,' each less inspired and inspiring than the one before, brings the list of his plays down to the present work and find him patching up episodes out of another man's masterpiece into a vehicle for a popular actor; which isn't exactly what Emerson means by 'hitch your wagon to a star.' It is surely as sad an example as literature offers of a bright light that failed, of brilliant promise unfulfilled. 'Tennyson could not have clothed the passion in words of purer loveliness,' so William Archer wrote of 'Paolo and Francesca.' Can we not see now that it was Tennyson who clothed the passion in these lovely words? We made the mistake of taking an echo for a new, authentic voice."

Mr. Walter Clayton, in *The Forum*, strikes the same note:

"Instead of fulfilling the high promise of his youth, he has dropped downward lazily from year to year. His later plays have been more and more disappointing; his later poems have been merely imitations of his young inspiring productions. Now at last he gives us merely a condensed paraphrase of a great work, written with none of his original reverberating eloquence; he takes his money from the actor-manager, and asks us not to care."

## A WIZARD OF THE VIOLIN

HERE were giants in the land when Joachim and Sarasate were alive. Now, alas! those days are gone," exclaims one critic, apropos of Sarasate's death at Biarritz a few days ago. In truth, it will be difficult, if not impossible, to fill the places of either of these masters of the violin. Ysaye, Kreisler, Kubelik are with us still, but none of the three measures up to the standard set by Joachim and Sarasate.

If Joachim was the high-priest of his art, Sarasate was its wizard. The German was a monument of devotion to austere and classical standards; the Spaniard was all fire and magic. In the famous Whistler portrait of Sarasate, in Pittsburg, the violinist is shown emerging, phantom-like, from a shadowy background. His fiddle-bow resembles a wand of magic, and he has the air of a magician of poetic legend who has chosen to exercise his powers through the violin. That was the true Sarasate.

An eloquent and poetic tribute to "the magical Sarasate," from the pen of H. T. Parker, of the *Boston Transcript*, attributes his peculiar power to the commingling in his temperament of Spanish blood and French mus-

ical training. He entered the Paris Conservatoire at the age of twelve, and lived in Paris during the greater part of his life. Mr. Parker says:

"Sarasate was French in the finest sense of the word when it is applied to artistry, in the singular poise of his playing. He knew his limitations; he kept unobtrusively within them; and all that he did, until the decline of his later years began, he did with a complete and beautiful felicity. He avoided shortcoming; he fled from excess; he shunned obtrusion. Technically, his playing was full of delicate perfections. Yet his hearers perceived them oftenest in after-thought of the charm that they had imparted. The tone that he drew from his violin had the purity, the edgelessness, the jointlessness, the disembodied and haunting quality that has its nearest analogue in these days in Mr. Kubelik's. There was the aroma of magic in it, and a curious flavor of intimacy. It had its suggestion of the secrets of the violin, penetrating the violinist and so his hearers. This Gallic poise ordered this Gallic charm. It saved Sarasate's playing from any trace of littleness, of affectation, of pretty sweetness. It gave him as well his sense of elegance, of fitness, of style. He seldom fell away into sluggishness or carelessness, even when the mood was least upon him; he loved his polished felicities; he blended at his best the manner of saying with the thing to be said, until the musical matter and the musical utterance were fused, in some wonderful fashion, into a single speech."

"His tec  
this same



SARASATE IN HIS PRIME

"His technical perfections," says one critic, "had the ease, the subtlety, the completeness of a spell. His tone had this same magic. It came; it went; and the air closed again upon all but the haunting memory of it."

Sarasate's Spanish inheritance was equally important as an influence in shaping his gift. To quote again:

"When he came to his audience, there was a queer suggestion of aloofness, almost of disdain, in him. Why should a Spaniard, he seemed to be saying to himself, make music for miscellaneous companies in the four corners of the world, and why in the making should he lay bare some of the secrets of his own mind and his own spirit? Joachim used to approach his music a little reverentially. To the bottom of his heart and soul he believed in his Bach, his Brahms, his Beethoven. Sarasate seemed to approach his, tho it was often a humbler stuff, a little loftily. Fortunate this Raff that he, Pablo Martin Meliton de Sarasate y Navascues Sarasate and a master of the violin withal, was to give this Bavarian commonplace grace and charm. Fortunate this Bruch that he was to put life and fire into his academic virtuoso pieces. Happy this Anton Dvorák, Bohemian peasant with an aptitude for music, that a violinist who could divine the gypsy moods of elation or sadness or tenderness in his dances, was to play them. Lucky this Lalo, that Sarasate's polish and charm was to be wedded to the Spanish shimmer of his concert piece. And Sarasate had lived too long in Paris not to be sceptical of all things. Was it really worth while—the music, the violin, the artistry and the toil that had brought it? But he forgot to doubt when he was pursuing the perfections of all three.


"His brilliancy, too, when he was decorating virtuoso pieces on his own dances with the tracery or the depth of his tone had its suggestion of the lace that shines on the velvet of Spanish breeches or against the silk of Spanish jackets."

Thus Spain gave him the fire of his rhythm and France made it delicate; Spain gave him

a kind of proud tenderness for the minor moods and the melancholy reveries of music, while France taught him the value of artistic self-restraint. "It was the tenderness, too," remarks Mr. Parker, "of a man who sees and feels life with a gentle humor. He could have played that strange and haunting Humoresque of Dvorak—poet not peasant now—as even Mr. Kreisler cannot play it." The Boston writer concludes:

"Yet the sense of magic that Sarasate and his playing gave and gave to the end, abides above all other impressions. In Berlin and in Vienna last winter, reviewers and audiences were severe with him. They spoke and they wrote freely of his declining or his stiffening powers. Yet the hands, which were like no other violinist's hands in their insistent and almost uncanny suggestion, still wove their spell of charm and fineness. He talked across a Parisian dinner table as a man of the world among his kind. Yet next day, across the Salle Erard or the Salle Pleyel, his neighbors saw and felt him come still, light and phantom-like to the stage. His older friends told often the tale of the years of endless toil and seclusion, of depression and elation, in which he had wrought his technical perfections and then polished them. Yet before an audience they had the ease, the subtlety, the completeness of a spell. His tone had this same magic. There was the quality of breath in it. It came; it went; and the air closed again upon all but the haunting memory of it. And when he played music that asked unusual warmth or depth of feeling, the aroma of mystery still hung about him. The emotions seemed transparent enough. But were they really Sarasate's or some spell that he evoked from the music while he himself stood apart, Spanish-wise, a little proud of his powers, and yet tender with them?"

## A NEW POETIC DRAMATIST WITH A MISSION

 ONE of the most striking and individual plays of the opening dramatic season in New York is "Mater," by Percy MacKaye, and the author is everywhere hailed as a man of large potentialities. In a newspaper interview, Mr. MacKaye has lately compressed his artistic philosophy into a nutshell: "Write that which you feel, that which you see—not as others would have you see it, or as others have felt it for you, but let it be a record of your own impression, an idea born in you, and not made to order." His own career admirably illustrates the dictum.

Altho a comparatively young man, Mr. MacKaye already has six plays to his credit, and they are all plays of quality. His earliest effort, "The Canterbury Pilgrims," evoked the enthu-

siastic interest of E. H. Sothorn, who at first thought of appearing in the drama in the part of Chaucer, but who later was reluctantly compelled to give up the idea. Mr. MacKaye's next two plays, "Fenris the Wolf" and "The Scarecrow," show poetic imagination of a high order. "Fenris" is based on the Anglo-Saxon Beowulf; "The Scarecrow" on Nathaniel Hawthorne's sketch, "Feathertop." Both have been published in book form, as have all Mr. MacKaye's plays. "The Scarecrow" was rejected by Sothorn, twice considered and then refused by Mansfield, and finally accepted but never produced by Mr. Hackett. Mr. MacKaye achieved his first stage success with "Jeanne d'Arc," which was magnificently produced by Sothorn and Marlowe, and met with favor in many American cities. Having writ-



ten on English, American and French themes, Mr. MacKaye turned to Greece for his fifth subject. "Sappho and Phaon" was presented in New York last year with Bertha Kalich in the title rôle. It was a literary but not a popular success.

Now we have "Mater," a play entirely different from any that Mr. MacKaye has hitherto written. It deals with the America of today, and seems to show the influence of Barrie and Bernard Shaw. "Mr. MacKaye as prose artist," says the New York *Sun*, "has struck a new note on our stage, a note closer to Barrie's, perhaps, than to any other's." The New York *Times* is equally enthusiastic. "Mater," it declares, "reveals Mr. MacKaye as a sort of J. M. Barrie and Bernard Shaw rolled into one. He has the whimsicality of the former, combined with the delightful irresponsibility of the other."

One of the most interesting interpretations of the play appears in *Town Topics*:

"We have known Percy MacKaye as a poet of fine imagination; in his 'Mater,' at the Savoy Theatre, besides being a poet in prose, he adds the surprise of a delicious vein of humor. It is of a kind so audaciously whimsical, here so rompingly irresponsible and now so delicate and tender, that for a parallel to it one thinks of Barrie and Lewis Carroll. Yet MacKaye's brand is his own, and no less unique is the use to which he has put it. For this lovable capriciousness that by turns skims the surface of comedy, splashes in farcicality, dips into drama, and plays ducks and drakes with philosophy and classical allusion, until the whole fabric of fancy glitters 'like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid,' veils elusively a serious problem. One is loth to submit it to analysis, and only ventures to do so because the author clearly invites the attempt. He calls his play 'An American Study in Comedy.'

"Its foundation, in fact, is the study of certain phases of temperament or elements of character that are living forces in the social and political life of America to-day. Stripped of imagery, they are idealism, practicalness, crudeness and the saving grace of humor. Practicalness is represented in the Hon. Arthur Cullen, a politician who plays the game without scruples; 'a good mixer,' whose innate vulgarity is just not quite concealed under a veneer of agreeable manners. Idealism is pictured in the portrait of a deceased senator that hangs above the mantelpiece in the Dean home; and in the living persons of his twin children, Michael and Mary Dean. Inspired by ideals inherited from their father, the girl is a settlement-worker, the young man a reformer who is running for the Legislature on an independent platform of his own theories and dreams. Mary has a lover, a cub of a youth, who is the personification of rawness and crudeness. The problem is to assimilate these antagonistic elements, crudeness, idealism and practicalness, and the solvent needed to accomplish it is humor.

"For Mater, the mother of the serious twins, is



PERCY MACKAYE


Whose "Mater" is characterized as "the most curious, the strongest, the most debatable play" of the opening dramatic season

humor incarnated, an embodiment of the idea that 'the test of love and the best of love is laughter.' She looks like the sister of her children, but in spirit is younger than they ever will be, a creature that can never grow old. . . . She is a new creation; a distillation of the fragrance and the sanity and the youth of humor, embodied in human form. She is veritably the muse of American comedy; not, however, a colorless personification cribbed from a Grecian vase, but a creature of our own day and country; born on American soil, bred of American conditions, instinct with the genius of America. She is the nation's *Alma Mater*."

By no means all of the metropolitan critics are as favorable to the play as those quoted. Alan Dale, in *The American*, finds in it "hashed-up poesy, high-falutin' sentiment, declamatory eloquence, farce, melodrama, politics, classics"; and Louis De Foe, in *The World*, argues that it is "Barrie fantasy, but without Barrie's sure insight into the tender spots of human nature; Shaw satire, but without Shaw's whimsical cynicism." Yet all agree that Percy MacKaye is a vital personality. As Walter P. Eaton, in *The Sun*, puts it:

"Find what fault you will with 'Mater,' it has one supreme merit that no criticism can take away and only the most callous observer can fail to detect, to enjoy. It reveals a fresh, a winning, a poetic personality. We may talk till our throats are sore about 'detached points of view' and 'impartial observation,' but what ultimately wins and holds us is personality."

## AN ATTEMPT TO "AWAKEN AN ART THAT HAS SLEPT FOR TWO THOUSAND YEARS"

NE night when Isadora Duncan, the great *danseuse*, was dancing in London, Ellen Terry, who was watching the performance for the first time, suddenly sprang to her feet, turned around to the audience, and exclaimed with dramatic earnestness: "Do you realize what you are looking at? Do you understand that this is the most incomparably beautiful dancing in the world? Do you appreciate what this woman is doing for you—bringing back the lost beauty of the old world of art?"

This spontaneous tribute is typical of the kind of enthusiasm Miss Duncan awakens everywhere. When she danced in Paris not long ago, "the great artists and poets," so we are told, "unafraid of tears, wept and congratulated each other for such rare joy." In St. Petersburg and in Berlin, where her art is firmly rooted, the connoisseurs have "gone wild" over her. Even in America, where dancing of Isadora Duncan's kind is as yet but little understood or appreciated, there are signs of growing interest. This interest has been quickened by Miss Duncan's present visit, after an absence of ten years.

In a charming article in *The Craftsman*, Mary Carman Roberts writes of Miss Duncan's recent appearances in a New York theatre as follows:

"It is far back, deep down the centuries, that one's spirit passes when Isadora Duncan dances; back to the very morning of the world, when the greatness of the soul found free expression in the beauty of the body; when rhythm of motion corresponded with rhythm of sound; when the movements of the human body were one with the wind and the sea; when the gesture of a woman's arm was as the unfolding of a rose petal—the pressure of her foot upon the sod as the drifting of a leaf to earth."

"Such dancing as this is at its best out in the sunlight, with harp and flute and woodwind strains; yet so great is the magic of Isadora Duncan's dancing that, even in a modern theatre, she makes you forget that you are hedged in by foolish walls, and with music and motion she carries you with her back to wild woods and the god Pan, with his flute and dancing nymphs mad with the sun and the wind and love."

Proceeding to a definite description of Isadora Duncan's art, Mrs. Roberts says:

"From the moment the orchestra begins and the folds of a green curtain part and a figure clad in gauze of a sunlit hue or the gray of

moonbeams or the azure of pale dawn blows past a background that gives the effect of a soft pale cloud-bank, 'the dull thoughts of to-day' drop away and the vision is filled with the great, majestic, simple beauty of the dawn of years. If the Winged Victory could sway and bend from her high pedestal in the Louvre, the motion would be surely the same as that which Miss Duncan shows us in the series of dances picturing 'Iphigenie in Aulide,' which she has created for the music of Glück. And though Greek in effect, because we are accustomed to think of the most perfect dancing as Greek, and because there is no lovely frieze of pagan Athens that is not recalled, it is truly the natural dance of the world. There is such abundance and splendor of beauty in each different movement that the fecund strength of Earth herself, the worship of all gods, the gentle joy of all childish hearts, the glad welcome of all lovers is there. Your heart beats and your eyes are moist, and you know that such perfect moments are years apart, even in happy lives. It is most extraordinary—the impression this woman leaves with you even when the dance is over and the stage empty! You fancy a blue dome arching overhead, with glimmering stars to catch her eyes and sweet winds blowing all her draperies and flowers growing thickly for so light a foot to tread.

"You do not recall a single 'step' of all the dancing, for this woman of the hilltops has no practiced 'stunt' to remember and repeat. And there are no imitators of Isadora Duncan, because, as yet, there have been no other women to give their whole lives to seeing clearly what beauty means, to seeking it sincerely, to giving up all that is not in harmony with Nature's simple, perfect ways. Miss Duncan dances as she feels, and so to imitate her dancing would necessitate first of all the work and study that would enable one to acquire her quality of calm lucid thought and serene spirit."

In addition to her program founded on "Iphigenie in Aulide," Miss Duncan is appearing in a unique and poetic interpretation of Beethoven's Symphony in F—a composition of which Wagner himself once said, "It is the apotheosis of dance." Music plays a dominant part in all Miss Duncan's work, and her elusive creed receives one of its clearest expositions in the words of her speech at the end of the last evening of her New York performances. After thanking the orchestra and its leader, Gustav Saenger, in heartfelt tones for its able and sympathetic co-operation, Miss Duncan spoke further:

"Music touches the heart, makes it vibrate with emotion. The dance is only at its beginning, in its infancy. Music is like a great strong goddess which leads the dance by the hand like a little child. Its rhythm, its soul, its harmony is life itself."



ISADORA DUNCAN

The great *danseuse* whose art has been rapturously greeted in London, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg and New York


"Plato in his 'Republic' recognized that music is life and beauty. The study of music was one of the laws of the Republic, and is essential to the balance and health of every man. If men now understood this thoroly, we should have more of the right kind of music, more of the music we have had this evening. But we should not have so much of the other kind—the ragtime, the trivial foolish jingles which are heard so much in America.

"Such music is disease and death, whereas that of Beethoven and Chopin and Schumann is life itself."

"To rediscover the beautiful, rhythmical motions of the human body; to call back to life that ideal movement which should be in

harmony with the highest physical type; to awaken once more an art which has slept for two thousand years"—these are Miss Duncan's ambitions, as expressed in her art and in the school for dancing she has established. Her school, by the way, has had a chequered career. It consists of twenty little girls of all nationalities, including a daughter of Gordon Craig's. In Berlin, despite the patronage of Cosima Wagner, the school fell under police censorship. Miss Duncan moved it to France. Her little pupils are at present housed in Mrs. W. E. Corey's chateau at La Verrières, near Paris.

## "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS"

HAT is charm?" asks one of the characters in J. M. Barrie's new comedy, "What Every Woman Knows," recently produced in London, and soon to be given in this country. The answer is: "It is a kind of bloom on a woman which some women have for many men, which most women have for one man, and which some women have for none."

This answer may be felt to be too vague and indefinite to be final; but then there are some things that it is almost impossible to describe. One is the "bloom on woman." Another, intimates the London correspondent of the *New York Times*, is the charm of Barrie's work.

From a sparkling report in *The Times* it appears that Maggie Wylie, the heroine of the new comedy, is the daughter of a Scotch quarry owner, at The Pans, N. B., a man who made his money so late in life that he was unable to give his sons, David and James, the education which every Scotsman tries to give his children. In the first act, which is characterized throughout by a delicate and whimsical spirit, David is shown chafing under a keen sense of his educational deficiencies. He comes home from a public meeting at which he had been mimicked, when he made a speech, by one John Shand, a young man who had spent the winter studying at Glasgow University, and who was working during the summer as a railway porter. "I rise for to speak," David had said; and John Shand had, in a later speech, referred to his predecessor who had risen "for to speak for to say," and everybody had laughed. Tho they lack education, the young Wylies, now that they have money, are far from being neglectful of let-

ters, and they have bought books—"ten yards of them, selected by the minister of Galashiels,"—which fill a case at one side of the room.

There is another sore point with the young Wylies. Their sister Maggie has not been sought in marriage, and they fear she will never "cotch" any man. Maggie herself attributes her failure in this respect to her lack of "charm." She is a thoroly practical and capable little woman, and runs the household like clockwork. She wants to send them all off to bed at the usual hour for retiring—ten o'clock; but to-night, for some mysterious reason, none of them will go. It develops that they suspect that a burglar has broken into the house. They mean to capture him.

They turn out the gas, and hide. Sure enough, before very long, the sash-window is opened, and a youth steals into the room.

When the Wylies creep in on tip-toe they find that the burglar is—John Shand, and that he is reading their books. He confesses that he lacked the money to buy necessary books, and that he had formed the desperate scheme of housebreaking in order to pursue his studies. The Wylies now debate what shall be done. Shall they hand the lad over to the police? No, for they admire his spirit; and, what is more, David has a plan. Maggie has no suitors; John is a young man who will make his way in the world. He proposes to give Shand £300 with which to complete his university course, on condition that he marry Maggie in five years' time. Maggie has already conceived a liking for the young house-breaker, and after some palaver the fantastic proposal is accepted, with her consent.

Six years pass, and John Shand is seen, in



the second act, making his career. He has gone in for politics, and has been elected by a thumping majority member of Parliament for one of the divisions of Glasgow. He is not quite sure whether he loves Maggie or not, but a bargain's a bargain, and he intends to marry her.

Act Three shows Shand's career, a year or two later, progressing triumphantly. He is married now, and Maggie is backing him in everything. He has made several strong speeches in the House of Commons, and is regarded as one of the coming young men of Parliament. Some of his happy turns of phrase have convulsed the House, and have come to be known as "Shandisms." But, curiously enough, in private life he is never heard to utter these witticisms. He has, and boasts he has, absolutely no sense of humor; has, in fact, never laughed in his life. The truth is, he is being quietly but effectively "managed" by his demure little wife. She typewrites his speeches, and the "Shandisms" are hers.

Now comes a sudden and startling catastrophe. John falls passionately in love—or thinks that he does—with a handsome and shallow-pated lady of title. She is ready to yield to his passion, for she thinks that she is born to inspire this "strong man" to further greatness. Maggie discovers John at Lady Sybil's feet. The clever little woman, heartbroken but brave through it all, determines to save her husband and his career.

With this purpose in view, she conceives the subtle plan of allowing Shand and Lady Sybil to be thrown together for a fortnight, while Shand is preparing a great speech. What Maggie expects, or at least hopes for, happens. Lady Sybil has no power to inspire him. The speech does not come out as his other speeches did when little Maggie used to "type" them, and a first draft, submitted to a Cabinet Minister, fails to win satisfaction. Shand is utterly disgusted and discouraged. Then Maggie comes to the rescue with a speech of her own composition, all brilliance and "Shandisms," which, without Shand's knowledge, is submitted to the Cabinet Minister. It is at once hailed as the best thing Shand has ever done, and all at once the "strong man" realizes that he is not strong at all in himself, but only strong with the strength and resourcefulness of his indomitable little wife. Even now the ironic humor of the situation escapes him, for he has no sense of humor. But Maggie is determined to endow him even with that. "You see, dear," she says to him, "it is not true that woman was made from man's rib; she was really made from his funny-bone."



Courtesy of New York Times

#### BARRIE AND HENRY JAMES


A snap-shot recently made in the streets of London, Mr. Barrie's latest play, "What Every Woman Knows," is soon to be given in this country with Maude Adams in the leading role

John laughs—the first laugh of his life; and the secret is out—"what every woman knows."

Mr. Barrie's play makes a universal appeal. Every woman, as one critic observes, will want to see it, and every man will be not a little the better for seeing it. Its reception, both in theatrical circles and among the public at large, has been most enthusiastic. Mr. Max Beerbohm pays a new tribute in *The Saturday Review* to Barrie's "humor, his curious inventiveness, his sure sense for dramatic effect"; and Mr. A. B. Walkley, of the *London Times*, says: "Mr. Barrie at his best is the most delicious *bonne-bouche* for the palate of the theatrical epicure; and the first act of 'What Every Woman Knows' is Mr. Barrie at his very best. It is throughout a true Barrie, a delightful, fantastic Barrie."

# Science and Discovery

## THE HERO OF URANIUM

ENRI BECQUEREL, whose recent death in Paris is mourned by the whole world of science, owed his great fame as a physicist to his investigations into the polarization of light, researches which led in turn to his renowned discovery of the invisible rays of uranium—the preface to the subsequent discovery of radium by the Curies. It was the peculiar distinction of Becquerel to be held in the highest honor by men of science while remaining comparatively little known to the lay public. Becquerel, as the *Paris Cosmos* says, pointed the way to great discoveries in physics, and smaller men made the discoveries themselves. He provided the idea which those who looked up to him worked out. In the opinion of a writer in *Paris Nature*, Becquerel, had a vote been taken on the question among physicists, would in his lifetime have been unanimously declared the greatest contemporary figure among them. His laboratory was a delightful old-fashioned building, to use the words of Professor Ray Lankester, in an address before the British Association, a laboratory of special sanctity to men of science because it had been the home of the great Cuvier. "Here Henri Becquerel's father and grandfather—men renowned throughout the world for their discoveries in mineralogy, electricity and light—had worked, and here he had himself gone almost daily from his earliest childhood." Many an experiment bringing new knowledge on the subject of the relations of light and electricity Henri Becquerel had carried out in that quiet old-world place before the day on which, about fourteen years ago, he made the experimental inquiry, put by Professor Lankester into this formula: "Does uranium give off penetrating rays like the Röntgen rays?"

It was a question which to the lay mind might seem to imply very little. In reality it led to the series of discoveries which, terminating in that of radium, has revolutionized the whole science of physics and created a sensation throughout the world.

Henri Becquerel, little dreaming, it seems, of what his course that day meant to science, wrapped a photographic plate in black paper

and on it placed and left lying there for twenty-four hours some uranium salt. He had placed a cross, cut out in thin, metallic copper, under the uranium powder, so as to give some shape to the photographic print should one be produced. It was produced. Penetrating rays were given off by the uranium. The black paper was penetrated, and the form of the copper cross was printed on a dark ground. The copper was also penetrated to some extent by the rays from the uranium, so that its image was not left actually white.

One step more remained before Becquerel made his great discovery in his laboratory. Luminous paint, like many other phosphorescent substances, gains its phosphorescence after exposure to sunlight, and loses it after a few hours. It remained to be seen whether uranium compounds similarly gained their power from exposure to light rays, and whether, after long preserving the compounds in the dark, they were found still to give off the curious rays which could penetrate opaque substances and produce an image upon a photographic plate. The power was, therefore, proved to be spontaneous (as it was later proved not to depend upon phosphorescence), and the rays were called after their discoverer Becquerel rays, and the property of giving them off "radio-activity."

Nevertheless, the lay public persists in connecting the discovery of radio-activity with the name of the late Professor Curie, and in supposing that he is entitled to the credit for it. Nothing could be more characteristic of the modesty of Becquerel, observes *Cosmos*, than his absolute silence during the sensations made by what he had found out and for which others got all the credit. The particular fragment of uranium used by Becquerel in his experiments has continued to give off the rays without diminution ever since. One reason why Becquerel missed his glory is pointed out by Professor Rutherford in his work on Radio-active Transformations, published by the Scribners. Altho the property possessed by uranium of spontaneously emitting energy in special forms without any apparent change in the matter itself could not fail to be regarded as a most remarkable phenomenon, yet the



#### THE HERO OF URANIUM

The above picture of the late illustrious scientist, Henri Becquerel, is reproduced through the courtesy of the *Scientific American*, which pronounces him the greatest pioneer in the physical sciences ever produced by France.

rate of emission of energy, judged by ordinary standards, is so feeble that it did not attract the active attention which was afterwards drawn to the discovery of radium. Radium exhibited the properties of uranium to so remarkable a degree that it captured the popular imagination. Becquerel in this matter might be compared with Christopher Columbus, who, after discovering the new world, had it named in honor of someone else.

This, moreover, is not his only title to a renown that must be imperishable if the science of physics endures among men, as we are reminded by *The Scientific American*:


"Henri Becquerel labored long and faithfully in the fields of electricity, magnetism, optics, and meteorology, but the researches which he carried on in these fields are really part of a well-defined system having for its object the study of electro-optic phenomena such as the invisible infra-red spectrum and the absorption of light.

"Becquerel's study of invisible infra-red radiations was not the least interesting work which he accomplished. Here he followed directly in the

footsteps of his father, who had discovered that these thermo-rays cause the phosphorescence of a substance which has been previously rendered luminous. This may be said in a measure to be the starting-point of the discovery of the radio-activity of matter. By projecting on a phosphorescent surface discontinuous spectra of incandescent metallic vapors, he discovered a series of rays, the existence of which had never been suspected. He was thus led to examine the invisible vapors of different metals. This opened up an entirely new field in spectroscopy.

"Becquerel's interesting investigations of the absorption of light by various bodies brings us nearer to the subject of radio-activity; for the compounds of uranium were used in studying the phenomena of phosphorescence. He proved the variability of the spectra with the direction of the luminous vibrations by which they were traversed. All these researches led to a new method of spectrum analysis, based on the independence of the various substances of which a single crystal is composed, and rendering it possible to determine the structure of the crystal without fracture. It was this work that earned for him a place among the members of the Academy of Sciences. While continuing his studies of phosphorescence and light, he still found time to investigate fluorine."

## AN ASTRONOMER'S INDICTMENT OF AERIAL NAVIGATION

O HOPE can be entertained that aerial navigation will be put upon a rational basis as one of the applied sciences, in the opinion of that eminent astronomer, Dr. Simon Newcomb, who is out with a protest against what he deems an appalling waste of human energy in a misguided direction. He wants aerial flight to serve some practical purpose in the world's work, and, as he expresses his ideas in *The Nineteenth Century*, he sees no hope of such a thing. He does, however, fear the misdirection of much valuable time in deluding the popular mind with false ideas, false mathematics, and false physics. The spectacular events in the world of aeronautics of which newspapers are making so much are, from this eminent astronomer's point of view, a misfortune.

The world must distinguish, he observes at the outset of his inquiry into the subject, between advance in knowledge and progress in invention. No definite limit can be set to the possible future of knowledge nor to results which may yet be reached by its advance. But no progress in invention and no growth in human knowledge can increase the weight which a given volume or surface of air will

support at a given speed, nor can the resistance experienced by a surface in moving through the air ever be reduced below the point set by physical theory.

Two systems of navigating the air are now being developed, observes Professor Newcomb. One is that of the flying machine which is supported by motion through the air as a bird is by its wings. The only form of flyer yet found feasible is the aeroplane, which is supported by a rapid movement of translation, and of which all flying machines now being built are samples. Professor Newcomb says little of a third form—a flyer carried by revolving wings—because success with this form has not been attained. The other form is that of the airship proper, floating in the air through its own buoyancy and not held up by propulsion. It is, in fact, the dirigible balloon, so enlarged and perfected that the term airship may well take the place of the word balloon in discussing it. For conciseness, Professor Newcomb uses the terms "flyer" and "airship" in comparing the two forms of aerial vehicle.

Being supported upon the air, the flyer must present to the latter a horizontal surface proportional to the entire weight to be carried,



including motor, machine and cargo. If one square yard of surface can be made to carry a certain weight at a certain speed, one thousand square yards will be required to carry one thousand times that weight. Any enlargement of the machine must therefore be in a horizontal direction. The estimate of weight must be so much per square yard of horizontal surface. An addition of weight in the vertical direction can never be possible. Hence, if any enlargement of the flyers is ever made—for example, if they are to carry two men instead of one as at present—it must be through enlarging their superficial extent in the same proportion. Reflecting on the present extent of the successful flyers, it will readily be seen that a practically unmanageable area of supporting surface and a consequent weakening of the machine will be required for any important enlargement:

"Whether the limit be one, two, or three men, every extension of it must, to secure the necessary strength, involve increased weight per square yard, which will be less and less compatible with its performance.

"A practical difficulty which seems insuperable is that the flyer, supported only by its motion through the air, can never stop in flight to have its machinery repaired or adjusted. It makes toward the ground like a wounded bird the moment any stoppage occurs. The navigator may be able to guide its fall, but not to prevent it. He can only choose the point of dropping among trees, houses, rivers, or fields which, within a limited area, will be productive of least damage. No engine yet built by human skill, much less the delicate motors necessary in the flyer, can be guaranteed against accident. The limitations upon a vehicle of transportation, the slightest accident to whose propelling machinery involves in all probability the destruction of the vehicle, as well as danger to the lives and limbs of the passengers, need not be dwelt upon. If a steamship were liable to go to the bottom the moment any accident occurred to her machinery, the twentieth century would have come upon us without steam navigation on the ocean.

"Another serious limitation upon the flyer is that it cannot be navigated out of sight of the ground, and must descend at once if enveloped in fog. This necessity arises from the deviation in the apparent direction of gravity which must be produced by any change in the inclination of the supporting surface, through the consequent acceleration or retardation of the speed. The principle at play is shown in an observation which may be made whenever a railway carriage at high speed is brought rapidly to a stop. A passenger standing well balanced on his feet during the period of retardation will find himself suddenly falling backward at the moment of the complete stop. He has been leaning backward while fancying himself erect.

"Neither of the two drawbacks first mentioned is incident to the airship. Her buoyant power is proportional to her cubical contents, and not

merely to the surface she presents to the air. She can therefore be enlarged in length, breadth and thickness, instead of being confined to length and breadth, like the aeroplane. Floating in the air, she may possibly stop for repairs, which the flyer never can. This faculty carries with it a wide range of possibilities, how little soever may be the probabilities of their realization. A comparison with the steamship will show them in the clearest light.

"As the ocean steamship has increased in size, she has also increased in speed. At the present moment the two largest ships afloat are also those of highest speed. It may have seemed to many, as it long did to the writer, that in this there was a constantly increasing sacrifice of power. The larger the ship the greater the power, and therefore the greater the consumption of coal required to drive her at any given speed."

It might, therefore, be felt that considerations of economy would suggest that the smaller ships be built for high speed rather than the larger ones. But the advance is in reality upon correct lines. Leaving out the practical limits set by such considerations as the depth of harbors and the time required to load and unload, the larger the ship the more economical the application of power in driving her at any given speed. The principle involved is simple. The model remaining the same, the carrying capacity increases as the cube of the length. But the resistance of the water and therefore the power of the engine and the consumption of coal, increases only as the square of the length. Hence the larger the ship, the more economically can a ton of cargo be carried at a given speed.

The same principle applies to the airship. The larger she can be built, the more economically she can be driven when we measure economy by the ratio of carrying power to cost of running. The limits to her possible size can not be set by any principles of physical science. The question is simply one of constructive engineering. How large can we build her and still keep her manageable?

Among the ideas which, inherited from our ancestors or formed in childhood, remain part of our nature through life, may be placed the notion that if we succeed in navigating the air with a fair approach to safety, an important end will be reached. Let us lay aside this notion, says Professor Newcomb, long enough to inquire whether the cheapening of transportation by steam power during the last century has not practically done away with all the supposed advantages of flight through the air:

"Probably few of us realize in our daily thought that it now costs less to transport any small light

article—a pair of shoes, for example—across the Atlantic than to deliver them from a shop to the house of a customer in New York or London. Careful thought may show us that, leaving aside exceptional cases, like that of striving to reach the Pole, the substitution of aerial for land and water transportation is at bottom the substitution for the solid ground of so imperfect a support for moving bodies as the thin air.

"We can best judge this view by coming down to concrete facts. Let us take the case of an express train running from London to Edinburgh. When going at high speed the main resistance it has to encounter is that of the air. It is in overcoming this resistance that the greater part of its propulsive power is expended. Now, imagine the highest possible perfection in an aerial vehicle which shall carry passengers and mails from London to Edinburgh in competition with the railway. If the surface presented to the air by the vehicle were no greater than that presented by the train, it would still encounter a large fraction of the same resistance when going at the same speed. But, as a matter of fact, owing to the necessary size of the flyer, the resisting surface would be vastly greater than in the case of the train, and the means of overcoming this resistance by adequate propulsive power would be more imperfect and expensive. In the case of the train the wheels of the engine are made effective by the reaction of the solid ground. In the airship the reaction is only that of the air, a condition which necessitates propelling surfaces of a superficial extent greater in proportion.

"In order to present the case in another wholly practical aspect, it may be remarked that, no matter how high the speed of the airship, the wind would affect it by its entire velocity. A normal speed of 100 miles an hour would be reduced to one-half by meeting a wind blowing in the opposite direction at a rate of fifty miles an hour. It is true that a favoring wind of the same speed would accelerate its motion, and enable it to reach its destination more quickly. But it is needless to describe the practical drawbacks of so uncertain a system of transportation.

"When we look carefully into the matter, we see that these are by no means the only drawbacks inherent to the general use of the airship. In addition to her being carried out of her course at the rate of twenty or thirty miles an hour by a wind blowing across her line of motion at this not unusual speed, comes the difficulty, we might say the impossibility, of finding her destination or effecting a landing in foggy weather.

"But let us also in fairness see what is to be placed on the credit side. First and almost alone among these must be in the reader's mind the fact that steam transportation on land requires the building of railways, which are so expensive that the capital invested in them probably exceeds that invested in all other forms of transportation. Moreover, there are large areas of the earth's surface not yet accessible by rail, among which are the two Poles and the higher mountains. All such regions, the mountains excepted, we may suppose to be attainable by the perfected airship of the future.

"The more carefully we analyze these possible advantages, the more we shall find them to diminish in importance. Every part of the earth's surface on which men now live in large numbers,

and in which important industries are prosecuted, can be now reached by railways, or will be so reached in time. True, this will involve a constantly increasing investment of capital. But the interest on this investment will be a trifle in comparison with the cost and drawbacks incident to the general introduction of the best system of aerial transportation that is even ideally possible in the present state of our knowledge."

The possibility of using the airship in warfare does not impress Professor Newcomb. For purposes of reconnaissance its value has been over-estimated, altho it has some utility in this direction, no doubt. But its vulnerability is obvious. The airship proper is alone in question. The flyer would be of no utility whatever in war. But the vulnerability of the airship is apparent. One man armed with a rifle could disable a whole fleet of airships within his long range. It is therefore by operations conducted so high above the ground as to be outside the range of bullets that the airship must be used in military operations. Yet we can scarcely conceive of her as a fighting machine at any height. It is barely possible that if made of due size the lightest field artillery could be fired from her. But her offensive power would be insignificant. The only fear would be that a fleet of airships might drop explosive bombs:

"The projectiles could not be fired—that would not only be enormously expensive, but useless, because dropping them would be as effective as firing them. On the defensive side, the construction of a machine gun which, pointed vertically, could fire a shot to a height of two miles is so simple a matter that I assume this to be the height at which the aerial ship will have to operate. Let us, then, inquire what England may have to fear from explosives dropped upon her forts and ships from a height of two miles in the air. We must remember, at the outset, that the air is rarer by about one-fourth at this height than at the earth's surface. This reduces in a yet greater proportion the possible weight of projectiles which an enemy could carry. If we reflect that, making allowance for the necessary weight of a balloon, its gas and its accoutrements, every ton carried at a height of two miles would require more than 5,000 cubic yards of gas in the balloon, we shall see that the task of seriously injuring a modern fortification by dropping explosives into it will be at least an expensive one.

But how is it in a case of a ship-of-war? Among the conditions of the problem would be these. The time required for a bomb to fall from a height of two miles is between twenty-five and thirty seconds, depending upon the resistance which it experiences from the air, as compared with its size and weight. During this time the ship, if in motion, would have moved away by her entire length, and would therefore escape the missile, unless due allowance had been made by the attacking power for her motion. This might

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be possible; but, even if it were, a still greater difficulty would be found in the fact that the balloon is itself in motion, because it floats in the moving air. True, the motion of the wind would be neutralized if the balloon steered against it with the proper speed. But the navigator of the balloon cannot determine the direction of the wind, as can the sailor. The only way by which he can know how a wind is carrying him is by observations on the ground below, presumably on the ship he desires to attack.

"Now let us estimate the degree of precision required in the operations. Let the reader imagine himself looking down vertically from a scaffold swaying in the wind at the pavement, fifty feet below. On that pavement imagine an object, two or three feet in length and from four to six inches in breadth, swaying about in such a way that he can scarcely judge when, if ever, it is below his station. Then let the problem be, with the wind blowing, to drop a bullet in such

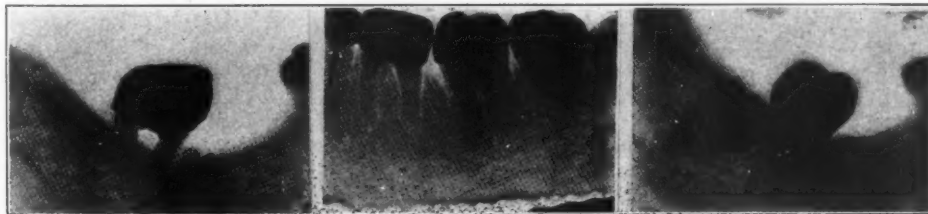
a way that it shall strike the object in its fall. By the most skilful arrangements he might perhaps hit it once in forty or fifty trials. The problem of the balloon would be of this same kind, except that nearly half a minute is required for the missile to reach the object. We may admit that a dirigible balloon, carrying a hundred bombs of a ton each, and taking her position two miles above a battleship, would probably succeed in dropping one, two or three upon her deck. Would this disable her or seriously impair her fighting power? A torpedo discharged under water against the side of a ship sinks her, partly from being under water, and partly because the water reacts in the explosion. But the torpedo exploding on the deck has nothing but the air to react against it, and the limit of damage would probably be a hole or fracture in the deck. We need not be experts to know how small is the area of damage in an explosion of dynamite, even when the charge is heaviest."

## RESPONSIBILITY OF THE TEETH FOR EMOTIONAL DISPLAYS

IT IS to the teeth that the pathologist should first look for an explanation of those emotional crises in the lives of all of us which assume now the form of an exaggeration of the sentiment of romantic love, again an intensification of insomnia, and sometimes a development of religious sensibility to the boundary line of mania. In making good this theory, the professor of diseases of the nervous system in the Western Reserve University, Dr. Henry S. Upson, ascribes many of the ordinary cases of nervous wreck met with in daily experience to a misunderstanding of the dental mechanism of man. Not only is toothache the cause, but disease of a dental nature involving no pain whatever to the victim works its havoc and leads men and women to madhouses, domestic miseries and every kind of excess.\*

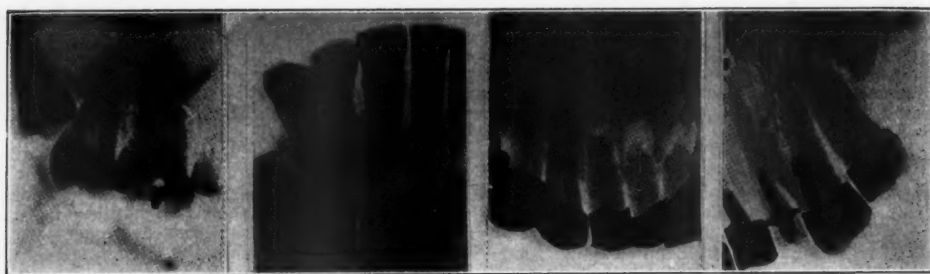
\*INSOMNIA AND NERVE STRAIN. By Henry S. Upson, M. D. Putnam's.

Among the diseases to which mankind is subject, dental caries is probably the most common, and of dental caries and other diseases of the teeth insomnia is, Dr. Upson believes, much the most common symptom, often occurring without local pain or indication of its place of origin. It is usually accompanied, our authority adds, by other indications of disordered nerve action. Typical of many such cases was that of a young business man suffering from persistent sleeplessness for a year without assignable reason. Skiagraphs of his teeth showed no lesions, with the exception of some cavities, which were filled. Whereupon the insomnia vanished, and he could abandon the use of the drugs to which he was becoming a victim. Again a man of sixty could not for thirty years enjoy adequate sleep through one night. Skiagraph examinations showed a condition of his teeth dating back many years. The defects were treated, whereupon the insomnia vanished.



Insomnia. Alveolar abscess. Lower molar tooth. Roots partly absorbed. Melancholy. First molar. Roots partly absorbed. Hysteria. Alveolar abscess. Impacted lower left third molar.

NERVOUS ILLS AND THEIR CAUSES



Melancholia. Impacted upper left third molar.

Renal and

Vascular Disease.

Multiple abscesses in

both upper and lower jaws.

Hysteria and Melancholy of many years' standing. Impacted upper molar.

## THREE TYPICAL CASES

One of the complications of insomnia is arterial disease. Worry and other emotions are thought to create arterial tension as an important factor in causing arterial hardness. A man of sixty-five suffered two years from insomnia, broke down, had paralysis, suffered no pain in his teeth, and yet was relieved by operations upon them following revelations through the skiagraph of abscesses in the jaw. Cases of melancholy have been dealt with successfully after the same fashion. In one case of depression lasting for months at a time a complete cure was effected by treatment of a molar tooth that gave no pain.

Therefore, Doctor Upson has no hesitation in designating the teeth as the most important of the responsible sources of nervous and mental derangement. This is not only on account of the common, almost universal, occurrence of dental diseases, but because these organs move, during the period of their development, through the solid framework of the jaw, highly innervated and clothed by a membrane sensitive to impact and to corrosive poisons.

The two most important injuries, those resulting from abscess and impaction, are both in some cases open to inspection, but usually they can be discovered only by skiagraph examination. Impactions may be in any region

of the jaw. They may be indicated with some probability by a gap where the missing tooth should be, but such a gap is by no means conclusive. An extraction may have been made and forgotten, or teeth may fail to develop, leaving a gap or a temporary tooth persistent sometimes for years. Even the presence of all the teeth in their proper places is not conclusive against the existence of some diseased condition. Inspection is in many cases inadequate to show abscesses at the roots of a tooth. In some cases the pus finds its way out between the tooth and the gum, but abscesses may persist for years, undermining mental health or physical strength without pain or other localizing sign of their presence.

There seems to exist among physicians, Dr. Upson declares, not only a disregard, but a distinct tho mild dislike of the teeth as organs to be reckoned with medically, they being as it were an Ishmael, not to be admitted to their pathologic birthright. Few systematic attempts have been made to correlate the disorders of the teeth with the sufferings of the human race except for the most obvious phenomena of pain. Ordinary pain at a distance, as headache or neuralgia due to the teeth, tho well known, is commonly disregarded.



Incipient Dementia Praecox. Impaction of all of the wisdom teeth. One upper impacted tooth here shown.

Albinuria.

Acute Mania. Impacted cuspid tooth.

## DIAGNOSIS OF DISEASE THROUGH THE TEETH



## EFFECT OF MEMORY ON THE HABITS OF PLANTS



THE work of that illustrious scientist, Francis Darwin, President of the British Association, has been with the movements of plants, and it was with that topic he concerned himself in his recent address to that body. President Darwin's object was to convey a general idea of how changes going on in the environment of the vegetable kingdom act as stimuli, and compel plants to execute certain movements. Then he tried to show that what is true of those temporary changes of shape in plants which we describe as movements is also true of the permanent alterations known as morphological. He next insisted that if the study of movement includes the problem of stimulus and reaction, morphological change must be investigated from the same point of view. These two departments of inquiry must be classed together. This has some important results—"namely, that the dim beginnings of habit or unconscious memory which we find in the movements of plants and animals must find a place in morphology." Inasmuch as a striking instance of "correlated morphological changes" is to be found in the development of the adult from the ovum or egg, President Darwin takes this series of transformations and attempts to prove that here also the equivalent of memory reigns.

Many attempts have been made in this way to connect the phenomena of memory and inheritance, but President Darwin has just made what to the *Paris Cosmos* seems "the boldest of them all." It makes him the champion of what has been called "the lost cause of science," the doctrine of the inheritance of acquired characters. In his book on the power of movement in plants, the illustrious Charles Darwin—father of President Darwin—wrote that "it is impossible not to be struck with the resemblance between the movements of plants and many of the movements performed unconsciously by the lower animals." Other scientists have since called attention to the resemblance between the irritability of animals and the irritability of plants. Here we find revived the point of view of the child or of the writer of fairy stories, not to say of the "nature faker." We do not, adds President Darwin, go so far as the child. We know that plants do not talk or walk. But the fact that plants must be classed with animals as regards their manner of reaction to stimuli must be taken as proved. "And inasmuch as we our-

selves are animals, this conception gives us a certain insight into the reactions of plants which we should not otherwise possess."

On the essential characters of stimuli and the reactions they call forth in living organisms, Darwin refers to an illustration used by Pfeffer:

"An organism is a machine which can be set going by touching a spring or trigger of some kind; a machine in which energy can be set free by some kind of releasing mechanism. Here we have a model of at least some of the features of reaction to stimulation. The energy of the cause is generally out of all proportion to the effect, i.e., a small stimulus produces a big reaction. The specific character of the result depends on the structure of the machine rather than on the character of the stimulus. The trigger of a gun may be pulled in a variety of different ways without affecting the character of the explosion. Just in the same way a plant may be made to curve by altering its angle to the vertical, by lateral illumination, by chemical agency, and so forth; the curvature is of the same nature in all cases, the release-action differs. One of those chains of wooden bricks in which each knocks over the next may be set in action by a touch, by throwing a ball, by an erring dog, in short, by anything that upsets the equilibrium of brick No. 1; but the really important part of the game, the way in which the wave of falling bricks passes like a prairie fire round a group of Noah's Ark animals, or by a bridge over its own dead body and returns to the starting-point, etc.—these are the results of the magnificent structure of the thing as a whole, and the upset of brick No. 1 seems a small thing in comparison. For myself I see no reason why the term *stimulus* should not be used in relation to the action of mechanisms in general; but by a convention which it is well to respect, *stimulation* is confined to the protoplasmic machinery of living organisms. The want of proportion between the stimulus and the reply, or, as it has been expressed, the unexpectedness of the result of a given stimulus, is a striking feature in the phenomena of reaction. That this should be so need not surprise us. We can, as a rule, only know the stimulus and the response, while the intermediate processes of the mechanism are hidden in the secret life of protoplasm."

President Darwin proceeds to lay stress upon the "indirectness" of the result of stimulation in the case of a living organism as compared with that of mechanism, and to argue from this that in organisms a stimulus produces internal changes, which may be more or less enduring. "The organism is a plastic machine profoundly affected in structure by its own action, and the unknown process intervening between stimulus and reaction must have the fullest value allowed it as a characteristic of living creatures."

Jennings, who has become so high an authority on the behavior of the lower organisms, advances strong arguments against the theories of Loeb and others, according to which the stimulus acts directly on the organs of movement. That is a point of view which was formerly held by botanists, but it has since given way to the idea of the stimulus acting on the organism as a whole. We must take into consideration "the varying internal physiological conditions of the organism as distinguished from permanent anatomical conditions." External stimuli are supposed to act by altering this internal physiological state, the organism being temporarily transformed into practically a different creature. Darwin illustrates this point by the description which Jennings gives of the behavior of *Stentor*, one of the fixed infusoria:

"If a fine jet of water is directed against the disc of the creature, it contracts 'like a flash' into its tube. In about half a minute it expands again, and the cilia resume their activity. Now we cause the current to act again upon the disc. This time the *Stentor* does not contract, which proves that the animal has been in some way changed by the first stimulus. This is a simple example of 'physiological state.' When the *Stentor* was at rest, before it received the first current of water, it was in state 1, the stimulus changed state 1 into state 2, to which contraction is the reaction. When again stimulated it passed into state 3, which does not produce contraction. We cannot prove that the contraction which occurred when the *Stentor* was first stimulated was due to a change of state. But it is a fair deduction from the result of the whole experiment, for after the original reaction the creature is undoubtedly in a changed state, since it no longer reacts in the same way to a repetition of the original stimulus. Jennings points out that, as in the case of plants, spontaneous acts are brought about when the physiological state is changed by unknown causes, whereas in other cases we can point to an external agency by which the same result is effected."

Passing on, then, to a consideration of the permanent or morphological changes produced by stimuli, Darwin says:

"The 'internal condition' or 'physiological state' is a factor in the regulation of the organism's action, and it is a factor which owes its character to external agencies which may no longer exist. The fact that stimuli are not momentary in effect, but leave a trace of themselves on the organism, is in fact the physical basis of the phenomena grouped under memory in its widest sense as indicating that action is regulated by past experience. Jennings remarks: 'In the higher animals, and especially in man, the essential features in behavior depend very largely on the history of the individual; in other words, upon the present physiological condition of the indi-

vidual, as determined by the stimuli it has received and the reactions it has performed. But in this respect the higher animals do not differ in principle, but only in degree, from the lower organisms. . . . I venture to believe that this is true of plants as well as of animals, and that it is further broadly true not only of physiological behavior, but of the changes that are classed as morphological. Semon, in his interesting book, 'Die Mneme,' has used the word *Engram* for the trace or record of a stimulus left on the organism. In this sense we may say that the internal conditions of Pfeffer, the physiological states of Jennings, and the internal conditions of Klebs are, broadly speaking, *Engrams*. The authors of these theories may perhaps object to this sweeping statement, but I venture to think it is broadly true."

In order to make clearer his meaning as to the existence of a mnemonic or memory-like factor in the life of plants, President Darwin leaves for the time being the morphological side of life and gives an instance of habitual movement.

Sleeping plants are those in which the leaves assume at night a markedly different form from that shown by day. Thus the leaflets of the scarlet runner (*Phaseolus*) are more or less horizontal by day and sink down at night. This change of position is known to be produced by the alternation of day and night. But this statement by no means exhausts the interest of the phenomenon:

"A sensitive photographic plate behaves differently in light and darkness; and so does a radiometer, which spins by day and rests at night. If a sleeping plant is placed in a dark room after it has gone to sleep at night, it will be found next day in the light-position, and will again assume the nocturnal position as evening comes on. We have in fact what seems to be a habit built by the alternation of day and night. The plant normally drops its leaves at the stimulus of darkness, and raises them at the stimulus of light. But here we see the leaves rising and falling in the absence of the accustomed stimulation. Since this change of position is not due to external conditions it must be the result of the internal conditions which habitually accompany the movement. This is the characteristic *par excellence* of habit—namely, a capacity, acquired by repetition, of reacting to a fraction of the original environment. We may express it in simpler language. When a series of actions are compelled to follow each other by applying a series of stimuli, they become organically tied together, or *associated*, and follow each other automatically, even when the whole series of stimuli are not acting. Thus in the formation of habit *post hoc* comes to be equivalent to *propter hoc*. Action B automatically follows action A, because it has repeatedly been compelled to follow it. . . . Pfeffer, whose authority none can question, accounts for the behavior of sleeping plants principally on the ground that when any movement occurs in a plant there is a tendency for it to be followed by a

reversal—a swing of the physiological pendulum in the other direction. Pfeffer compares it to a released spring which makes several alternate movements before it settles down to equilibrium. But the fact that the return movements occur at the same time-intervals as the stimuli is obviously the striking feature of the case. If the pendulum-like swing always tended to occur naturally in a twelve hours' rhythm it would be a different matter."

In order to connect this rhythmic movement of plants with what, in higher organisms, is called habit and memory, Darwin illustrates the case by reference to a human habit, such as that of a man who goes on a walk every day and turns back at a given mile post. This becomes habitual, so that he reverses his walk when the limit is reached, and reverses it automatically. It is no explanation of the fact that the stimulus which makes him start from home includes his return—that he has a mental return ticket. Such an explanation does not account for the point at which he turns, which, as a matter of fact, is a result of association. In the same way a man who goes to sleep will ultimately wake, but the fact that he wakes at four in the morning depends on a habit built up by his being compelled to rise daily at that time. Even those who will deny that anything like association can occur in plants can not deny that in the continuance of the rhythm in constant conditions we have in plants something which has the general character of habit—a rhythmic action depending on a rhythmic stimulus which has ceased to exist.

On the other hand, many will object that the simplest form of association depends upon or implies a nervous system. President Darwin meets this objection, as it applies to plants, as follows:

"With regard to this objection it must be remembered that plants have two at least of the qualities characteristic of animals—namely, extreme sensitiveness to certain agencies and the power of transmitting stimuli from one part to another of the plant body. It is true that there is no central nervous system, nothing but a complex system of nuclei; but these have some of the qualities of nerve cells, while intercommunicating protoplasmic threads may play the part of nerves. Spencer bases the power of association on the fact that every discharge conveyed by a nerve 'leaves it in a state for conveying a subsequent like discharge with less resistance.' Is it not possible that the same thing may be as true of plants as it apparently is of infusoria? We have seen reasons to suppose that the 'internal conditions' or 'physiological states' in plants are of the nature of engrams, or residual effects of external stimuli, and such engrams may become associated in the same way. There is likely to

be another objection to my assumption that a simple form of associated action occurs in plants—namely, that association implies consciousness. It is impossible to know whether or not plants are conscious; but it is consistent with the doctrine of continuity that in all living things there is something psychic, and if we accept this point of view we must believe that in plants there exists a faint copy of what we know as consciousness in ourselves."

Pursuing further this relation between rhythm and memory, President Darwin brings forward what he calls "the rhythm of ontogeny" to further illustrate his point:

"The development of the individual from the germ-cell takes place by a series of stages of cell-division and growth, each stage apparently serving as a stimulus to the next, each unit following its predecessor like the movements linked together in an habitual action performed by an animal. My view is that the rhythm of ontogeny is actually and literally a habit. It undoubtedly has the feature which I have described as pre-eminently characteristic of habit—viz., an automatic quality which is seen in the performance of a series of actions in the absence of the complete series of stimuli to which they (the stages of ontogeny) were originally due. This is the chief point on which I wish to insist—I mean that the resemblance between ontogeny and habit is not merely superficial, but deeply seated."

There is the wonderful fact that the ovum, as it develops into the perfect organism, passes through a series of changes which are believed to represent the successive forms through which its ancestors passed in the process of evolution. This is precisely paralleled by our own experience of memory, for it often happens that we can not reproduce the last-learned stanza of a poem without repeating the earlier part. Each stanza is suggested by the previous one, and acts as a stimulus for the rest. These and other illustrations which he cites are enough, in Darwin's opinion, to show that there is a resemblance between the two rhythms of development and of memory; and that there is at least a *prima facie* case for believing them to be essentially similar.

"It will be seen that my view is the same as that of Hering, which it generally described as the identification of memory and inheritance. Hering says that 'between the *me* of to-day and the *me* of yesterday lie night and sleep, abysses of unconsciousness; nor is there any bridge but memory with which to span them.' And in the same way he claims that the abyss between two generations is bridged by the unconscious memory that resides in the germ cells. It is also the same as that of Semon and, to a great extent, as that of Rignano. I, however, prefer at the moment to limit myself to the assertion that ontogeny is a mnemonic phenomenon. Evolution, in its modern sense, depends on a change in the ontogenetic rhythm."

## THE SENSATIONS OF ANESTHESIA AND THE SENSATIONS OF DEATH

**I**S THERE reason to believe that the sensations of anesthesia are identical with the sensations of death? Replying to this query, the London *Lancet* says many too hasty inferences have been drawn from medical expert opinion. If we are to argue that the sensations of slight anesthesia, when the mind remains active, tho the sensibility to pain has gone, are identical with the sensations of death, we are equally free to argue that profound anesthesia, when mind as well as pain has been lulled to sleep, when all consciousness has passed away, is identical with death. But there is no more reason to believe one than the other. The identification of half-consciousness with the sensation of death is purely arbitrary. What the sensation of dying is like we can not tell, but we can tell that it varies infinitely in different cases. Medical men and nurses who have watched over many deaths will tell of a myriad ways to die.

The senses may grow dull, the mind may pass utterly away, there may be neither thought nor feeling in the body long before the lungs and the heart are still. The mind may be distorted, the sufferer may take things for what they are not, may see things that no other eye can see to the last moment of life. In an agony which seems to tear the wretched body asunder, life may fight its way out or it may pass quietly and peacefully while the mind is clear and sane and calm. Is it possible to believe that in all these different cases the sensations of death are the same? Of what may be felt after death, of course, we know nothing, tho we may believe much. Whether inferences from a far different state throw any clear light on the problem we may be permitted to doubt.

Human nature is infinitely varied, and different persons respond differently to anesthetics, as they do to all stimulants and sedatives, physical or psychological; but patients often describe their sensations while chloroform or gas is taking its effect in words very similar to those used by psychic mediums. They seem for the moment to be carried out of the body, even to be swept swiftly under the stars; but the interpretation of this state of consciousness depends very largely upon their intellectual convictions, and it would not be right to say that in all or even in a majority of cases

it is of a religious character. On the contrary, it is precisely that ethereal state of being which renders opium and hasheesh so irresistible to a particular type of temperament. The intellect or the spirit, or whatever it is to be called, is isolated—reduced to its purest essence—and operates with extraordinary rapidity and ease.

But no universal statement can be made as to the sensations of death—when there are any. In many cases death is simply a sudden ceasing to exist without the intervention of the slightest premonition. People who have been unexpectedly felled to the ground unconscious by a heavy blow from behind have no recollection, when they come to themselves, of having been struck, and have been known to be much puzzled as to how they got their broken heads. A flash of lightning or a rifle bullet through the brain are more swift in their flight than the nerve currents, and destroy the sensory centres before these have time to register the message of pain which would tell of injury received.

A vast majority of deaths from sickness are quite as painless and as free from care as these. Most people who die in their beds pass into a state of coma, or at least semicomatose, before they fully realize the seriousness of their condition. All their faculties gradually become numbed, and, as far as one can judge, they are quite incapable of thoughts or sentiments with regard to their approaching end some time before it actually arrives. The will to live, as Schopenhauer says, has deserted them completely. Little by little they pass into eternity like a sinking flame.

The dramatic death bed is the invention of the playwright and the novelist. There is no drama in the mute, motionless figure, drifting quietly out of the world.

There are, of course, cases in which the patient retains consciousness to the last, or almost to the extreme moment, and fights for life with a perfect possession of will and all the intellectual faculties intact. These cases are very rare, and there is no mode of determining what the sensations of these individuals may be in the process of expiring. It is a process which they have delayed, and when it comes it is the quicker for the delay. But there is really no scientific evidence that the sensations of anesthesia and the sensations of death have anything in common.



## CONSUMPTION AND THE TELEPHONE



THE panic recently created on the subject of the assumed danger lurking in the transmitter of the telephone is not precisely new. It is but the development of a fear which has caused misgiving for some years, as is pointed out by *The British Medical Journal*. On the supposition, it says, that various germs of disease probably collect in the receiver and transmitter of the instrument, at any rate in public telephone stations, some medical alarmists have thrown out suggestions that antiseptics, both in a dry state and in solution, should be applied for the safety of the telephone user. The recent dictum goes one step further, inasmuch as it is now an established fact that tubercle bacilli, the causal micro-organisms of consumption, have been found—alive and in robust condition—in the instrument. It is quite natural, in view of such a find, that a feeling of alarm might seize hold of the more nervous element, concedes our expert authority.

"There is no doubt that the best method of stamping out an infective disease is to destroy the infective agent, and thus to remove the possibility of an infection. An example of this may be cited in rabies or hydrophobia, which, thanks to the protective measures introduced and carried out with rigor, has now disappeared from England. Tuberculosis, however, is a very different disease from rabies, and the wide distribution of the germ offers great difficulties to any measure aiming at the extinction of the species. If it were possible to segregate all persons suffering from ascertainable tuberculosis, not only of the lungs, but also of all other organs and tissues, it might be feasible to control the bacilli which these persons scatter about them, and a wholesale destruction of all tuberculous cattle might lead to a complete conquest of the ubiquitous tubercle bacillus. That this must remain an idle dream is shown by the mere fact that close on 40,000 persons die each year of phthisis, and many of these suffer from the disease for several years. Mention should be made of the observation of a famous pathologist, Naegeli, who found that 96 per cent. of the persons dying between the ages of 18 and 30 years showed some signs, however slight, of this disease, while 100 per cent. of those dying after attaining the age of 30 years revealed signs pointing to past or present infection.

"These facts present the subject of consumption and its danger to the public in a special light. It will be seen that everyone has a chance to become infected at a comparatively early age—nay more, must come into contact with this tiny devastating enemy of the human race. But in spite of the exposure to infection, not everyone becomes ill of tuberculosis."

There appears to be a something which ren-

ders a man either susceptible or resistant to the disease. The prevalence of tubercular disease proves conclusively that man is not highly immune. Experiments, like the one carried out by Möller, who attempted to immunize himself against the effects of the germs, and then, in order to ascertain whether he had succeeded or not, injected a quantity of living bacilli under his own skin, but without any effect, prove nothing. It has since been shown that Möller's method of immunization is insufficient to protect susceptible animals. It must be regarded that his apparent immunity may have been due as much to his own innate power of resistance as to the artificially acquired power. But the real reason for his escape from a rapid death is probably to be sought in a much more gradual process. Years of dealing with tuberculous persons had the effect of raising this heroic experimenter's inborn resistance against the disease.

Facts, however, which can be observed every day prove that many persons, altho not immune against a disease in the sense that, under the most unfavorable conditions, they are incapable of becoming infected when in the enjoyment of a good standard of health, are able to resist the further action of an invading microbe. In other words, a person in good health, well fed and not out of sorts, can speak through the telephone of a public station, can inhale a few hundred tubercle bacilli, and not experience any inconvenience. The bacilli try to gain an entrance into the body, be it through the lungs themselves or through the lymphatic vessels of the throat, mouth or intestine, or directly through the circulating blood. The astutest observers of tuberculosis and those who have studied the disease most profoundly hold varying views as to which method of entrance is the most common. Some would have the world believe that swallowing the bacilli is the most usual method. From inside the bowel the germ, so to say, worms its way into the structures lying beneath the wall of the bowel, without producing any change in the latter.

While it is still uncertain which is the most common mode of infection, it seems to be certain that all these points of entry are possible; and it would be equally certain that the telephone user would be hopelessly lost if no protective arrangement existed by means of which the little invaders could be routed before they had time to multiply.

# Recent Poetry



THE present generation scarcely knows of the delights of poetry, because it seldom hears poetry read"—such is the observation of the editor of *The Times Saturday Review*. No, says a correspondent, that is not the reason for the decline of poetry; but "the realm of poetry is an aristocracy, and we are in the midst of the reign of the milieu, and the milieu has no soul." But, retorts the editor to this, poetry is the one art that does not require for its prosperity a leisure class or an aristocratic patronage, and he proceeds to make another diagnosis: "This is a prose age," an age requiring precision of speech, exact detail, not impressions. And then he goes on to discredit his own diagnosis by arguing that it is not, after all, really a prosaic age, for "history never saw a more truly poetic day, a day of more romance and beauty and marvel, than the sun this morning rose to shine upon."

Our own opinion is that delight in poetry is seldom enhanced by hearing it read aloud. The importance attached to the music of poetry seems to us to have something puerile in it. The music of poetry is of a very inferior sort. Nobody hungry for melody ever thinks of going to poetry to have his hunger satisfied. He will go to Chopin or Mendelssohn, but not to Tennyson or Swinburne for *that* purpose. The soul of poetry certainly does not lie in its rhythm or rhyme, its assonance or alliteration. It can, indeed, get along fairly well, as Walt Whitman and Emerson and Browning have shown us, with little or no rhythm, and, as many others have shown us, with no vestige of rhyme. The soul of poetry lies in its poetic content, its elevation of thought, the artistry of its diction, the beauty of its tropes, the ardency of its feeling. Of course, the music of it is an additional delight, but it is not the essential part any more than it is of oratory; and the moment it begins to obtrude itself upon the attention and to call for the conscious consideration of the reader it becomes a hindrance, not a help. "You will admit," said a friend of Clemenceau's, after a speech by Gambetta, "that it was a great speech." "Yes," said Clemenceau sarcastically, "all that it lacked was a guitar accompaniment." We do not want our poetry any more than our oratory to suggest guitar accompaniments, unless, perchance, the poetry is written to be sung, as a sermon is sometimes written to be intoned.

Numerous illustrations of the fact that we may have the essence of poetry without meter or rhyme are to be found in the new volume of "Poem Outlines," by Sidney Lanier (Scribner's). These outlines are mere poem-sketches, jotted on the backs of envelopes, the margins of musical programs, or torn scraps of paper, to be afterward elaborated. They are full of interest, and are surcharged with poetic feeling.

## POEM OUTLINES

BY SIDNEY LANIER

Are ye so sharp for the centre of the earth,  
are ye so hungry for the centre of things,  
O rains and springs and rivers of the mountains?

Towards the centre of the earth, towards the very Middle of things, ye will fall, ye will run, the Centre will draw you, Gravity will draw you and draw you in one:

But the centre ye will not reach, ye will come as near as the plains—watering them in coming so near—and ye will come as near as the bottom of the ocean—seeing and working many marvels as ye come so near.

But the Centre of Things ye will not reach,  
O my rivers and rains and springs of the mountains.

Provision is made that ye shall not: ye would be merged, ye could not return.

Nor shall my Soul be merged in God, tho tending, tho tending.

The following fragment, without a title, was found written by Lanier on the fly leaf of a volume of Emerson's "Representative Men":

I fled in tears from the men's ungodly quarrel about God; I fled in tears to the woods, and laid me down on the earth; then somewhat like the beating of many hearts came up to me out of the ground, and I looked and my cheek lay close by a violet; then my heart took courage and I said:

"I know that thou are the word of my God, dear Violet:  
And oh the ladder is not so long that to my heaven leads.

Measure what space a violet stands above the ground,

'Tis no farther climbing that my soul and angels have to do than that."

## WHAT AM I WITHOUT THEE?

BY SIDNEY LANIER

What am I without thee, Beloved?  
A mere stem, that hath no flower;  
A sea forever at storm, without its calms;  
A shrine, with the Virgin stolen out;  
A cloud void of lightning;

A bleak moor where yearnings moan like the  
     winter winds;  
 A rock on sea-sand, whence the sea hath retired,  
     and no longer claspeth and loveth it;  
 A hollow oak with the heart riven thereout, living  
     by the bark alone;  
 A dark star;  
 A bird with both wings broken;  
 A Dryad in a place where no trees are;  
 A brook that never reacheth the sea;  
 A mountain without sunrise thereon and without  
     springs therein;  
 A wave that runneth on forever, to no shore;  
 A raindrop suspended between Heaven and  
     Earth, arrested in his course;  
 A bud, that will never open;  
 A hope that is always dying;  
 An eye with no sparkle in it;  
 A tear wept, dropped in the dust, cold;  
 A bow whereof the string is snapped;  
 An orchestra, wanting the violin;  
 A poor poem;  
 A bent lance;  
 A play without plot or dénouement;  
 An arrow, shot with no aim;  
 Chivalry without his Ladye;  
 A sound unarticulated;  
 A water-lily left in a dry lake-bed;  
 Sleep without a dream and without a waking-  
     time;  
 A pallid lip;  
 A grave whereafter cometh neither Heaven nor  
     hell;  
 A broken javelin fixed in a breastplate;  
 A heart that liveth, but throbbeth not;  
 Au Aurora of the North, dying upon ice, in the  
     night;  
 A blurred picture;  
 A lonesome, lonesome, lonesome yearning lover!

In the Players Club, New York, is a room that  
 is kept unchanged from year to year. It is the  
 room in which the founder of the club, Edwin  
 Booth, breathed his last, and the chairs and tables  
 and books are left just as he left them. On the  
 desk is the book that he last read. It is a  
 volume of William Winter's poems, and at the  
 top of the page where the book remains open are  
 the following lines:

The hopes that time can ne'er fulfil  
 And only death and nature can.

It was many years ago that those lines were  
 penned, but the author is still with us, and still  
 contemplating with serenity the last change. In  
*Putnam's* appears the following poem:

#### THE RUBICON

BY WILLIAM WINTER

One other bitter drop to drink,  
     And then—no more!  
 One little pause upon the brink,  
     And then—go o'er!  
 One sigh—and then the lib'rant morn  
     Of perfect day,  
 When my free spirit, newly born,  
     Will soar away!

One pang—and I shall rend the thrall  
     Where grief abides,  
 And generous Death will show me all  
     That now he hides;  
 And, lucid in that second birth,  
     I shall discern  
 What all the sages of the earth  
     Have died to learn.

One motion—and the stream is crost,  
     So dark, so deep!  
 And I shall triumph, or be lost  
     In endless sleep.  
 Then onward! Whatsoe'er my fate,  
     I shall not care!  
 Nor Sin nor Sorrow, Love nor Hate  
     Can touch me there.

Mrs. Wilcox's poem in *The Cosmopolitan* re-  
 minds one a little of the puzzle houses at summer  
 resorts in which one wanders from room to room  
 trying to find the way out. After all, that is what  
 Life is—a maze.

#### THE HOUSE OF LIFE

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

All wondering and eager-eyed, within her portico,  
 I made my plea to Hostess Life, one morning long  
     ago.

"Pray show me this great house of thine, nor  
     close a single door;  
 But let me wander where I will, and climb from  
     floor to floor,"

"For many rooms, and curious things, and treas-  
     ures great and small,  
 Here in this spacious mansion lie, and I would  
     see them all."

Then Hostess Life turned silently, her searching  
     gaze on me,  
 And with no word she reached her hand and  
     offered up the key.

It opened first the door of Hope, and long I lin-  
     gered there;  
 Until I spied the Room of Dreams, just higher  
     by a stair.

And then a door, whereon the one word "Happi-  
     ness" was writ;  
 But when I tried the little key I could not make  
     it fit.

It turned the lock of Pleasure's room, wherein all  
     seemed so bright,  
 But after I had stayed a while it somehow lost  
     its light.

And wandering down a lonely hall I came upon  
     a room  
 Marked "Duty," and I entered it, to lose myself  
     in gloom.

Along the shadowy walls I groped my weary way  
     about,  
 And found that from dull Duty's room the door  
     of Toil led out.

It led out to another door, whereon a crimson stain  
Made sullenly, against the dark, the words "The Room of Pain."

But oh, the light, the light, the light that spilled down from above!  
And upward wound the stairs of faith, right to the Tower of Love.

And when I came forth from that place I tried the little key,  
And lo! the door of Happiness swung open wide and free.

It is a notable poem that Mrs. Wharton has given us in *The Atlantic*. It merits and requires more than one reading, as for that matter every good poem does:

### LIFE

BY EDITH WHARTON.

Nay, lift me to thy lips, Life, and once more  
Pour the wild music through me—

I quivered in the reed-bed with my kind,  
Rooted in Lethe-bank, when at the dawn  
There came a groping shape of mystery  
Moving among us, that with random stroke  
Severed, and rapt me from my silent tribe,  
Pierced, fashioned, lipped me, sounding for a voice,

Laughing on Lethe-bank—and in my throat  
I felt the wing-beat of the fledgeling notes,  
The bubble of godlike laughter in my throat.

Such little songs she sang,  
Pursing her lips to fit the tiny pipe,  
They trickled from me like a slender spring  
That strings frail wood-growths on its crystal thread,

Nor dreams of glassing cities, bearing ships.  
She sang, and bore me through the April world  
Matching the birds, doubling the insect-hum  
In the meadows, under the low-moving airs,  
And breathings of the scarce-articulate air  
When it makes mouths of grasses—but when the sky

Burst into storm, and took great trees for pipes,  
She thrust me in her breast, and warm beneath  
Her cloudy vesture, on her terrible heart,  
I shook, and heard the battle.

But more oft,  
Those early days, we moved in charmed woods,  
Where once, at dusk, she piped against a faun,  
And one warm dawn a tree became a nymph  
Listening; and trembled; and Life laughed and passed.

And once we came to a great stream that bore  
The stars upon its bosom like a sea,  
And ships like stars; so to the sea we came.  
And there she raised me to her lips and sent  
One wild pang through me; then refrained her hand,

And whispered: "Hear—" and into my frail flanks,

Into my bursting veins, the whole sea poured  
Its spaces and its thunder; and I feared.

We came to cities, and Life piped on me

Low calls to dreaming girls,  
In counting-house windows, through the chink of gold,

Flung cries that fired the captive brain of youth,  
And made the heavy merchant at his desk  
Curse us for a cracked hurdy-gurdy; Life  
Mimicked the hurdy-gurdy, and we passed.

We climbed the slopes of solitude, and there  
Life met a god, who challenged her and said:  
"Thy pipe against my lyre;" But "Wait!" she laughed,

And in my live flank dug a finger-hole,  
And wrung new music from it. Ah, the pain!

We climbed and climbed, and left the god behind.  
We saw the earth spread vaster than the sea,  
With infinite surge of mountains surfed with snow,

And a silence that was louder than the deep;  
But on the utmost pinnacle Life again  
Hid me, and I heard the terror in her hair.

Safe in new vales, I ached for the old pang,  
And clamored "Play me against a god again!"  
"Poor Marsyas-mortal—he shall bleed thee yet,"

She breathed, and kissed me, stilling the dim need.

But evermore it woke, and stabbed my flank  
With yearnings for new music and new pain.  
"Another note against another god!"

I clamored; and she answered, "Bide my time.  
Of every heart-wound I will make a stop.  
And drink thy life in music, pang by pang.  
But first thou must yield the notes I stored in thee

At dawn beside the river. Take my lips."

She kissed me like a lover, but I wept,  
Remembering that high song against the god,  
And the old songs slept in me, and I was dumb.

We came to cavernous foul places, blind  
With harpy-wings, and sulphurous with the glare  
Of sinful furnaces—where hunger toiled,  
And pleasure gathered in a starveling prey,  
And death fed delicately on young bones.

"Now sing!" cried Life, and set her lips to me.  
"Here are gods also. Wilt thou pipe for Dis?"  
My cry was drowned beneath the furnace roar,  
Choked by the sulphur-fumes; and beast-lipped gods

Laughed down on me, and mouthed the flutes of hell.

"Now sing!" said Life, reissuing to the stars;  
And wrung a new note from my wounded side.

So came we to clear spaces, and the sea.  
And now I felt its volume in my heart,  
And my heart waxed with it, and Life played on me

The song of the Infinite. "Now the stars," she said.

Then from the utmost pinnacle again  
She poured me on the wide sidereal stream,  
And I grew with her great breathings, till we swept

The interstellar spaces like new worlds  
Loosed from the fiery ruin of a star.



Cold, cold, we rested on black peaks again,  
Under black skies, under a groping wind;  
And Life, grown old, hugged me to a numb breast,  
Pressing numb lips against me. Suddenly  
A blade of silver severed the black peaks  
From the black sky, and earth was born again,  
Breathing and various, under a god's feet.  
A god! A god! I felt the heart of Life  
Leap under me, and my cold flanks shook again.  
He bore no lyre, he rang no challenge out,  
But Life warmed to him, warming me with her,  
And as he neared I felt beneath her hands  
The stab of a new wound that sucked my soul  
Forth in a new song from my throbbing throat.

"His name—his name?" I whispered, but she  
poured  
The music faster, and I grew with it,  
Became a part of it, while Life and I  
Clung lip to lip, and I from her wrung song,  
As she from me, one song, one ecstasy,  
In indistinguishable union blent,  
Till she became the flute and I the player.  
And lo! the song I played on her was more  
Than any she had drawn from me; it held  
The stars, the peaks, the cities, and the sea,  
The faun's catch, the nymph's tremor, and the  
heart  
Of dreaming girls, of toilers at the desk,  
Apollo's challenge on the sunrise slope,  
And the hiss of the night-gods mouthing flutes of  
hell—  
All, to the dawn-wind's whisper in the reeds,  
When Life first came, a shape of mystery,  
Moving among us, and with random stroke  
Severed, and rapt me from my silent tribe.  
All this I wrung from her in that deep hour,  
While Love stood murmuring: "Play the god,  
poor grass!"

Now, by that hour, I am a mate to thee  
Forever, Life, however spent and clogged,  
And tossed back useless to my native mud!  
Yea, groping for new reeds to fashion thee,  
New instruments of anguish and delight,  
Thy hand shall leap to me, thy broken reed,  
Thine ear remember me, thy bosom thrill  
With the old subjection, then when Love and I  
Held thee, and fashioned thee, and made thee  
dance

Like a slave-girl to her pipers—yea, thou yet  
Shalt hear my call, and dropping all thy toys  
Thou'lt lift me to thy lips, Life, and once more  
Pour the wild music through me—

Brian Hooker is doing some exquisite little  
things these days. Here is one of them (in  
*Harper's*):

## SONG

BY BRIAN HOOKER

Dear, tho you wander over peace and passion,  
Searching the days to prove yourself untrue,  
You cannot hide me. Still, in my own fashion,  
I shall come back to you.

In other eyes, on lips that bid you doubt me,  
In music, in the little things we knew,  
In your blind prayers for happiness without me,—  
I shall come back to you.

God keep you safe through all the ache of learn-  
ing,

Through all the wrong you need to be and do,  
Till in the wise joy of unfeared yearning  
I shall come back—I shall come back to you!

There is too much title to the following poem  
(in *McClure's*), but that is the only fault we care  
to find with it:

## THE UNREMEMBERED

*Fragments of a Lost Memory.*

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

Where have they gone, the unremembered things,  
The hours, the faces,  
The trumpet-call, the wild boughs of white spring?  
Would I might pluck you from forbidden spaces,  
All ye, the vanished tenants of my places!

Stay but one moment, speak that I may hear,  
Swift passer-by!

The wind of your strange garments in my ear  
Catches the heart like a beloved cry  
From lips, alas! forgotten utterly.

An odor haunts, a color in the mesh,  
A step that mounts the stair;  
Come to me, I would touch your living flesh—  
Look how they disappear, ah, where, ah, where?  
Because I name them not, deaf to my prayer.

If I could only call them as I used,  
Each by his name!

That violin—what ancient voice that mused!  
Yon is the hill, I see the beacon flame.  
My feet have found the road where once I came.  
Quick—but again the dark, darkness and shame.

We seldom see anything from the pen of the  
poet laureate of England which we care to re-  
print in these columns. His poetic product is by  
no means deserving of the ridicule that has been  
cast upon it by our newspaper paragraphers, but  
it nearly always falls short of real distinction,  
and there is, to our mind, a flavor of self-con-  
sciousness and of mannerism due to self-con-  
sciousness. The poem below, which we take from  
*The Independent*, was printed in four-line stanzas.  
It is considerably improved, to our notion, by  
being cast into two-line stanzas, and we take the  
liberty of printing it in that way:

## UNTO THE LAST

BY ALFRED AUSTIN

When autumn leaves float from the tree,  
And of all the sheaves none are left to see;

When the plover flaps o'er the idle plow  
And the woodpecker taps on the rotting bough;

When the eave-drops freeze and the rivulets swell,  
And warm keep the bees in the waxen cell;

When the wild geese wheel round the water's  
edge,  
And the wet winds steal under seeded sedge;

When the starved rook pecks at the tight-stacked  
grain,  
And the tattered nest flecks the leafless lane;

When I sit and cast up the kindly years,  
And my heart for the past overflows with tears;

Then, then will you love me, and still no less  
When the grass waves above my dreamlessness?

Perusing the contents of "An Anthology of Australian Verse," edited by Bertram Stevens and published in Sydney, Australia, we are struck by the similarity between the Australian and Canadian poetical output. There is much "local color," much patriotic fervor, and not much finality of expression. Some sixty-six poets are represented in this anthology, and most of them are worthy of consideration; yet we do not find many single poems that are compelling. Here is one of the best, by one of the older members of the choir:

### THE DARK COMPANION

By JAMES BRINTON STEPHENS

There is an orb that mocked the lore of sages  
Long time with mystery of strange unrest;  
The steadfast law that rounds the starry ages  
Gave doubtful token of supreme behest.

But they who knew the ways of God unchanging,  
Concluded some far influence unseen—  
Some kindred sphere through viewless ethers  
ranging,  
Whose strong persuasions spanned the void  
between.

And knowing it alone through perturbation  
And vague disquiet of another star,  
They named it, till the day of revelation,  
"The Dark Companion"—darkly guessed afar.

But when, through new perfection of appliance,  
Faith merged at length in undisputed sight,  
The mystic mover was revealed to science,  
No Dark Companion, but—a speck of light.

No Dark Companion, but a sun of glory;  
No fell disturber, but a bright compeer;  
The shining complement that crowned the story;  
The golden link that made the meaning clear.

Oh, Dark Companion, journeying ever by us,  
Oh, grim Perturber of our works and ways—  
Oh, potent Dread, unseen, yet ever nigh us,  
Disquieting all the tenor of our days—

Oh, Dark Companion, Death, whose wide embraces  
O'ertake remotest change of clime and skies—  
Oh, Dark Companion, Death, whose grievous traces  
Are scattered shreds of riven enterprise—

Thou, too, in this wise, when, our eyes unsealing,  
The clearer day shall change our faith to sight,  
Shalt show thyself, in that supreme revealing,  
No Dark Companion, but a thing of light.

No ruthless wrecker of harmonious order;  
No alien heart of discord and caprice;  
A beckoning light upon the Blissful Border;  
A kindred element of law and peace.

So, too, our strange unrest in this our dwelling,  
The trembling that thou joimest with our mirth,  
Are but thy magnet-communings compelling  
Our spirits farther from the scope of earth.

So, doubtless, when beneath thy potency swerving,  
'Tis that thou lead'st us by a path unknown,  
Our seeming deviations all subserving  
The perfect orbit round the central throne.

The night wind moans. The Austral wilds are  
round me.  
The loved who live—ah, God! how few they  
are!

I looked above; and heaven in mercy found me  
This parable of comfort in a star.

There is a quaintness about Miss Peabody's interpretations of child-life that is full of charm. Here is one (from *Harper's*) that seems very childlike indeed, and yet is far from childish:

### WINDOWS

By JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

Once, and in the daytime too, I made myself  
afraid:  
Playing Eyelids Up and Down, with the window-  
shade,  
Till the Houses seemed to watch the People  
going by;  
And they kept me looking too,—wondering Where,  
and Why.

(If I were that other Boy,—if I were those Men  
Going by with things to sell,—Oh, who would I be  
then?)

Windows with their eyebrows high; Windows  
like a frown,—  
Ones that think it over so,—with the curtains  
down;  
Tall ones, that are somehow sad; shallow ones  
that blink,  
All the Windows you can see, make you think  
and think.

(If I were that Old Man,—and I looked up at Me,  
Watching from the window here, Oh then, how  
would it be?)

Sometimes they are golden, with shining in their  
Eyes;  
Every time the sun sets, it happens like surprise,  
And so bright,—I almost forget the dream I made.  
But I keep it for the days I want to make myself  
Afraid.—

(If I were that Boy who Limps,—now it's dark  
and snowing.  
And if I were going Home,—oh, where would I  
be going?)

# Recent Fiction and the Critics



THE latest novel\* by Mrs. Humphry Ward is dedicated "To my kind hosts beyond the Atlantic, from a grateful traveler"; and by reason of this fact it has served to emphasize her enduring hold on American readers. For those who came into personal touch with

## THE TESTING OF DIANA MALLORY

the author during her recent visit to this country it possesses the additional charm of personal interest. "The opening chapters," as a critic in the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* remarks, "ring like a patriotic hymn sung by a weary traveler on returning from the great outer world." The book is not to be understood, however, as in any sense an expression of the American spirit, or of sympathy with things American. On the contrary, it reveals a mind now, as always, peculiarly, distinctively British.

"The Testing of Diana Mallory" is first and foremost a story, and as such continues the tradition of all Mrs. Ward's later work. Time was when her novels held the public interest quite as much because of the problems they raised as of the stories they told. Mr. Gladstone was fascinated by "Robert Elsmere" because the hero of that memorable book seemed to symbolize the whole spiritual travail of his epoch. Social and religious reformers found their own problems discussed with masterly intuition in such books as "Marcella," "David Grieve" and "Helbeck of Bannisdale." But for many years now Mrs. Ward has sought to tell a story rather than to point a moral. "Lady Rose's Daughter," "The Marriage of William Ashe," "Fenwick's Career," make their appeal primarily as tales of compelling human interest; and "The Testing of Diana Mallory" falls into the same category.

Yet this Diana is no daughter of Lady Rose nor wife of William Ashe. She is a young, charming, gracious, high-minded girl, whose character is "tested" by more misfortunes than ordinarily fall to human lot, and who comes out of the ordeal with flying colors. At the outset of the story she is suddenly brought into knowledge of the fact that "Mallory" is not her real name, and that her dead mother was accused of murder and figured in one of the most sensational trials of a half-century. The revelation comes to her

on the very day on which her neighbor, Oliver Marsham, a rising young member of Parliament, has asked her hand in marriage and been accepted. Marsham is made to appear as weak and vacillating as Diana is strong and noble. His mother also is weak and worldly. Under her influence, and the fear that his political career will be ruined, he decides to accept an offer made by Diana to release him from his engagement; and Diana goes abroad. But only disaster follows in the train of his decision. The popular sympathy is soon found to be with the young girl whose life has been clouded by a crime committed long ago, and for which she cannot properly be held responsible. Alike in his social and political relations Marsham feels the sting of public contempt. He pays court to a shallow society woman who deserts him, just as he has deserted Diana. Finally, he loses his seat in Parliament, and in the disorder of election day is hit by a stone and seriously injured. As he lies sick and partially blind, Diana returns to him with a devotion that all his weakness and perfidy have been unable to quench. She forgives him, and marries him, and by her love and tenderness helps to make a man of him.

Such, in briefest outline, is the main theme of a story which abounds in brilliant descriptions of social life and in unforgettable characterizations. "In its purely human appeal to the emotions," says George Hamlin Fitch, in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, "this is by far the strongest story that Mrs. Ward has written since 'The History of David Grieve.' . . . No one can fail to be touched by the figure of the heroine, destined to walk through the valley of the shadow of great grief." The *Springfield Republican* comments in similar vein:

"Diana is drawn with sympathy and skill, and must be accounted one of Mrs. Ward's most successful heroines. In a way she is done from outside; one is not let into her innermost feelings as with Maggie Tulliver and Dorothea Brooke, or Miss Austen's Emma and Elizabeth. But if kept at a distance the reader none the less feels her charm and is persuaded of her beauty and the fineness of her character. . . . The treatment of Diana's behavior in her ordeal is the strongest part of the book, and in simplicity and power Mrs. Ward has never surpassed it. Sir James Chide, too, the lawyer to defend the mother and befriend the daughter, is a fine figure. It is the most dramatic tale the author has written, and is likely to be one of the most popular."

\*THE TESTING OF DIANA MALLORY. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Harper & Brothers.

Two of the most penetrating critiques of the novel appear in the London *Times Literary Supplement* and the New York *Times Saturday Review*. The London critic says:

"One comment often made upon Mrs. Humphry Ward's work may be repeated, and that is, as to the great technical skill which is evident in almost every chapter. Let the novice or amateur note with what art the dialog carries on the narrative, how the narrative slides into and is mixed with the brief commentary, how the reader is enticed along and every obstacle is removed from his path. It is sometimes made a reproach to Mrs. Humphry Ward as an artist that she puts too much intellect into her novels; a condemnation which is not unlike eulogy. It is justifiable and apt, if it means no more than that she is never slipshod, that every sentence tells, and that she does not win the paltry triumphs within the reach of all who have neither artistic scruples nor capacity. We are not sure whether, in this tale, with its background of tragedy, the characters are always revealed so clearly as the incidents and episodes; whether the sparkling dialog, the bright comment, does not sometimes obscure or stand in the place of the deeper meaning; whether in the end we come to know much about the inner nature of these figures so brilliantly sketched. The characters scintillate; do they always live? . . .

"Here and there we come upon a penetrating sentence, a word or two which reveal a soul's secret. Too often the figures move before one with all the vividness which they would present in a brilliantly lighted-up drawing-room, but disclosing almost as little as they would there of their interior life. . . . Why Diana, the soul of honor and purity, is apparently so indifferent or callous to the amazing treachery of Oliver Marsham, to one dear to her, will be a question in many minds as they close this interesting volume."

The New York *Times Saturday Review* thinks that "The Testing of Diana Mallory" can only enhance the reputation of its author as "the peer of any one now actively engaged in writing novels." In this new story, it continues, "Mrs. Ward's individuality is intensified, and her achievements magnified, within its field. No one but Mrs. Ward could have written this book, and

Mrs. Ward could write nothing very different. And yet 'Diana Mallory' has perhaps more individuality than has any other production of its author."

The New York critic goes on to draw a distinction between what he regards as the morbid and unhealthy aspects of the story and its stronger elements. There is too much pain and tragedy to suit his taste. Diana herself, he reminds us, is the daughter of a woman whom her extenuating friends have to describe as a gambler and a murderer. Diana's only living relative is an impossible girl. The man to whom Diana gives her heart is a cad who jilts her when his mother threatens to cut him off, and who shamelessly betrays a political friend; a cad who, when he in turn has been jilted by another girl, and when he lies on his back wrecked in body and ruined in career, sends for Diana and allows her to marry him. "There is a deal of physical agony," the critic points out; "the whole story hangs on the homicide committed by Diana's mother; one leading character drops dead on the receipt of a letter of tragic import; Diana's suffering is made evident in her drawn, white face and her swooning; her relative comes to the most tragic anguish possible to a woman; Diana's lover is struck by a stone and lies emaciated and apparently dying for weeks." But nevertheless there are features that gloriously redeem the whole:

"It would be hard to name another writer who could introduce to a reader so many fully grown and distinct figures as live and breathe in 'Diana Mallory.' In this knowledge of her world—the world of the English governing class—coupled with the extraordinary ability to transfer them in living reality to the page of fiction, Mrs. Ward is supreme. Considered as a novel of society, 'Diana Mallory' is fascinating and authoritative; considered as the story of a young woman pathetically situated, it is moving and satisfying. At least most readers will be satisfied when Diana's love has won her husband back from the gates of death, and, throwing open the casement to the frosty dawn of New Year's Day, she sees a star set in ethereal blue."

Of all the characters set by Marie Corelli against backgrounds of drunkenness and debauchery in her new novel,\* the spiritual, virile, strong and gentle clergyman, Richard Everton, impresses the reviewers best. "A young vicar of high ideals," says the New York *World*, appreciatively, "who devotes his life to combating intemperance only to find his own beautiful wife a prey to the habit." She is an "irresponsible, charming girl wife," according to

HOLY  
ORDERS

\*HOLY ORDERS. By Marie Corelli. F. A. Stokes Company.

the London *Bookman*, and her name is Azalea. She is altogether extinguished in the eyes of the critics by another whom the London *Literary World* describes as a "dazzling beauty, but a beauty without a conscience and without a heart." Jacynth is her name. Richard, Azalea and Jacynth—the husband, the wife and the wicked woman—are not so much a trio as a quartet, for the demon drink is forever entangling them with himself. Whether Miss Corelli means beer or adulterated beer, or the political influence of either in English politics, are points concerning which the London *Academy* differs with the



Manchester *Guardian*. The difficulty seems to be that the function of romantic love in the average novel is in "Holy Orders" performed by beer. It is the most seductive beer that ever was, and it is brewed mainly by one Minchin, who puts arsenic in it. "Ablly and mercilessly drawn," this Minchin, says one reviewer. The London *Standard*, however, pronounces him "impossible."

In their efforts to tell us what the story is all about, the reviewers become so befuddled by the beer with which the plot is saturated that Miss Corelli can not make evident to them who at any given moment is sober and who is drunk, altho it is a point of the utmost importance. Here is what the London *Bookman* synthesizes:

"Kiernan, a hulking laborer, good-hearted when sober but little other than a fiend incarnate when drunk, beats and nearly kills his wife. The vicar devotes himself to desperate attempts to reclaim the man; and Mrs. Everton [the vicar's child wife], shocked and inexperienced, incautiously warns the injured woman that her husband is cultivating a shameful acquaintance with a village girl, Jacynth Miller, a beautiful, reckless creature who seems to have been born without the sense of sin. The unhappy Mrs. Kiernan is incredulous, but presently asks Kiernan reproachfully about this, and, drunkenly resentful, he strikes her brutally again, and she dies as a result of his ill-usage. Public opinion in the village sympathizes with Kiernan, and blames the vicar's wife for interfering and precipitating the fatal crisis; but the vicar looks to the sinister influence that underlies this and so much of the poverty and degradation of his parish, and has no hesitation as to where the responsibility for the crime should rest. Kiernan sober would never have done it; Kiernan drunk was a frenzied brute not responsible for his actions; therefore it is not Kiernan who is the murderer, but Minchin, the wealthy brewer, who dominates the countryside and is the stumbling-block in the way of all local reformers; he owns the tied houses of the neighborhood, and, teetotaler and High Churchman himself, has made a fortune by selling the legally impure beer that poisons the blood of the poor wretches who soak and dehumanize themselves with it. His excuse is that they are not compelled to buy it, and, in effect, he shelters himself behind that world-old question of Cain's."

Later, Kiernan is employed at the brewery, and his drinking habits increase upon him. One day he is out shooting rabbits, and, seeing Mrs. Everton gathering flowers, recalls his grudge against her, and, drunkenly mischievous, fires to frighten her; but in his muddled condition cannot fix his aim, and she falls, shot through the heart. There is real pathos in the earlier scene where Kiernan, having slept himself sober, sees his wife and realizes that her injuries were inflicted upon her by him; the same poignant note is struck when Richard Everton learns of his loss; and again when his child comes to him in the darkest hour of his despair. But his great sorrow makes him 'a better servant of the Master,' and gives him a power over his people that he had not theretofore been able to obtain."

The "most Corellian character in the book," as the New York *World* terms the sensual, seductive and soulless Jacynth, "develops into the most beautiful and most subtly wicked woman in London." We have already learned from the London *Bookman* that her pursuit of the good clergyman—"who has been seen in other novels of Miss Corelli and Mr. Hall Caine under other names, and has trodden the boards of the stage"—is positively pagan. "Reading the story at this point one reflects that Miss Corelli has clearer ideas than those of tradition and of Ferenc Molnar concerning sex and the Mephistophelian genius." The peril of the clergyman is extreme in the twentieth and twenty-first chapters, and Miss Corelli saves him from Jacynth by devices in which the critic of the London *News* can scarcely believe.

It is when they pass a general verdict, leaving points of detail aside, that the critics bring in or seem to bring in a verdict favorable to Miss Corelli. There are five things to take into account in passing judgment upon a work of fiction, according to Paul Bourget—the plot, the style, the dialog, the portrayal of character and the narrative art displayed. Now the plot of "Holy Orders," from the first tipling scenes to the disappearance of Jacynth forever in an airship, wins approval even from the London *Post*, which never loved Miss Corelli. The style has "abnormal vitality," says Mr. Robert Hichens, "arresting power," according to the London *Standard*. The dialog is a trifle too full of sociology, economics, biology and dogma in spots, most critics find, but it remains human. There are people who talk like Minchin, the brewer, and no doubt strong, brave, gentle clergymen sermonize at lunch. It is in the portrayal of character that Miss Corelli has made her tremendous hit. Father Douay, the lovable old Roman Catholic priest; Dan Kiernan, the drink-sodden brute; Claude, of the slow, caressing accents—these and other subsidiary personages come in for appreciative notice from even those critics who in the past have found Miss Corelli's work chromatic, crude and repercussive. The narrative, whenever the story is not halted to make room for a sermon, reveals the progress Miss Corelli has made in the art of writing fiction. Something is happening a good deal of the time. "The manner in which the story of drunkenness is told," to quote the New York *Sun*, "is effective enough in a perfectly melodramatic way." And the variety of theme! The reviewers bewilder us with their catalogs of all that Miss Corelli is pleased to work up into material—the scandalous relaxation of the marriage tie, the frenzied sexlessness of females clamoring for votes, the lust to slay

characterizing owners of automobiles, the pride of eye and of life in the clergy of the established church, the eagerness of the Church of Rome for

power and pomp, the laxity of the throne, the yellowness of newspapers. There is only one Marie Corelli.

It is a decided relief to turn once in a while from the all too numerous problem novels, introspective heroines, and picturesque

PETER heroes, to such a novel as F. Hopkinson Smith's "Peter,"\* a story

of delicate charm, whose placid interest is exquisitely permeated with the kindly spirit of optimism. It brings us back to the simpler and saner sentiments, and makes us admire the homelier and more lovable traits of real human beings. Save for certain touches, here and there, the atmosphere F. Hopkinson Smith creates belongs to a more leisurely past, to a period when life had not the stress of modern days and men and women still cultivated the courtesies of the olden time. In fact, says the *Boston Herald*, "there is a mellowness about this study which places it distinctly in the class of 'Old Masters.'"

Mr. Peter Grayson, tho "not the hero" of the book, as the author specifically declares on the title-page, practically usurps that position, and is an extremely likable old gentleman, whose character seems, after all, to be much more impressive than that of the athletic young lover who is always winning the heart of his lady love in the modern novels. The adventures and tender emotions of youth are made a little tiresome now and then by the novelists, and it is good for them to pause occasionally on a graver theme. Character is really none the less interesting because it is not always being developed in the blaring crash of youthful enterprises. "Mr. Smith," remarks the *New York Tribune*, "has been betrayed by his own liking for the old bachelor," whom we find, when the book opens, winding up his day's task as paying teller in one of the downtown New York banks. Perhaps this is because Peter himself is completely detached from the interests which rule "the Street" to-day; an unselfish, high-minded man, lovable in all his ways.

The story is not big in plot, construction and dramatic situations, "but," insists the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, "there is no denying that it is a very interesting tale which stirs the better nature of every one, tho it may not exactly suit the ultra-modern"; while the manner of its telling is fascinatingly reminiscent and enjoyable.

Jack Breen, the ostensible hero of the romance, is a young man of a good Southern family, who starts out to make his own way in the world, and becomes a clerk in the office of his uncle in

Wall Street. With a fidelity that speaks well for his early training, he clings tenaciously to certain old-fashioned virtues and high ideals that are sadly lacking in the men around him. It seems that Jack Breen meets Peter at a dinner one day, and is much taken with the old man, because Peter reminds Jack of his father, who died when he was quite young. Jack invites Peter to visit him at his uncle's home, and the visit occurs on a night when there is a dance, which Jack will not attend because he has an engagement with Peter. On this account his step-cousin, Corinne, is much put out. For all Jack's uncle thinks Peter such a queer old fellow, with out-of-date ideas of honesty and chivalry, he is quite surprised when a certain Wall Street magnate stops to greet Peter effusively. He soon finds out that every one has a profound respect for the old man, who is decidedly worth while.

To his consternation Jack suddenly discovers that his uncle is deep in a certain Wall Street game, which "consists mainly in gathering in a lot of innocent lambs and sending them out again shorn of every bit of fleece on their backs." After stormily telling his uncle what he thinks of such proceedings, he leaves his uncle's employ and household, without so much as a hundred dollars to his name. Of course he goes to Peter, and of course Peter is proud of the boy, and drags in his sister, Miss Felicia, to view his protégé. What Miss Felicia doesn't know about good birth and breeding and fine social ideals isn't worth knowing, so she naturally approves of Jack. Also there is a young woman, Ruth MacFarlane, the only daughter of a constructing engineer, who likes Jack very well indeed. It is in her father's office that Jack once more finds his own place, thanks to the kindly offices of Peter; and then the love story begins.

An excellent minor character sketch in the story is the figure of Isaac Cohen, the Jewish tailor, who lived in the basement of Peter's house, and whose friendship for Peter was as fine as Peter's friendships themselves. The *New York Observer* speaks of Cohen as being an entirely new type in our fiction, while the *New York Evening Mail* asserts that he is "the most interesting character in the book."

"The book really hasn't much of a plot, and, such as it is, is rather loose-jointed," remarks the *New York Times Saturday Review*, "but it has plenty of good talk—most of it Peter's—on a great variety of subjects, and a general aren't-you-

\*PETER. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Scribner's.

glad-you're-alive sort of air." Peter's friends, declares the *Baltimore Sun*, "fairly line his pathway, the very churches and monuments along the route have personal associations to him."

*The Independent* delightfully praises the author's genius for "picking the good instead of evil out of life—not ascetic, attenuated goodness of the kind which makes a trellis of Jacob's ladder to Heaven, but a high, fine, friendly goodness that belongs to earth and mortality here and now." Indeed, nobody could read this "sweet,

well-written, showery, sunshiny book," concludes the *Chicago Record-Herald*, "without being made better," because the passion for what is right and decent and brave dominates and glorifies the book. *The Bookman* heartily concurs in this opinion, for the author of Peter "while lingering over the fragrance of old personalities, never once underestimates what is splendid and strong in the life of the present," but encourages us to feel that the world, in spite of disappointments, is still a pretty good place to live in.

## THE QUEST OF SOAPY.—By O. HENRY

This is one of the best and most characteristic of the sketches of lower New York life by O. Henry (Sidney Porter). It is absurdly funny, but underneath the humor is a rather grim satire upon life and our penological system. The story under another title—"The Cop and the Anthem"—appears in the collection of O. Henry's stories, "The Four Million," published two years ago by McClure, Phillips & Company. We reprint it by permission, changing nothing but the title.



ON HIS bench in Madison Square Soapy moved uneasily. When wild geese honk high of nights, and when women without sealskin coats grow kind to their husbands, and when Soapy moves uneasily on his bench in the park, you may know that winter is near at hand.

A dead leaf fell in Soapy's lap. It was Jack Frost's card. Jack is kind to the regular denizens of Madison Square, and gives fair warning of his annual call. At the corners of four streets he hands his pasteboard to the North Wind, footman of the mansion of All Outdoors, so that the inhabitants thereof may make ready.

Soapy's mind became cognizant of the fact that the time had come for him to resolve himself into a singular Committee of Ways and Means to provide against the coming rigor. And therefore he moved uneasily on his bench.

The hibernatorial ambitions of Soapy were not of the highest. In them there were no considerations of Mediterranean cruises, of soporific Southern skies or drifting in the Vesuvian Bay. Three months on the Island was what his soul craved. Three months of assured board and bed and congenial company, safe from Boreas and bluecoats, seemed to Soapy the essence of things desirable.

For years the hospitable Blackwell's had been his winter quarters. Just as his more fortunate fellow New Yorkers had bought their tickets to Palm Beach and the Riviera each winter, so Soapy had made his humbler arrangements for his annual hegira to the Island. And now the time was come. On the previous night three Sabbath newspapers, distributed beneath his coat, about

his ankles and over his lap, had failed to repulse the cold as he slept on his bench near the spurling fountain in the ancient square. So the Island loomed big and timely in Soapy's mind. He scorned the provisions made in the name of charity for the city's dependents. In Soapy's opinion the Law was more benign than Philanthropy. There was an endless round of institutions, municipal and eleemosynary, on which he might set out and receive lodging and food accordant with the simple life. But to one of Soapy's proud spirit the gifts of charity are encumbered. If not in coin you must pay in humiliation of spirit for every benefit received at the hands of philanthropy. As Cæsar had his Brutus, every bed of charity must have its toll of a bath, every loaf of bread its compensation of a private and personal inquisition. Wherefore it is better to be a guest of the law, which tho conducted by rules, does not meddle unduly with a gentleman's private affairs.

Soapy, having decided to go to the Island, at once set about accomplishing his desire. There were many easy ways of doing this. The pleasantest was to dine luxuriously at some expensive restaurant; and then, after declaring insolvency, be handed over quietly and without uproar to a policeman. An accommodating magistrate would do the rest.

Soapy left his bench and strolled out of the square and across the level sea of asphalt, where Broadway and Fifth Avenue flow together. Up Broadway he turned, and halted at a glittering café, where are gathered together nightly the choicest products of the grape, the silkworm and the protoplasm.

Soapy had confidence in himself from the lowest button of his vest upward. He was shaven, and his coat was decent and his neat black, ready-tied four-in-hand had been presented to him by a lady missionary on Thanksgiving Day. If he could reach a table in the restaurant unsuspected success would be his. The portion of him that would show above the table would raise no doubt in the waiter's mind. A roasted mallard duck, thought Soapy, would be about the thing—with a bottle of Chablis, and then Camembert, a demi-tasse and a cigar. One dollar for the cigar would be enough. The total would not be so high as to call forth any supreme manifestation of revenge from the café management; and yet the meat would leave him filled and happy for the journey to his winter refuge.

But as Soapy set foot inside the restaurant door the head waiter's eye fell upon his frayed trousers and decadent shoes. Strong and ready hands turned him about and conveyed him in silence and haste to the sidewalk, and averted the ignoble fate of the menaced mallard.

Soapy turned off Broadway. It seemed that his route to the coveted island was not to be an epicurean one. Some other way of entering limbo must be thought of.

At a corner of Sixth Avenue electric lights and cunningly displayed wares behind plate-glass made a shop window conspicuous. Soapy took a cobble-stone and dashed it through the glass. People came running around the corner, a policeman in the lead. Soapy stood still, with his hands in his pockets, and smiled at the sight of brass buttons.

"Where's the man that done that?" inquired the officer excitedly.

"Don't you figure out that I might have had something to do with it?" said Soapy, not without sarcasm, but friendly, as one greets good fortune.

The policeman's mind refused to accept Soapy even as a clue. Men who smash windows do not remain to parley with the law's minions. They take to their heels. The policeman saw a man half way down the block running to catch a car. With drawn club he joined in the pursuit. Soapy, with disgust in his heart, loafed along, twice unsuccessful.

On the opposite side of the street was a restaurant of no great pretensions. It catered to large appetites and modest purses. Its crockery and atmosphere were thick; its soup and napery thin. Into this place Soapy took his accusive shoes and telltale trousers without challenge. At a table he sat and consumed beefsteak, flapjacks, doughnuts and pie. And then to the waiter he be-

trayed the fact that the minutest coin and himself were strangers.

"Now get busy and call a cop," said Soapy. "And don't keep a gentleman waiting."

"No cop for youse," said the waiter, with a voice like butter cakes and an eye like the cherry in a Manhattan cocktail. "Hey, Con!"

Neatly upon his left ear on the callous pavement two waiters pitched Soapy. He arose, joint by joint, as a carpenter's rule opens, and beat the dust from his clothes. Arrest seemed but a rosy dream. The Island seemed very far away. A policeman who stood before a drug store two doors away laughed and walked down the street.

Five blocks Soapy travelled before his courage permitted him to woo capture again. This time the opportunity presented what he fatuously termed to himself a "cinch." A young woman of a modest and pleasing guise was standing before a show window gazing with sprightly interest at its display of shaving mugs and inkstands, and two yards from the window a large policeman of severe demeanor leaned against a water plug.

It was Soapy's design to assume the rôle of the despicable and execrated "masher." The refined and elegant appearance of his victim and the contiguity of the conscientious cop encouraged him to believe that he would soon feel the pleasant official clutch upon his arm that would insure his winter quarters on the right little, tight little isle.

Soapy straightened the lady missionary's ready-made tie, dragged his shrinking cuffs into the open, set his hat at a killing cant and sidled toward the young woman. He made eyes at her, was taken with sudden coughs and "hems," smiled, smirked and went brazenly through the impudent and contemptible litany of the "masher." With half an eye Soapy saw that the policeman was watching him fixedly. The young woman moved away a few steps, and again bestowed her absorbed attention upon the shaving mugs. Soapy followed, boldly stepping to her side, raised his hat and said:

"Ah there, Bedelia! Don't you want to come and play in my yard?"

The policeman was still looking. The persecuted young woman had but to beckon a finger and Soapy would be practically en route for his insular haven. Already he imagined he could feel the cozy warmth of the station-house. The young woman faced him and, stretching out a hand, caught Soapy's coat sleeve.

"Sure, Mike," she said joyfully, "if you'll blow me to a pail of suds. I'd have spoke to you sooner, but the cop was watching."

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ivy to his oak Soapy walked past the policeman overcome with gloom. He seemed doomed to liberty.

At the next corner he shook off his companion and ran. He halted in the district where by night are found the lightest streets, hearts, vows and librettos. Women in furs and men in great-coats moved gaily in the wintry air. A sudden fear seized Soapy that some dreadful enchantment had rendered him immune to arrest. The thought brought a little of panic upon it, and when he came upon another policeman lounging grandly in front of a transplendent theater he caught at the immediate straw of "disorderly conduct."

On the sidewalk Soapy began to yell drunken gibberish at the top of his harsh voice. He danced, howled, raved and otherwise disturbed the welkin.

The policeman twirled his club, turned his back to Soapy and remarked to a citizen:

"'Tis one of them Yale lads celebratin' the goose egg they give to the Hartford College. Noisy, but no harm. We've instructions to lave them be."

Disconsolate, Soapy ceased his unavailing racket. Would never a policeman lay hands on him? In his fancy the Island seemed an unattainable Arcadia. He buttoned his thin coat against the chilling wind.

In a cigar store he saw a well dressed man lighting a cigar at a swinging light. His silk umbrella he had set by the door on entering. Soapy stepped inside, secured the umbrella and sauntered off with it slowly. The man at the cigar light followed hastily.

"My umbrella," he said, sternly.

"Oh, is it?" sneered Soapy, adding insult to petit larceny. "Well, why don't you call a policeman? I took it. Your umbrella! Why don't you call a cop? There stands one on the corner."

The umbrella owner slowed his steps. Soapy did likewise, with a presentiment that luck would again run against him. The policeman looked at the two curiously.

"Of course," said the umbrella man—"that is—well, you know how these mistakes occur—I—if it's your umbrella I hope you'll excuse me—I picked it up this morning in a restaurant—If you recognize it as yours, why—I hope you'll—"

"Of course it's mine," said Soapy, viciously.

The ex-umbrella man retreated. The policeman hurried to assist a tall blonde in an opera cloak across the street in front of a street car that was approaching two blocks away.

Soapy walked eastward through a street damaged by improvements. He hurled the umbrella wrathfully into an excavation. He muttered

against the men who wear helmets and carry clubs. Because he wanted to fall into their clutches they seemed to regard him as a king who could do no wrong.

At length Soapy reached one of the avenues to the east where the glitter and turmoil was but faint. He set his face down this toward Madison Square, for the homing instinct survives even when the home is a park bench.

But on an unusually quiet corner Soapy came to a standstill. Here was an old church, quaint and rambling and gabled. Through one violet-stained window a soft light glowed, where, no doubt, the organist loitered over the keys, making sure of his mastery of the coming Sabbath anthem. For there drifted out to Soapy's ears sweet music that caught and held him transfixed against the convolutions of the iron fence.

The moon was above, lustrous and serene; vehicles and pedestrians were few; sparrows twittered sleepily in the eaves—for a little while the scene might have been a country churchyard. And the anthem that the organist played cemented Soapy to the iron fence, for he had known it well in the days when his life contained such things as mothers and roses and ambitions and friends and immaculate thoughts and collars.

The conjunction of Soapy's receptive state of mind and the influences about the old church wrought a sudden and wonderful change in his soul. He viewed with swift horror the pit into which he had tumbled, the degraded days, unworthy desires, dead hopes, wrecked faculties and base motives that made up his existence.

And also in a moment his heart responded thrillingly to this novel mood. An instantaneous and strong impulse moved him to battle with his desperate fate. He would pull himself out of the mire; he would make a man of himself again; he would conquer the evil that had taken possession of him. There was time; he was comparatively young yet; he would resurrect his old eager ambitions and pursue them without faltering. Those solemn but sweet organ notes had set up a revolution in him. To-morrow he would go into the roaring downtown district and find work. A fur importer had once offered him a place as driver. He would find him to-morrow and ask for the position. He would be somebody in the world. He would—

Soapy felt a hand laid on his arm. He looked quickly around into the broad face of a policeman.

"What are you doin' here?" asked the officer.

"Nothin'," said Soapy.

"Then come along," said the policeman.

"Three months on the Island," said the magistrate in the police court the next morning.

# Humor of Life

## BEFORE AND AFTER.

"Will," said a newly married friend to Will Maupin, the Nebraska poet, "I'm in a quandary as to just what I should call my wife's mother. I don't like to call her 'Mother-in-law' on account of all the comic-paper jokes on that name, and somehow there's a sacredness about the word 'Mother' that makes me hesitate to apply it to any but my own."

"Well," said Maupin, "I can only tell you of my own experience. The first year we were married I addressed my wife's mother as 'Say;' after that we called her 'Grandma.'"—*Everybody's*.

## A TIMELY AIR.

During one of the political tours of Mr. Cleveland, in which he was accompanied by Secretary Olney, he arrived during a severe storm at a town in which he was to speak. As he entered the carriage with his friends and was driven from the station the rain changed to hail, and immense stones battered and rattled against the vehicle. A brass band, rather demoralized by the storm, stuck bravely to its post and played.

"That is the most realistic music I have ever heard," remarked the President.

"What are they playing?" asked the Secretary of State.

"'Hail to the Chief—with real hail!' rejoined Mr. Cleveland.—*Harper's Weekly*.

## POOR SHAKESPEARE.

Manager.—Sir, your performance of Hamlet is the very worst ever presented behind the footlights. If there had been any money in the house I should have been bound in honor to return it at the doors. As it is, several friends have sent in and ordered me to remove their names from the free list.—*Punch*.

## HE KNEW.

A Southern colonel had a colored valet by the name of George. George received nearly all of the colonel's cast-off clothing. He had his eyes on a certain pair of light trousers which were not wearing out fast enough to suit him, so he thought he would hasten matters somewhat by rubbing grease on one knee. When the colonel saw the spot, he called George and asked him if he had noticed it. George said, "Yes, sah, Colonel, I noticed dat spot and tried mighty hard to get it out, but I couldn't."

"Have you tried gasoline?" the colonel asked.

"Yes, sah, Colonel, but it didn't do no good."

"Have you tried brown paper and a hot iron?"

"Yes, sah, Colonel, I've done tried 'mos' everything I knows of, but dat spot wouldn't come out."

"Well, George, have you tried ammonia?" the colonel asked as a last resort.

"No, sah, Colonel, I ain't tried 'em on yet, but I knows dey'll fit."—*Everybody's*.



A PROBLEM IN DIVISION

—*Harper's Weekly*

## A CHANCE SHOT.

To the turkey that was tame epicures the country over prefer the turkey that was wild. However, clergymen are notoriously not epicurean in their tastes, and a certain Methodist preacher in Baltimore had once definitely expressed a preference for the domestic bird. Accordingly, when, one day last winter, he accepted an invitation to dine with a member of his congregation, that member, in ordering the dinner of the colored servant, laid stress upon this point.

"Now remember, Ezekiel," he commanded, "Doctor Fourthly likes domestic turkey. You will therefore discontinue your usual practice, and get not a wild but a tame one."

"Yassir," nodded the darky.

"Understand?" repeated the host-to-be. "A domestic turkey."

Again the negro assented, and, tho the family funds were at a low ebb, the dinner of his providing proved most elaborate. How so little money went so far was a mystery—until the host began to carve the turkey.

Then a thimbleful of shot rolled out upon the platter.

"Ezekiel," said the host severely, "I thought I told you to get a domestic turkey."

"Yassir," said Ezekiel. "That there's a domestic turkey. Ah I knows it."

"But," objected the host, "look at the shot in it."

Ezekiel grinned sheepishly.

"Yassir," he stammered. "Ah—Ah sees 'em, sir; but them thar shot wasn't meant for the turkey, sir: they was meant for me."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

## JUST WANTED TO TRY IT.

Farmer John left home early one morning and waited at the station for the limited. He climbed aboard and shambled into the smoker.

"Mister," he drawled, when the conductor halted before him, "is that thar two-cents-a-mile rate good on this train?"

"It is," replied the conductor brusquely. "Where is your ticket?"

The old man fumbled in the depths of an ancient shot-bag.

"Ain't got no ticket, mister," he said slowly, "but here be two cents. I never rode on one of these pesky flyers and I just want to feel the sensation. Put me off after I've rode one mile."

—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

## A NEWSY LETTER.

A wholesome scorn of physical ills is a good thing, according to the philosophy of a boy in the State School for Dependent Children, who wrote his father thus:

"Dear Papa: We children are having a good time here now. Mr. Sager broke his leg and can't work. We went on a picnic and it rained and we all got wet. Many children here are sick with mumps. Mr. Higgins fell off the wagon and broke his rib, but he can work a little. The man that is digging the deep well whipped us boys with a buggy whip, because we threw sand in his machine, and made black and blue marks on us. Ernest cut his finger quite badly. We are all very happy."—*Delineator*.



## THE PRACTISE OF MEDICINE

Voice at other end—"Doctor, I've tried everything, and I cannot get to sleep. Can't you do something for me?"

The Doctor—"Yes: hold the wire and I'll sing you a lullaby."—*Woman's Home Companion*.

## SUCH A QUESTION.

Parson—Do yo' take dis man fo' better or fo' worse?

Bride-Elect—Lan' sakes, pahson, how kin Ah tell so soon!—*Circle*.

## MAKING THINGS EASY.

George (an amateur)—Now, Evelyn, during our scene in the second act, when I smile, you turn away your head.

Evelyn—Oh, George, that will be easy.—*Illustrated Bits*.



The Lion—"What do you prefer, my dear, the light or the dark meat?"—*Harper's Magazine*.

## NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

Professor and Mrs. Hadley were on a train bound for New York, where Yale's president was to speak before a national convention. He made use of the hour and twenty minutes he spent in the train by rehearsing his speech in a low voice, using his hands to emphasize certain passages.

A kindly matron who was sitting directly behind Mr. and Mrs. Hadley, and who had been watching and listening, leaned forward, and, tapping Mrs. Hadley on the shoulder, said feelingly, "You have my sincere sympathy, my poor woman; I have one just like him at home."—*Success*.

## WOULD HE EVER FORGET THAT DINNER?

A politician had come to a Western hotel for but one day, and he had taken his dinner elsewhere with a friend. When, on coming to pay his bill, he found himself charged with a day's board, dinner and all, he protested vigorously. It was explained to him that the American plan was based strictly on time, and that if he chose to eat elsewhere it was his own lookout. He paid the bill under protest. Then he asked if dinner were "still on," and, upon being informed that it lasted until nine in the evening, he exclaimed:

"I've eaten one dinner, but I'm going to get my money's worth out of this house if I suffer all the torments of dyspepsia."

He then rushed into one of the dining-rooms, seized a bill-of-fare, and ordered everything he could think of. When he finally reached his limit the waiter handed him a check for \$8.35.

"What's that for?" he demanded.

"Your dinner, sir."

"But I have already paid for my dinner in my bill," protested the indignant man. "I am staying here on the American plan."

"Then you should have gone into the other dining-room," said the waiter quietly. "This is the European-plan café."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

## THE CANNY SCOT.

A Scottish farmer one day called to a farm lad. "Here, Tam, gang roon and gie the coos a cabbage each, but min' ye gie the biggest to the coo that gies the maist milk."

The boy departed to do his bidding, and on his return the farmer asked him if he had done as he was told.

"Aye, maister," replied the lad, "I gied 'em a' a cabbage each, and hung the biggest on the pump-handle."—*Exchange*.

## IN ENGLAND, OF COURSE.

A motorist was stopped by a policeman, the light on the car being insufficient. He gave his card to the constable: "John Smith," read the man in blue. "Go on with you! I want your proper name and address. We've too many Smiths about here. Now, look sharp!" "Then," said the motorist, "if you must have it, it's William Shakespeare, Stratford-on-Avon!" "Thank you, sir!" replied the policeman. "Sorry to have troubled you." And he carefully entered the particulars in his book.—*Saturday Evening Mail*.

## MORE THAN LIKELY.

DAUGHTER—This piano is really my very own, isn't it, pa?

PA—Yes, my dear.

DAUGHTER—And when I marry I can take it with me, can I?

PA—Certainly, my child. But don't tell anyone; it might spoil your chances.—*Penny Pic-torial*.

## HIS WORLDLY POSSESSIONS.

"I presume," said the lodger, icily, at the conclusion of the little dispute with his landlady, "I presume that you will allow me to take my belongings away with me?"

"I am sorry," was the icy reply, "but your other collar has not yet come home from the laundry."—*Exchange*.

## THE REAL THING.

"Advertisements on the scenery!" exclaimed the star. "That's carrying commercialism really too far."

"It isn't commercialism," exclaimed the manager. "We want the scene to look like a real meadow, don't we?"—*Human Life*.

## NO USE TO HIM.

SHE—I'm going to give you back our engagement ring—I love another.

HE—Give me his name and address.

SHE—Do you want to kill him?

HE—No, I want to sell him the ring.—*Pick Me-Up*.

## A LARGE SALARY.

MR. X—, a prominent lawyer of Philadelphia, was much addicted to the habit of lecturing his office staff, and the office-boy came in for an unusual share of admonition whenever occasion demanded and sometimes when it did not. This his words were appreciated was made quite evident to Mr. X— one day last spring when, in conversation, overheard on the elevator, between Tommy and another office-boy on the same floor was repeated to him.

"Whatcher wages?" asked the other boy.

"I get ten thousand dollars a year," said Tommy.

"Aw g'wan!" ejaculated the other boy, derisively. "Quitther kiddin'."

"Honest I do," said Tommy; "four dollars week in cash, and the rest in legal advice."—*Harpur's Weekly*.

## THE PREACHER'S ADVICE.

"My friends," said an itinerant preacher, "the Scriptural rule for giving was one-tenth of what a man possessed. If you feel you can afford so much, just give a sixth or a fourth according to your means. We will dispense with the next hymn, and take up the collection."—*Lippincott's*.







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#### **THE NEXT MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE**

Of Mrs. William H. Taft, it is said by a lady who knows her: "She understands the big business of statecraft and the smaller dicta of society. By reading and studying she has kept apace with her husband till, possibly, there is no woman in American public life who is better qualified to discuss the real questions of the day."